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the 1990s, the incidence of *S. flexneri* has increased in the United Kingdom [10]. In the United States, *S. flexneri* has been reported to be the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from children with acute colitis [11].

There is a paucity of data on the epidemiology of *S. flexneri* in the United Kingdom. In the 1970s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [12]. In the 1980s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [13].

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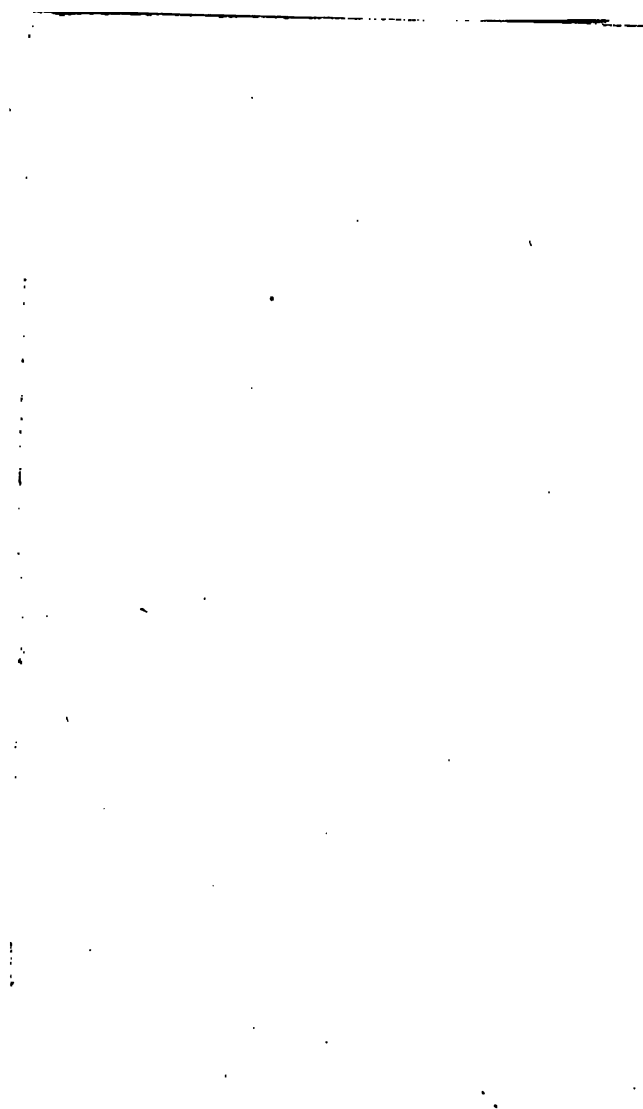
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Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.



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EPISTLES
SATIRICAL AND PRECEPTIVE.

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EPISTLES
SATIRICAL AND PRECEPTIVE.

EPISTLE I.

AN
ESSAY ON SATIRE,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. POPE.

INSCRIBED TO
THE REV. MR. WARBURTON,
[Late Bishop of Gloucester.]

BY JOHN BROWN, D.D.

O while along the stream of Time thy Name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little barque attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?

PART I.

FATE gave the word ; the cruel arrow sped ;
And POPE lies number'd with the mighty dead !
Resign'd he fell ; superior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in YOUR's and BRITAIN's
heart :

YOU mourn : But BRITAIN, lull'd in rest profound,
(Unconscious *Britain* !) slumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulness ey'd the setting light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night :

Rous'd at the signal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the triumphs of her growing reign :
With inextinguishable rage they burn,
And snake-hung Envy hisses o'er his urn :
Th' envenom'd monsters spit their deadly foam,
To blast the laurel that surrounds his tomb.

But You, O WARBURTON ! whose eye refin'd
Can see the greatness of an honest mind ;
Can see each virtue and each grace unite,
And taste the raptures of a *pure* delight ;
You visit oft' his awful page with care,
And view that bright assemblage treasur'd there ;
You trace the chain that links his deep design,
And pour new lustre on the glowing line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muse,
Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues ;
Intent from this great archetype to draw
SATIRE's bright form, and fix her equal law ;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And rev'rence HIS and SATIRE's generous end.

In every breast there burns an active flame,
The love of glory, or the dread of shame :
The passion ONE, though various it appear,
As brighten'd into hope, or dimm'd by fear.
The lisping infant, and the hoary sire,
And youth and manhood feel the heart-born fire ;
The charms of praise the coy, the modest woo,
And only fly that glory may pursue :

She, power resistless, rules the wise and great ;
Bends ev'n reluctant hermits at her feet :
Haunts the proud city, and the lowly shade,
And sways alike the scepter and the spade.

Thus heav'n in pity wakes the friendly flame,
To urge mankind on deeds that merit fame :
But man, vain man, in folly only wise,
Rejects the manna sent him from the skies :
With rapture hears corrupted passion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
He for the imag'd substance quits the true :
Eager to catch the visionary prize,
In quest of glory plunges deep in vice ;
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits every praise he pants to gain.

Thus still imperious Nature plies her part ;
And still her dictates work in every heart.
Each pow'r that sov'reign Nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er destroy.
Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The passion's rage, obstructed in their course ;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those virtues which they fed before.

And sure, the deadliest foe to virtue's flame,
Our worst of evils, is *perverted shame*.

Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled slaves to folly not their own !
Meanly by fashionable fear opprest,
We seek our virtues in each other's breast ;
Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign vice,
Another's weakness, interest, or caprice.
Each fool to low ambition, poorly great,
That pines in splendid wretchedness of state,
Tir'd in the treach'rous chace, would nobly yield,
And but for shame, like SYLLA, quit the field :
The daemon *Shame* paints strong the ridicule,
And whispers close, "*the world will call you fool.*"

Behold, yon wretch, by impious fashion driv'n,
Believes and trembles while he scoffs at heav'n.
By weakness strong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the sneer by shallow coxcombs thrown ;
Dauntless pursues the path *Spinoza* trod ;
To man a *coward*, and a *brave* to God.

Faith, Justice, Heav'n itself now quit their hold,
When to False Fame the captiv'd heart is sold :
Hence blind to truth, relentless *Cato* dy'd :
Nought could subdue his virtue, but his pride.
Hence chaste *Lucretia's* innocence betray'd
Fell by that honor which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When passions born her friends, revolt, her foes.

Hence SATIRE's pow'r : 'tis her corrective part
To calm the wild disorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise :
In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire ;
Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise,
And bids the hag in native horror rise ;
Strikes tow'ring pride and lawless rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagin'd pow'r,
Though oft she mourns those ills she cannot cure.
The worthy court her, and the worthless fear ;
Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
And every foe to wisdom feels her away.
Smarts, pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain ;
Desponding fops resign the *clouded cane* :
Hush'd at her voice, pert folly's self is still,
And dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
Like the arm'd BEE, with art most subtly true
From pois'nous vice she draws a healing dew :
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind :
Cunning evades, securely wrapt in wiles ;
And Force strong-sinew'd rends th' unequal toils :
The stream of vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for policy, for pow'r too strong.

Ev'n fair Religion, native of the skies,
Scorn'd by the crowd, seeks refuge with the wise ;
The crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Justice frowns in vain.
But SATIRE's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast ;
She *plays* a *ruling* passion on the rest :
Undaunted mounts the battery of his pride,
And awes the *Brave*, that earth and heav'n defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vassals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Justice prostrate on the ground ,
Swift to redress an injur'd people's groan,
Bold SATIRE shakes the tyrant on her throne ;
Pow'rful as death, defies the sordid train,
And slaves and sycophants surround in vain.

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of SATIRE,
All truth is spleen ; all just reproof, ill-nature.

Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill ;
Well may they tremble when she draws her quill :
Her magic quill, that like ITHURIEL's spear
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear :
Bids Vice and Folly take their natural shapes,
Turns duchesses to strumpets, beaux to apes ;
Drags the vile whisperer from his dark abode,
'Till all the daemon starts up from the toad.

O sordid maxim, form'd to screen the vile,
That true good-nature still must wear a smile!

In frowns array'd her beauties stronger rise,
When love of virtue wakes her scorn of vice :
Where justice calls, 'tis cruelty to save ;
And 'tis the law's good-nature hangs the knave.
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend ;
Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end :
To guilt alone her vengeance stands confin'd,
The object of her love is all mankind.
Scarce more the friend of man, the wise must own,
Ev'n ALLEN's bounteous hand, than SATIRE's frown:
This to chastise, as that to bless, was giv'n ;
Alike the faithful ministers of heav'n.

Oft on unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent :
Though strong th' example, weak the punishment.
They least are pain'd, who merit SATIRE most ;
Folly the *Laureate's*, Vice was *Chartres'* boast ;
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of fools and knaves already dead to shame ?
Oft' SATIRE acts the faithful surgeon's part ;
Generous and kind, though painful is her art :
With caution bold, she only strikes to heal,
Tho' folly raves to break the friendly steel.
Then sure no fault impartial SATIRE knows,
Kind, ev'n in vengeance kind, to Virtue's foes.
Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs ;
The knave and fool are their own libellers.

PART II.

DARE nobly then : but conscious of your trust,
As ever warm and bold, be ever just :
Nor court applause in these degenerate days :
The villain's censure is extorted praise.

But chief, be steady in a noble end,
And shew mankind that truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write,
As foplings grin to show their teeth are white :
To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile :
'Tis doubly vile, when but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameless heart.
O lost to honor's voice, O doom'd to shame,
Thou fiend accurs'd, thou murderer of fame !
Fell ravisher, from innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear !
Where shall thy baseness meet its just return,
Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn !
And know, immortal truth shall mock thy toil :
Immortal truth shall bid the shaft recoil ;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart ;
And empty all its poison in thy heart.

With caution, next, the dang'rous power apply ;
An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye :

Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
And ere she strike, be sure she strikes a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confest,
Because blind *Ridicule* conceives a jest :
Before whose altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a destin'd victim shall be led :
Lo, *Shafisb'ry* rears her high on Reason's throne,
And loads the slave with honors not her own :
Big-swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke,
Profaneness spawns, pert dunces nurse the joke !
Come, let us join awhile this tittering crew,
And own the *idiot guide* for once is *true* ;
Deride our weak forefathers' musty rule,
Who *therefore* smil'd, *because* they saw a fool :
Sublimar logic now adorns our isle,
We *therefore* see a fool, *because* we smile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly seek ?
Lo, gay she sits in Laughter's dimpled cheek :
Contemns each surly academic foe,
And courts the spruce free-thinker and the beau,
Daedalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty *Ridicule's* all-conqu'ring hand
Shall work *Herculean* wonders through the land :
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
YOU, mighty *WARBURTON*, shall rage in vain,
In vain the trackless maze of Truth YOU scan,
And lend th' informing clue to erring man :
No more shall Reason boast her power divine,
Her base eternal shook by Folly's mine !

Truth's sacred fort th' exploded laugh shall win;
And coxcombs vanquish BERKLEY by a grin.

But you, more sage, reject th' inverted rule,
That Truth is e'er explor'd by ridicule :
On truth, on falsehood let her colors fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all ;
As the gay prism but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to every object every dye.
Beware the mad advent'rer : bold and blind
She hoists her sail, and drives with every wind ;
Deaf as the storm to sinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a friend's destruction, or her own.
Let clear-ey'd Reason at the helm preside,
Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide ;
Then mirth may urge, when reason can explore,
This point the way, *that* waft us glad to shore.

Though distant times may rise in SATIRE's page,
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the *present age* :
With Wisdom's lustre, Folly's shade contrast,
And judge the reigning manners by the past :
Bid *Britain's* Heroes (awful shades!) arise,
And ancient honor beam on modern vice :
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the sons blush at what their fathers were :
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust ;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just ;
When *low-born* sharpers only dar'd a lie,
Or falsify'd the card, or cogg'd the dye :

Ere lewdness the stain'd garb of honor wore,
Or chastity was carted for the whore ;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of freedom drest ;
Or public spirit was the public jest.

Be ever in a just expression bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a scold :
Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
But let her smile, and let her frown with grace :
In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her spleen ;
Nor while she preaches modesty, obscene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a sore,
Nor call his Lordship * , her Grace a * ;
The Muse's charms resistless then assail,
When rapt in *irony's* transparent veil :
Her beauties half-conceal'd the more surprize,
And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with sharp encomiums grac'd :
Style *Clodius* honorable, *Bufa* chaste.

Dart not on Folly an indignant eye :
Who e'er discharg'd artillery on a fly ?
Deride not Vice : absurd the thought and vain,
To bind the tiger in so weak a chain.
Nay more : when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The knave exults : to smile is to approve.
The Muse's labor then success shall crown,
When Folly feels her smile, and Vice her frown,

Know next what measures to each theme belong,
And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song;
On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies.
Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
Free the expression, simple be the verse.
In artless numbers paint th' ambitious peer
That mounts the box, and shines a charioteer;
In strains familiar sing the midnight toil
Of camps and senates disciplin'd by *Hoyle*.
Patriots and chiefs whose deep design invades,
And carries off the captive king of—*spades*!
Let SATIRE here in milder vigor shine,
And gayly graceful sport along the line;
Bid courtly Fashion quit her thin pretence,
And smile each affectation into sense.

Not so when Virtue by her guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her throne, implores the Muse's aid;
When *crimes*, which erst in kindred darkness lay,
Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day;
Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chastity with tears retires;
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from *Cocytus* rears her baleful head:
When private faith and public trust are sold,
And traitors barter liberty for gold;
When fell Corruption dark and deep, like Fate,
Saps the foundation of a sinking state:
When giant-vice and irreligion rise,

On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies :
Then warmer numbers glow through SATIRE's page,
And all her smiles are darken'd into rage :
On eagle-wing she gains *Parnassus'* height,
Not lofty EPIC soars a nobler flight :
Then keener indignation fires her eye ;
Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly ;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty world.

Yet SATIRE oft assumes a gentler mien,
And beams on Virtue's friends a look serene :
She wounds reluctant, pours her balm with joy,
Glad to commend where merit strikes her eye.
But tread with cautious step this dangerous ground,
Beset with faithless precipices round :
Truth be your guide ; disdain Ambition's call ;
And if you fall with truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's *native lustre* that must shine :
The Poet can but *set it* in his line :
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A sordid pebble meanly grac'd with *gold* ?
Let *real* merit then adorn your lays,
For shame attends on prostituted praise :
And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art
But makes us grieve, you want an honest heart.

Nor think the Muse by SATIRE's law confin'd :
She yields description of the noblest kind.

Inferior art the landscape may design,
And paint the purple evening in the line :
Her daring thought essays a higher plan ;
Her hand delineates passion, pictures man.
And great the toil, the latent soul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace ;
By turns bid vice or virtue strike our eyes,
Now bid a *Wolsey* or a *Cromwell* rise ;
Now with a touch more sacred and refin'd,
Call forth a *CHESTERFIELD*'s or *LONSDALE*'s mind.
Here sweet or strong may every color flow :
Here let the pencil warm, the canvas glow :
Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
And wake each striking feature into life.

PART III.

THROUGH ages thus hath SATIRE keenly shin'd,
The friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind :
Yet the bright flame from virtue ne'er had sprung,
And man was guilty ere the poet sung.
This Muse in silence joy'd each better age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her shafts, and urge th'
flight.
First on the sons of *Greece* she prov'd her art,
And *Sparta* felt the fierce Iambic dart.

To LATIUM next avenging SATIRE flew :
The flaming faulchion rough LUCILIUS drew ;
With dauntless warmth in Virtue's cause engag'd,
And conscious villains trembled as he rag'd.

Then sportive HORACE caught the generous fire,
For SATIRE's bow resign'd the sounding lyre :
Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,
And as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in study'd negligence,
Politely sly, cajol'd the foes of sense :
He seem'd to sport and trifle with the dart,
But while he sported, drove it to the heart.

In graver strains majestic PERSIUS wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought :
Greatly sedate, contemn'd a tyrant's reign,
And lash'd corruption with a calm disdain.

More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage
Inflame bold JUVENAL's exalted page.
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted *Rome*,
And swept audacious greatness to its doom ;
The headlong torrent thundering from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the sky.

But lo ! the fatal victor of mankind,
Swoln *Luxury* !—Pale *Ruin* stalks behind !

As countless insects from the north-east pour,
To blast the spring, and ravage every flow'r :
So barbarous millions spread contagious death :
The sick'ning laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep superstition's night the skies o'erhung,
Beneath whose baleful dews the poppy sprung.
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But dulness nodded in the Muses' grove :
Wit, spirit, freedom, were the sole offence,
Nor aught was held so dangerous as sense.

At length, again fair Science shot her ray,
Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.
Now, SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow !

'Tis done—See, great ERASMUS breaks the spell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her cell !
(In vain the solemn cowl surrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her sour grimace)
With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of reason urg'd by wit.

'Twas then plain DONNE in honest vengeance rose,
His wit refulgent, though his rhyme was prose :
He midst an age of puns and pedants wrote
With genuine sense, and *Roman* strength of thought.

Yet scarce had SATIRE well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muse records her country's shame)
Ere Britain saw the foul revolt commence,
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Sense.
Then rose a shameless, mercenary train,
Whom latest time shall view with just disdain:
A race fantastic, in whose gaudy line
Untutor'd thought, and tinsel beauty shine;
Wit's shatter'd mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not nature, but confounds the sight.
Dry morals the court-poet blush'd to sing:
'Twas all his praise to say "*the oddest thing.*"
Proud for a jest obscene, a patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaspheme his God.

Ill-fated DRYDEN! who unmov'd can see
Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in thee!
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred
skies,
Low creeping in the putrid sink of vice:
A Muse whom Wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The pimp of pow'r, the prostitute to gain:
Wreaths, that should deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To strumpets, traitors, tyrants, vilely thrown:
Unrival'd parts, the scorn of honest fame;
And genius rise, a monument of shame!

More happy France: immortal BOILEAU there
Supported genius with a sage's care:

Him with her love propitious SATIRE blest :
And breath'd her airs divine into his breast ;
Fancy and sense to form his line conspire,
And faultless judgment guides the purest fire.

But see, at length, the *British* Genius smile,
And show'r her bounties o'er her favor'd isle :
Behold for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
And centers every poet's power in *one* :
Each *Roman*'s force adorns his various page ;
Gay smiles, collected strength, and manly rage.
Despairing Guilt and Dulness loath the sight,
As spectres vanish at approaching light :
In this clear mirror with delight we view
Each image justly fine, and boldly true :
Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's supreme decree,

Beholds and hates her own deformity ;
While self-seen Virtue in the faithful line
With modest joy surveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers shall I find,
But faintly to express the Poet's mind !
Who yonder star's effulgence can display,
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray ?
Who paint a God, unless the God inspire ?
What catch the lightning, but the speed of fire ?
So, mighty POPE, to make thy genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own.

Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' IDALIAN grove:
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next, to her bard majestic Wisdom came;
The bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame:
With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe;
Whom fear can sway, or guilty greatness bribe;
At fancy's call who rear the wanton sail,
Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale:
Sublimér views *thy* daring spirit bound;
Thy mighty voyage was creation's round;
Intent new worlds of wisdom to explore,
And bless mankind with Virtue's sacred store;
A nobler joy than wit can give, impart;
And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
Fantastic wit shoots momentary fires,
And like a meteor, while we gaze, expires:
Wit kindled by the sulph'rous breath of Vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys:
But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and constant, like the source of day:
Like this, its beam prolific and refin'd
Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly dispels each wint'ry passion's gloom,
And opens all the virtues into bloom.
This praise, immortal *Poë*, to thee be given:
Thy genius was indeed a *gift* from heav'n.
Hail, Bard unequall'd, in whose deathless line

Reason and wit with strength collected shine :
Where matchless wit but wins the second praise,
Lost, nobly lost, in Truth's superior blaze.
Did FRIENDSHIP e'er mislead thy wand'ring Muse ?
That friendship sure may plead the *great* excuse,
That sacred friendship which inspir'd thy song,
Fair in defect, and *amiably* wrong.
Error like this ev'n truth can scarce reprove ;
'Tis almost virtue when it flows from love.

Ye deathless Names, ye sons of endless praise,
By virtue crown'd with never-fading bays !
Say, shall an artless Muse, if you inspire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire ?
Or if, O WARBURTON, inspir'd by You,
The daring Muse a nobler path pursue,
By You inspir'd, on trembling pinion soar,
The sacred founts of social bliss explore,
In her bold numbers chain the tyrant's rage,
And bid *her country's glory* fire her page :
If such her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, descend,
And watchful guard her in an honest end ;
Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
To court no friend, nor own a foe but *thine*.
But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wit ;
If her apostate heart should e'er incline
To offer incense at Corruption's shrine ;

Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
And dash the smoking censer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, instructed Bards may see,
That guilt is doom'd to sink in infamy.

EPISTLE II.

THE *VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.*

BY
SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. D. D.

LET observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru ;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life ;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide ;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good ;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice ;
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with every wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art ;

With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows ;
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold ;
Wide-wasting pest ! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind ;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;
Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor safety buys ;
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell, where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord,
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee ? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy,
New fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,

Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one general cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales ;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With chearful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest :
Thou who could'st laugh where want enchain'd ca-
price,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece ;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd ;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause ;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe
Attentive truth, and nature to decry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys or empty shew,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe :
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, and whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at every glance on humankind ;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass every prayer.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On every stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more ;
For growing names the weakly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies ;
From every room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
And smoak'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold ;
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine :
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal, '
Sign her foe's doom, or guard her fav'rite's zeal ;
Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles, and controlling kings ;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes ;

With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand :
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine ;
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r ;
'Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where-e'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly ;
At once is lost the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?
For why did Wolsey near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight ?

Why but to sink beneath Misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below ?

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life ?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd ?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign ?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;
Through all his veins the fever of renown
Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown ;
O'er Bodley's dome his future labors spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views ? proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth !
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive Science yields her last retreat ;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day ;
Should no false Kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor Praise relax, nor Difficulty fright ;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart ;
Should no Disease thy torpid reins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;

And shews his miseries in distant lands ;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend ?
Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled on his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way ;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more ;
Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind ;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god ;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe ;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains ;
Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.

This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on War's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt ;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide ;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire ;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;
No joys to him pacific scepters yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign ;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain ;
" Think nothing gain'd, he cries, 'till nought remain,
" On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
" And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realm of Frost ;
He comes, not want and cold his course delay ;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day :
'The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands ;

No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness Orpheus near,
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;
But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime :
An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away ;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers ;

The gen'ral fav'rite, as the gen'ral friend ;
Such age there is ; and who could wish its end ?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
'To press the weary minutes' flagging wings :
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away ;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage ;
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise ?
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face :
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring ;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.

Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom Joys with soft varieties invite
By day the frolick, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latent fashion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the past defend,
The harmless Freedom, and the private Friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd:
By Int'rest, Prudence; and by Flatt'ry, Pride,
Now beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull Suspence corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries attempt the mercies of the skies?
Enquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
Which Heav'n may hear; nor deem religion vain.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r,
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill ;
For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat :
These goods for man the laws of heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain ;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

EPISTLE III.

LONDON.

By the Same.

Quis ineptae

Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat ae?

Juv.

THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
When injur'd THALES bids the town farewell,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend ;
Who now resolves, from vice and LONDON far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
And fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.

For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand ?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all whom hunger spares, with age decay ;
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire ;

Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey ;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

While THALES waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
On Thames's bank in silent thought we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood.
Struck with the seat that gave Eliza birth,
We kneel and kiss the consecrated earth ;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view :
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain.
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honor grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking with contemptuous frown,
Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.

Since worth, he cries, in these degen'rate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise ;
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain ;
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
And every moment leaves my little less ;

While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins ;
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace ;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's painting gay ;
Where once the harrass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defy'd his foes ;
Some secret cell, ye powers, indulgent give.
Let * live here, for * has learn'd to live.
Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white ;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day ;
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.

Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery,
With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd stage,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.

Heroes, proceed ! what bounds your pride shall
hold ?

What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold ?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
To such, a groaning nation's spoils are giv'n,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n :

But what, my Friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury ?
Who scarce forbear, though BRITAIN'S court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing ;
A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer ;
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at H * * Y's jest.

Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart ;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne'er new to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.

For what but social guilt the friend endears ?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares :
But thou, should tempting villany present,
All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

The cheated nation's happy fav'rites see ;
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me.

LONDON! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome,
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.

ILLUSTRIOUS EDWARD! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace,
But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics import:
Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap;
All sciences a fasting-Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

Ah! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in English air;

Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And lisp the tales of HENRY's victories ;
If the gull'd conqueror receive the chain,
And flattery subdue when arms are vain ?

Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his iat'rest true, where-e'er he goes,
Wit, bravery, worth, his lavish tongue bestows ;
In every face a thousand graces shine,
From every tongue flows harmon^y, divine.
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lye,
And gain a kick for aukward flattery.

Besides, with justice this discerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage :
Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part ;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face ;
With every wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye ;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear,
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.
How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend ?

Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lye without a blush, without a smile ;
Exalt each trifle, every vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore ;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast ;
Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak heart, and ransack all the heart ;
Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labors for a joke ;
With brisker air, the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harrass the distress'd ;
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest ;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

Has heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste or undiscover'd shore ?

No secret island in the boundless main ?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by SPAIN ?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.

This mournful truth is every where confess'd,
SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D :
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold ;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favors of his lord.

But hark ! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the streets and thunder to the skies :
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace or some blissful bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light ;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey ;
Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home ?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

Should heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumor flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies ;

The laureat tribe in servile verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate ;
With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome ;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore ;
And raise his treasures higher than before.
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.

Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent ;
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat ;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand ;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs ;
And, while thy beds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord.
There every bush with nature's music rings,
There every breeze bears health upon its wings ;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thy evening walk and morning toil.

Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.

Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way ;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine ;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train and golden coach.

In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose :
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar ;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means support the sinking land ;
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king.

A single jail, in ALFRED's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain ;
Fair Justice then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but drop'd the sword ;

No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age! but ah! how different from our own!

Much could I add, but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land :
Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune
spent,

Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent ;
And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times ;
'Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade ;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

ΕΠΙΣΤΛΗ ΙV.

NEWMARKET.

BY

THE REV. T. WARTON, F. S. A.

Πολυπλοος ἱππικια,
Ὡς εἰμολις αιανη
Ταδε γα.

SOPHOCLE. Elect.

HIS Country's hope, when now the blooming heir
Has lost the parent's, or the guardian's care;
Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy?
Of each rash frolic what the source and end,
His sole and first ambition what?—to spend.

Some Squires, to Gallia's cooks devoted dupes,
Whole manors melt in sauce, or drown in soups:
Another doats on fiddlers, till he sees
His hills no longer crown'd with towering trees;
Convinc'd too late, that modern strains can move,
Like those of ancient Greece, th' obedient grove.
In headless statues rich, and useless urns,
Marmoreo from the classic tour returns.——

But would ye learn, ye leisure-loving Squires,
How best ye may disgrace your prudent sires ;
How stonest soar to fashionable shame,
Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame ;
By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground !

What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
When the good knight at last retir'd to rest !
Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleasing prospect of the spacious park,
That park, where beauties undisguis'd engage,
Those beauties less the work of art than age ;
In simple state where genuine Nature wears
Her venerable dress of ancient years ;
Where all the charms of Chance with Order meet,
The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.
Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
And form dark groves, which Druids might adore ;
With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue :
Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
Glowing in gay diversities of green :
There the full stream through intermingling glades,
Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades :
Nor wants there hazle copse, or beechen lawn,
To cheer with sun or shade the bounding fawn.

And see the good old seat, whose Gothic towers
Awful emerge from yonder tufted bowers ;

Whose rafter'd hall the crowding tenants fed,
And dealt to Age and Want their daily bread :
Where crested knights, with peerless damsels join'd,
At high and solemn festivals have din'd ;
Presenting oft fair Virtue's shining task,
In mystic pageantries, and moral masque.
But vain all ancient praise, or boast of birth,
Vain all the palms of old heroic worth !
At once a bankrupt, and a prosperous heir,
Hilarious—park, house, dissolve in air.
With antique armor hung, his trophied rooms
Descend to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms.
He sees his steel-clad sires, and mothers mild,
Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd,
All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace,
Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
The parish wonders at th' unopening door,
The chimnies blaze, the tables groan no more.
Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts arise,
And all the social scene in silence lies.
Himself, the loss politely to repair,
Turns atheist, fidler, highwayman, or player.
At length, the scorn, the shame of Man and God,
Is doom'd to rub the steeds that once he rode.

Ye rival Youths, your golden hopes how vain,
Your dreams of thousands on the listed plain !

Not more fantastic Sancho's airy course,
When, madly mounted on the magic horse,
He pierc'd heaven's opening sphere with dazzled eyes,
And seem'd to soar in visionary skies.
Nor less, I ween, precarious is the meed
Of young adventurers on the Muse's steed ;
For Poets have, like you, their destin'd round,
And ours is but a race on classic ground.

Long time, the child of patrimonial ease,
Hippolitus had carv'd sirloins in peace :
Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by toil or wife,
The mild October of a private life :
Long liv'd with calm domestic conquests crown'd,
And kill'd his game on safe paternal ground :
And, deaf to honor's or ambition's call,
With rural spoils adorn'd his hoary hall.
As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
His bosom kindles with sublimer views.
Lo there thy triumphs, Taaffe ! thy palms, Portmore !
Tempt him to stake his lands and treasur'd store.
Like a new bruiser on Broughtonic sand,
Amid the lists our hero takes his stand ;
Suck'd by the sharper, to the peer a prey,
He rolls his eyes that " witness huge dismay ;"
When lo ! the chance of one inglorious heat
Strips him of genial cheer, and snug retreat.
How aukward now he bears disgrace and dirt,
Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert.—

The shiftless beggar bears of ills the worst,
At once with dulness, and with hunger curst.
And feels the tasteless breast equestrian fires ?
And dwells such mighty rage in graver Squires ?

In all attempts, but for their Country, bold,
Britain, thy Conscript Counsellors behold ;
(For some, perhaps, by Fortune favor'd yet,
May gain a borough from a lucky bet)
Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
The cap, and wig succinct, the silken suit,
Meer modern Phaetons, usurp the rein,
And scour in rival race the tempting plain.
See, side by side, his Jockey and Sir John
Discuss th' important point—of six to one.
For O! the boasted privilege how dear,
How great the pride, to gain a Jockey's ear!——
See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
Thy Members pour amid the mingling race!
All ask, what crowds the tumult could produce—
Is Bedlam, or the Commons all broke loose ?
Their way nor reason guides nor caution checks,
Proud on a high-bred thing to risque their necks.—
Thy sages hear, amid th' admiring crowd
Adjudge the stakes, most eloquently loud :
With critic skill, o'er dubious bets preside,
The low dispute, or kindle, or decide :
All empty wisdom, and judicious prate,
Of distanc'd horses gravely fix the fate,

And with paternal care unwearied watch
O'er the nice conduct of a daring match.

Mean time no more the mimic patriots rise,
To guard Britannia's honor, warm and wise :
No more in senates dare assert her laws,
Nor pour the bold debate in Freedom's cause :
Neglect the counsels of a sinking land,
And know no rostrum but Newmarket's stand.

Is this the band of Civil Chiefs design'd
On England's weal to fix the pondering mind ?
Who, while their Country's rights are set to sale,
Quit Europe's balance for the Jockey's scale.
O say, when least their sapient schemes are crost,
Or when a nation, or a match is lost ?
Who dams and sires with more exactness trace,
Than of their Country's Kings the sacred race :
Think London journies are the worst of ills ;
Subscribe to articles, instead of bills :
Strangers to all our annalists relate,
Theirs are the memoirs of th' equestrian state :
Who, lost to Albion's past and present views,
Heber, thy chronicles alone peruse.

Go on, brave youths, till, in some future age,
Whips shall become the senatorial badge ;
Till England see her thronging senators
Meet all at Westminster, in boots and spurs ;

See the whole House, with mutual frenzy mad,
Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad;
Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
And guide, with equal reins, a steed or state.

How would a virtuous Houyhnhnm neigh disdain,
To see his brethren brook th' imperious rein;
Bear slavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
Smoak thro' the glebe, or trace the destin'd road,
And, robb'd of manhood by the murderous knife,
Sustain each sordid toil of servile life!
Yet O! what rage would touch his generous mind,
To see his sons of more than human kind;
A kind, with each exalted virtue blest,
Each gentler feeling of the liberal breast,
Afford diversion to that monster base,
That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race;
In whom pride, avarice, ignorance, conspire,
That hated animal, a Yahoo-squire.

How are the Theron's of these modern days
Chang'd from those chiefs who toil'd for Grecian
bays,
Who, fir'd with genuine glory's sacred lust,
Whirl'd the swift axle through the Pythian dust!
Theirs was the Pisan olive's blooming spray,
Theirs was the Theban Bard's recording lay.
What tho' the grooms of Greece ne'er took the odds?
They won no bets—but then they soar'd to Gods;

And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,
Than all th' united plates of George bestow'd.

Greece ! how I kindle at thy magic name,
Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame.
Thy scenes sublime and awful visions rise,
In ancient pride before my musing eyes.
Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
While just Lycurgus pours the mild harangue ;
There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,
Shrink at her fated Hero's flashing spear.
Here, hung with many a lyre of silver string,
The laureate alleys of Ilius spring :
And lo ! where, rapt in beauty's heavenly dream,
Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd Academe.

Yet ah ! no more the Land of arts and arms
Delights with wisdom, or with virtue warms,
Lo ! the stern Turk, with more than Vandal rage,
Has blasted all the wreaths of ancient age :
No more her groves by Fancy's feet are trod,
Each Attic Grace has left the lov'd abode.
Fall'n is fair Greece ! by Luxury's pleasing bane
Seduc'd, she drags a barbarous foreign chain.

Britannia, watch ! O trim thy withering bays,
Remember thou hast rival'd Graccia's praise,
Great Nurse of works divine ! yet oh ! beware
Lest thou the fate of Greece, my Country, share.

call thy wonted worth with conscious pride,
 ou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde ;
 st bade thine Edwards and thine Henries rear,
 th Spartan fortitude, the British spear ;
 ke hast seen thy Sons deserve the meed
 of the moral or the martial deed.

EPISTLE V.

FASHION.

BY

JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

*Honestius putamus, quod frequentius; recti apud nos locum tenet error,
ubi publicus factus. Seneca.*

YES, yes, my Friend, disguise it as you will,
To right or wrong 'tis Fashion guides us still;
A few perhaps rise singularly good,
Defy and stem the fool-o'erwhelming flood;
The rest to wander from their brethren fear,
As social herrings in large shoals appear.

'Twas not a taste, but pow'rful mode, that bade
Yon purblind, poking peer run picture mad;
With the same wonder-gaping face he stares
On flat DUTCH dawbing, as on GUIDO's airs;
What might his oak-crown'd manors mortgag'd
gain?
Alas! five faded landscapes of LORRAINE.

Not so GARGILIUS—sleek, voluptuous lord,
A hundred dainties smoke upon his board;
Earth, air, and ocean ransack'd for the feast,
In masquerade of foreign OLIOS dress'd;
Who praises, in this sauce-enamour'd age,
Calm, healthful temp'rance, like an INDIAN sage:
But could he walk in public, were it said,
“GARGILIUS din'd on beef, and eat brown bread?”
Happy the grotto'd hermit with his pulse,
Who wants no truffles, rich ragouts—nor HULSE.

How strict on Sundays gay LÆTITIA's face!
How curl'd her hair, how clean her Brussels lace!
She lifts her eyes, her sparkling eyes to Heav'n,
Most nun-like mourns, and hopes to be forgiv'n.
Think not she prays, or is grown penitent—
She went to church—because the parish went.

Close CHREMES, deaf to the pale widow's grief,
Parts with an unsunn'd guinea for relief;
No meltings o'er his ruthless bosom steal,
More than fierce Arabs, or proud tyrants feel;
Yet, since his neighbours give, the churl unlocks,
Damning the poor, his triple-bolted box.

Why loves not HIPPIA rank obscenity?
Why would she not with twenty porters lie?
Why not in crowded Malls quite naked walk?
Not aw'd by virtue—but “The world would
talk.”——

Yet how demurely looks the wishing maid,
For ever, but in bed, of man afraid !
Thus HAMMON's spring by day feels icy-cool,
At night is hot as hell's sulphureous pool.

Each panting warble of VESCONTI's throat,
To DICK, is heav'nlier than a seraph's note ;
The trills, he swears, soft-stealing to his breast,
Are lullabies, to sooth his cares to rest ;
Are sweeter far, than LAURA's luscious kiss,
Charm the whole man, and lap his soul in bliss :
Who can such counterfeited raptures bear,
Of a deaf fool who scarce can thunders hear ?
CROWDERO might with him for FESTIN pass,
And touching HANDEL yield to trifling HASSE.

But curd-fac'd CURIO comes ! all prate and smile,
Supreme of beaux, great bulwark of our isle !
Mark well his feather'd hat, his gilt cockade,
Rich rings, white hand, and coat of stiff brocade ;
Such weak-wing'd May-flies BRITAIN's troops disgrace,
That FLANDRIA, wond'ring, mourns our alter'd
race :
With him the fair, enraptur'd with a rattle,
Of VAUXHALL, GARRICK, or PAMELA prattle :
This self-pleas'd king of emptiness permit
At the dear toilette harmlessly to sit ;
As mirthless infants, idling out the day,
With wooden swords, or toothless puppies play :

'Tis meaner (cries the manling) to command
A conquering host, or save a sinking land,
Than furl fair FLAVIA's fan, or lead a dance,
Or broach new-minted FASHIONS fresh from FRANCE.

O FRANCE, whose edicts govern dress and meat,
Thy victor BRITAIN bends beneath thy feet !
Strange ! that pert grasshoppers should lions lead,
And teach to hop, and chirp across the mead :
Of fleets and laurell'd chiefs let others boast,
Thy honors are to bow, dance, boil, and roast,
Let ITALY give mimic canvass fire,
Carve rock to life, or tune the lulling lyre ;
For gold let rich POTOSI be renown'd,
Be balmy-breathing gums in INDIA found :
'Tis thine for sleeves to teach the shantiest cuts,
Give empty coxcombs more important struts,
Prescribe new rules for knots, hoops, manteaus, wigs,
Shoes, soups, complexions, coaches, farces, jigs.

MUSCALIA dreams of last night's ball till ten,
Drinks chocolate, stroaks FOPS, and sleeps agen ;
Perhaps at twelve dares ope her drowsy eyes,
Asks LUCY if 'tis late enough to rise ;
By three each curl and feature justly set,
She dines, talks scandal, visits, plays piquette :
Meanwhile her babes with some foul nurse remain,
For modern dames a mother's cares disdain ;
Each fortnight once she bears to see the brats,
“ For oh they stun one's ears, like squalling cats ! ”

Tigers and pards protect, and nurse their young,
The parent-snake will roll her forked tongue,
The vulture hovers vengeful o'er her nest,
If the rude hand her helpless brood infest ;
Shall lovely woman, softest frame of heav'n,
To whom were tears, and feeling pity giv'n,
Most fashionably cruel, less regard
Her offspring, than the vulture, snake, and pard !

What art, O FASHION, pow'r supreme below !
You make us virtue, nature, sense, forego ;
You sanctify knave, atheist, whore, and fool,
And shield from justice, shame, and ridicule.
Our grandames' modes, long absent from our eyes,
At your all-powerful bidding duteous rise ;
As ARETHUSA sunk beneath the plain
For many a league, emerging flows again ;
Now *Mary's mobs*, and flounces you approve,
Now shape-disguising sacks, and slippers love :
Scarce have you chose (like Fortune fond to joke)
Some reigning dress, but you the choice revoke :
So when the deep-tongu'd organ's notes swell high,
And loud HOSANNAHS reach the distant sky,
Hark, how at once the dying strains decay,
And soften unexpectedly away.
The peer, prince, peasant, soldier, squire, divine,
Goddess of Change, bend low before your shrine,
Swearing to follow, wheresoe'er you lead,
Though you eat toads, or walk upon your head.

'Tis hence Belles game, intrigue, sip citron-drams,
And hide their lovely locks with heads of rams ;
Hence girls, once modest, without blush appear,
With legs display'd, and swan-soft bosoms bare ;
Hence stale, autumnal dames, still deck'd with
laces,

Look like vile canker'd coins in velvet cases.
Ask you, why whores live more belov'd than
wives,

Why weeping virtue exil'd, flattery thrives,
Why mad for pensions, BRITONS young and old
Adore base ministers, those calves of gold,
Why witling templars on religion joke,
Fat, rosy justices, drink, doze, and smoke,
Dull critics on best bards pour harmless spite,
As babes that mumble coral, cannot bite,
Why knaves malicious, brother-knaves embrace,
With hearts of gall, but courtly smiling face,
Why scornful FOLLY from her gaudy coach,
At starving houseless VIRTUE points reproach,
Why AV'RICE is the great all-worshipp'd God ?
Methinks some DAEMON answers—" 'Tis the model"

At this CORRUPTION smiles with ghastly grin,
Presaging triumphs to her mother, SIN ;
Who, as with baneful wings aloft she flies,
" This falling land be mine !"—exulting cries ;
Grim TYRANNY attends her on her way,
And frowns, and whets his sword that thirsts to slay.

EPISTLE VI.

THE *MAN OF TASTE.*

Occasioned by an
EPISTLE OF MR. POPE'S
ON THAT SUBJECT.

BY THE REV. MR. BRAMSTON.

WHOE'ER he be that to a Taste aspires,
Let him read this, and be what he desires.
In men and manners vers'd, from life I write,
Not what was once, but what is now polite.
Those who of courtly France have made the tour,
Can scarce our English awkwardness endure.
But honest men who never were abroad,
Like England only, and its Taste applaud.
Strife still subsists, which yields the better goſt;
Books or the world, the many or the few.

True Taste to me is by this touchstone known,
That's always best that's nearest to my own.
To shew that my pretensions are not vain,
My father was a play'r in Drury-lane.

As shepherds from high rocks hear far below,
Hear unconcern'd loud torrents fiercely flow ;
You, though mad millions the mean taste upbraid,
Who still love VIRTUE, fair, forsaken maid ;
As BACCHUS charming ARIADNE bore,
By all abandon'd, from the lonesome shore.

Critics indeed are valuable men,
But hyper-critics are as good agen,
Though Blackmore's works my soul with rapture
With notes by Bentley they'd be better still.
The Boghouse-Miscellany's well design'd,
To ease the body, and improve the mind.
Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,
For he displeases me that pleases all.
Verse without rhyme I never could endure,
Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.
To him as nature, when he ceas'd to see,
Milton's an universal blank to me.
Confirm'd and settled by the nation's voice,
Rhyme is the poet's pride, and people's choice.
Always upheld by national support,
Of market, university, and court :
Thomson, write blank ; but know that for that rea
These lines shall live when thine are out of season
Rhyme binds and beautifies the poet's lays,
As London ladies owe their shape to stays.

Had Cibber's self the Careless Husband wrote,
He for the laurel ne'er had had my vote :
But for his epilogues and other plays,
He thoroughly deserves the modern bays.
It pleases me, that Pope unlaurell'd goes,
While Cibber wears the bays for play-house pros
So Britain's monarch once uncover'd sate,
While Bradshaw bully'd in a broad-brim'd hat.

Long live old Curll! he ne'er to publish fears,
The speeches, verses, and last wills of peers.
How oft has he a public spirit shewn,
And pleas'd our ears, regardless of his own?
But to give merit due, though Curll's the fame?
Are not his brother book-sellers the same?
Can statutes keep the British press in awe,
While that sells best, that's most against the law?

Lives of dead play'rs my leisure hours beguile,
And Sessions-papers tragedize my stile.
'Tis charming reading in Ophelia's life,
So oft a mother, and not once a wife:
She could with just propriety behave,
Alive with peers, with monarchs in her grave:
Her lot how oft have envious harlots wept,
By prebends bury'd, and by generals kept.

T' improve in morals Mandevil I read,
And Tyndal's scruples are my settled creed.
I travell'd early, and I soon saw through
Religion all, ere I was twenty-two.
Shame, pain, or poverty shall I endure,
When ropes or opium can my ease procure?
When money's gone, and I no debts can pay,
Self-murder is an honorable way.
As Pasaran directs I'd end my life,
And kill myself, my daughter, and my wife.
Burn but that Bible which the parson quotes,
And men of spirit all shall cut their throats.

But not to writings I confine my pen,
I have a taste for buildings, music, men.
Young travell'd coxcombs mighty knowledge boast,
With superficial smattering at most.
Not so my mind, unsatisfied with hints,
Knows more than Budget writes, or Roberts prints.
I know the town, all houses I have seen,
From High-Park corner down to Bednal-Green.
Sure wretched Wren was taught by bungling Jones,
To murder mortar, and disfigure stones !
Who in Whitehall can symmetry discern ?
I reckon Covent-Garden church a barn.
Nor hate I less thy vile cathedral, Paul !
The choir's too big, the cupola's too small :
Substantial walls and heavy roofs I like,
They're Vanbrugh's structures that my fancy strike :
Such noble ruins every pile would make,
I wish they'd tumble for the prospect's sake.
To lofty Chelsea, or to Greenwich dome,
Soldiers and sailors all are welcom'd home.
Her poor to palaces Britannia brings,
St. James's hospital may serve for kings.
Buildings so happily I understand,
That for one house I'd mortgage all my land.
Doric, Ionic, shall not there be found,
But it shall cost me threescore thousand pound.
From out my honest workmen, I'll select
A Bricklay'r, and proclaim him architect ;
First bid him build me a stupendous dome,
Which having finish'd, we set out for Rome ;

Take a week's view of Venice and the Brent,
Stare round, see nothing, and come home content.
I'll have my Villa too, a sweet abode,
Its situation shall be London road :
Pots o'er the door I'll place like Cits balconies,
Which Bentley calls the Gardens of Adonis.

I'll have my gardens in the fashion too,
For what is beautiful that is not new ?
Fair four-legg'd temples, theatres that vye
With all the angles of a Christmas-pye.
Does it not merit the beholder's praise,
What's high to sink ? and what is low to raise ?
Slopes shall ascend where once a green-house
stood,
And in my horse-pond I will plant a wood.
Let misers dread the hoarded gold to waste,
Expencc and alteration shews a Taste.

In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,
And know their several beauties by their price.
Auctions and sales I constantly attend,
But choose my pictures by a skilful friend.
Originals and copies much the same,
The picture's value is the painter's name.

My Taste in sculpture from my choice is seen,
I buy no statues that are not obscene.
In spite of Addison and ancient Rome,
Sir Cloudesly Shovel's is my fav'rite tomb.

How oft have I with admiration stood,
To view some city-magistrate in wood !
I gaze with pleasure on a lord-mayor's head,
Cast with propriety in gilded lead.
Oh could I view through London as I pass,
Some broad Sir Balaam in Corinthian brass :
High on a pedestal, ye freemen, place
His magisterial paunch and griping face ;
Letter'd and gilt, let him adorn Cheapside,
And grant the tradesman, what a king's deny'd,

Old coins and medals I collect, 'tis true,
Sir Andrew has 'em, and I'll have 'em too.
But among friends if I the truth might speak,
I like the modern, and despise th' antique.
Though in the drawers of my japan bureau,
To lady Gripeall I the Caesars shew,
'Tis equal to her ladyship or me,
A copper Otho or a Scotch baubee.

Without Italian, or without an ear,
To Bononcini's music I adhere ;
Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,
And therefore proper at a sheriff's feast.
My soul has oft a secret pleasure found,
In the harmonious bagpipe's lofty sound,
Bagpipes for men, shrill German-flutes for boys,
I 'm English born, and love a grumbling noise.
The stage should yield the solemn organ's note,
And scripture tremble in the eunuch's throat.

Let Senesino sing, what David writ,
And hallelujahs charm the pious pit.
Eager in throngs the town to Esther came,
And Oratorio was a lucky name.
Thou, Heidegger! the English Taste has found,
And rul'st the mob of quality with sound.
In Lent, if masquerades displease the town,
Call 'em Ridottos, and they still go down.
Go on, prince Phiz! to please the British Nation,
Call thy next Masquerade a Convocation.

Bears, lions, wolves, and elephants I breed,
And Philosophical Transactions read.
Next lodge I'll be Free-mason, nothing less,
Unless I happen to be F. R. S.

I have a palate, and (as yet) two ears,
Fit company for porters or for peers.
Of every useful knowledge I've a share,
But my top talent is a bill of fare.
Sirloins and rumps of beef offend my eyes,
Pleas'd with frogs fricasseed, and coxcomb-pies,
Dishes I choose though little, yet genteel,
Snails the first course, and peepers crown the meal,
Pigs' heads with hair on, much my fancy please,
I love young colly-flow'rs if stew'd in cheese,
And give ten guineas for a pint of peas.
No tattling servants to my table come,
My grace is silence, and my waiter dumb.

Queer country-puts extol queen Bess's reign,
And of lost hospitality complain.
Say thou that dost thy father's table praise,
Was there mahogena in former days ?

Oh! could a British barony be sold !
I would bright honor buy with dazzling gold.
Could I the privilege of peer procure,
The rich I'd bully, and oppress the poor.
To give is wrong, but it is wronger still,
On any terms to pay a tradesman's bill.
I'd make the insolent mechanics stay,
And keep my ready money all for play.
I'd try if any pleasure could be found,
In tossing up for twenty-thousand pound.
Had I whole counties, I to White's would go,
And set land, woods, and rivers, at a throw.
But should I meet with an unlucky run,
And at a throw be gloriously undone ;
My debts of honor I'd discharge the first,
Let all my lawful creditors be curs'd :
My title would preserve me from arrest,
And seizing hired horses is a jest.

I'd walk the morning with an oaken stick,
With gloves and hat, like my own footman, Dick.
A footman I would be, in outward show,
In sense, and education, truly so.
As for my head, it should ambiguous wear

At once a perriwig and its own hair.
My hair I'd powder in the women's way,
And dress, and talk of dressing, more than they.
I'll please the Maids of Honor, if I can ;
Without black velvet breeches, what is man ?
I will my skill in button holes display,
And brag how oft I shift me every day.
Shall I wear cloaths in aukward England made ?
And sweat in cloth, to help the woollen trade ?
In French embroid'ry and in Flanders lace
I'll spend the income of a treasurer's place.
Deard's bill for baubles shall to thousands mount,
And I'd out-di'mond even the di'mond count.
I would convince the world by tawdry cloaths
That belles are less effeminate than beaux,
And doctor Lamb should pare my lordship's toes.

To boon companions I my time would give,
With players, pimps, and parasites I'd live.
I would with jockeys from Newmarket dine,
And to rough-riders give my choicest wine ;
I would caress some stableman of note,
And imitate his language and his coat.
My ev'nings all I would with sharpers spend,
And make the thief-catcher my bosom friend.
In Fig the prize-fighter by day delight,
And sup with Colley Cibber every night.
Should I perchance be fashionably ill,
I'd send for Misaubin, and take his pill.

I should abhor, though in the utmost need,
Arbuthnot, Hollins, Wigan, Lee, or Mead ;
But if I found that I grew worse and worse,
I'd turn off Misaubin and take a nurse.
How oft when eminent physicians fail,
Do good old women's remedies prevail !
When beauty's gone, and Chloe's struck with years,
Eyes she can couch, or she can syringe ears.
Of graduates I dislike the learned rout,
And choose a female doctor for the gout.

Thus would I live, with no dull pedants curs'd ;
Sure, of all blockheads, scholars are the worst.
Back to your universities, ye fools,
And dangle arguments on strings in schools :
Those schools which Universities they call,
'Twere well for England were there none at all.
With ease that loss the nation might sustain,
Supply'd by Goodman's-fields and Drury-lane,
Oxford and Cambridge are not worth one farthing,
Compar'd to Haymarket and Covent-garden :
Quit those, ye British youth, and follow these,
Turn players all, and take your 'squire's degrees.
Boast not your incomes now, as heretofore,
Ye book-learn'd seats ! the theatres have more :
Ye stiff-rump'd heads of colleges be dumb ;
A single eunuch gets a larger sum.
Have some of you three hundred by the year ;
Booth, Rich, and Cibber, twice three thousand clear.

Should Oxford to her sister Cambridge join
A year's rack-rent, and arbitrary fine :
Thence not one winter's charge would be defray'd,
For play-house, opera, ball, and masquerade.
Glad I congratulate the judging age,
The players are the world, the world the stage.

I am a politician too, and hate
Of any party, ministers of state :
I 'm for an Act, that he, who sev'n whole years
Has serv'd his king and country, lose his ears.

Thus from my birth I 'm qualified, you find,
To give the laws of Taste to human kind.
Mine are the gallant schemes of politesse,
For books, and buildings, politics, and dress.
This is true Taste, and whoso likes it not,
Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and sot.

EPISTLE VII.

THE WREATH OF FASHION.

OR, THE ART OF SENTIMENTAL POETRY.

BY RICHARD TICKELL, ESQ.

Demetri, teque Tigell,
Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras. Hor.

WHEN first the Muse recorded Beauty's praise
In glowing numbers, and enraptur'd lays,
Sweet was the Poet's song; undeck'd by art;
For Love was Nature, and his theme the Heart.
At Beauty's shrine how brightly Genius glow'd!
There, her wild wreaths luxuriant fancy strew'd;
Whose flowrets, wak'd by Love's enliv'ning ray,
Scatter'd with native sweets the artless lay.
Such were the strains th' enamour'd *Ovid* sung;
Such the fond lays that flow'd from *Prior*'s tongue:
Nor of its best reward was verse beguil'd,
When *Julia* own'd its pow'r, and *Chloe* smil'd.

Far other lays denote the modern Bard—
Nor love his theme—nor Beauty his reward :
His temp'rate verse a gentler homage pays,
And sighs serenely for unfeeling praise.

This purer taste, this philosophic art,
(If thou, O Sentiment ! thy aid impart)
The Muse shall sing—attend ye glitt'ring train
Of sighing Beaux, nor scorn the votive strain ;
Tho' harsh the verse, tho' rude the unpolish'd lay,
Soft is the tender science they display.

First, for true grounds of Sentimental lore,
The scenes of modern Comedy explore ;
Dramatic Homilies ! devout and sage,
Stor'd with wise maxims, “ both for youth and age.”
Maxims, that scorning their old homely dress,
Shift from plain proverbs to spruce sentences.
But chief let *Cumberland* thy Muse direct :
High Priest of all the Tragic-comic sect !
Mid darts and flames his Lover *cooly* waits ;
Calm as a Hero, cas'd in *Hartley's plates* ;
Till damp'd, and chill'd, by sentimental sighs,
Each stifled passion in a vapor dies.

Hence form thy taste, hence strew thy temp'rate
lays
With moral raptures, and sententious praise.

Thus skill'd, with critic care, thy subject choose ;
A kindred theme, congenial to thy Muse.
No giddy Nymph, of youth and beauty vain,
But some fair Stoic, link'd in Hymén's chain !
Serene and cold ; by wise Indiff'rence led
To a rich Title, and a—sep'rate bed.
Now, sick of vanity, with grandeur cloy'd,
She leans on Sentiment, to sooth the void :
Deep in Rousseau, her purer thoughts approve
The Metaphysics of Platonic Love.
Thine be the task, with quaint, fantastic phrase,
To variegate her unimpassion'd praise.

Poetic Compliments from Sonnets cull—
Harmonious quibbles, logically dull !
True to their age of Paradox, they chime
Problems in verse, and sophistry in rhyme—
Yet, thro' these lymbecks Cowley's patient Muse
From mimic sighs distill'd Castalian dew ;
So Spenser toil'd, to sooth the Royal Maid ;
So hapless Petrarch wept his Laura's shade.

But hence, tame Precept !—let example lead
The modish Poet to his glorious need :
Haste to the radiant shrine of Fashion, haste !
There, form thy genius, there, correct thy taste.

And lo ! the glitt'ring Altar stands confest !
Loose o'er the Goddess floats her motley vest :

As Flora, gay,—as Iris, wildly bright,
Its varying lustre strikes the dazzled sight.
Here, Vanity, with flow'rs and feathers crown'd,
Sports with the Seasons thro' their airy round.
Here, spurious Art and mimic Science pour
Whims of a day, and theories of an hour.
The Goddess smiles; for, lo! even Poets trace
Her local charms, her temporary grace—
Above the rest, how fondly she regards
Her fav'rite train, the Sentimental Bards!

On a spruce pedestal of *Wedgwood ware*,
Where motley forms, and tawdry emblems glare,
Behold she consecrates to cold applause,
A Petrefaction, work'd into a *Vase*:
The Vase of Sentiment!—to this impart
Thy kindred coldness, and congenial art.
Here, as in humbler scenes, from Cards and Gout,
The Muse-rid *Millar* gleans her learned Rout)
With votive song, and tributary verse,
Fashion's gay train her gentle rites rehearse.
What soft poetic incense breathes around!
What soothing hymns from Adulation sound!

When Fashion calls, can *Carlisle* be away?
For her ev'n *Carlisle* breathes a random lay;
Not with the praise of youthful Friendship fir'd;
Not with the glow of Dante's Muse inspir'd:
A softer lay, a gentler tribute's paid;
The last sad requiem to a —Spaniel's shade!—

Here too *Fitzpatrick* waits some lucky hit ;
For, still the slave of Chance, he *throws* at wit.
While *Townshend* his pathetic bow displays,
And princely *Boothby* silent homage pays.

False to each fav'ring Muse, the elect of *Phoebus*
Here string Charades, or fabricate a Rebus.
With *chips* of wit, and mutilated lays,
Here *Palmerston* fineers his *Bouts Rhimeés*.
Mulgrave ! whose Muse nor winds nor waves control,
Here bravely peits Acrostics—on *the Pole*.
Warms with poetic fire the Northern air,
And sooths with tuneful raptures—the *great Bear* ;
So when the rebel-winds on Neptune fell,
They sunk to rest, at sound of Triton's shell.

“ If *Placemen* thus poetic honors prize,
Shall I be mute ? (the laureat *Whitehead* cries.)
What if some rival Bard my empire share !
Yet, yet, I tremble at the name of *Clare*.
Pindar to *Clare* had yielded—so did I—
Alas, can Poetry with *Poplin* vie !
Ah me ! if Poets *barter* for applause,
How *Jerningham* will thrive on flimsy gauze !
What tatter'd tinsel *Luttrell* will display !
Carmarthen sattin—*Carlisle* paduasoy !
Garrick will follow his old remnant trade ;
He'll buy my place with *Jubilee brocade*.
While *Anstey*, the reversion to obtain,
Vamps his *Bath drugget*, till he spoils the grain.

Perish the thought! hence visionary fear!
Phoebus, or Phaedrus, shall old *Whitehead* cheer.
Fashion! behold their gift—be this preferr'd!"
—He said—and proudly brandish'd the *Goat's beard*.—

In just degree, the Goddess hails their toils,
Bows for a distich, for a stanza smiles,
Familiar nods an Epigram attend,
An Ode will almost rank you as a Friend:
A softer name fond Elegy bestows,
But nearest to her Heart a Sonnet flows.

Behold, one dunce, by her profound decree,
Supreme Dictator of the Coterie:
Prim, plausible, oracular, and sage,
The native *Tœxier* of the wond'ring age!
The solemn coxcomb never talks—his frown
Is instant obloquy, his smile renown:
Words would degrade this literary God:
He gives his fiat with a silent nod.

Another's fame more gentle honors tell;
Familiar Critic of each bright *Ruelle*!
Soon as the orient beam of Beauty's ray
Discloses, just at noon, the dawn of day;
And *Devon* wakes!—"and *Piccadilly's* gay;"
Perch'd at her Grace's toilet, *Minim* sits,
The little Scholiast of the Female Wits.
Tir'd of conjecture, and perplex'd with doubt,
To him they fly—to make a riddle out;

To pierce a paragraph's mysterious veil ;
And eke out Scandal's hesitating tale.
With conscious pride the flippant Witling shares
His motley task of miscellaneous cares ;
Expounds *Charades*, thro' close detraction pryce,
Construes *initials*, and the *blanks* supplies.
And oft with varied art, his thoughts digress
On deeper themes—the documents of dress :
With nice discernment, to each stile of face
Adapt a ribbon, or suggest a lace ;
O'er *Granby's* cap bid loftier feathers float,
And add new bows to *Devon's* petticoat.—

Others, resolv'd more ample fame to boast,
Plant their own Laurels in the *Morning Post*.
Soft *Evening* dews refresh the tender green :
Pass but a Month, it swells each *Magazine* ;
Till the luxuriant boughs so wildly shoot,
The *Annual Register* transplants the root—
But these are spurious honors, not the true,
Who shall obtain *The Wreath of Fashion*—who ?

The wily *Charles* long flourish'd o'er the rest ;
Expert to argue, or to flatter best :
For, born a Disputant, a Sophist bred,
His Nurse he silenc'd, and his Tutor led :
But hail'd, with filial duty's pious sense,
His Sire's best gift—delusive Eloquence
That art to cherish, with a lavish pride
His kindred Genius ev'ry pow'r supplied :

Persuasion's breath—to swell the Statesman's sail ;
Or, if his fancy veer, retard the gale.
Soft words—to mollify the Miser's breast,
And lull relenting Usury to rest.
Bright beams of wit—to still the raging Jew ;
His black'ning mists dissolve to golden dew,
Teach him to dun no more, and lend anew !

Here, *Charles* his native eloquence refin'd ;
Pleas'd at the Toilet, in the Senate shin'd :
And North approv'd—and *Amoret* look'd kind.
Till, rashly wand'ring in Ambition's chase,
He lost at once his laurels and—his place.

At Fashion's shrine, behold a gentler Bard
Gaze on the mystic *Vase* with fond regard—
But see, *Thalia* checks the doubtful thought.
“ Can'st thou (she cries) with sense, with genius
fraught,
Can'st thou to Fashion's tyranny submit,
Secure in native, independent wit ?
Or yield to Sentiment's insipid rule,
By Taste, be Fancy chac'd thro' *Scandal's School* ?
Ah, no !—be *Sheridan's* the comic page ;
Or let me fly with *Garrick* from the Stage.”

Haste then, my Friend, (for let me boast that name)
Haste to the op'ning path of genuine Fame :
Or, if thy Muse a gentler theme pursue,
Ah, 'tis to Love, and thy *Eliza*, due !

For sure the sweetest lay she well may claim,
Whose soul breathes harmony o'er all her frame ;
While wedded Love, with ray serenely clear,
Beams from her eye, as from its proper sphere.

—But thou, for whom the Muse first tun'd the
lyre,

Vot'ry of Sentiment, do thou aspire,
With studious toil, to win that bright reward,
The Wreath of Fashion for her chosen Bard.
Not rudely wove with Nature's short-liv'd store,
(The simple meed her humble Poet wore)
But spruce and trim, as suits thy kindred pow'rs,
With mimic buds, and artificial flow'rs.

Blest Wreath! whose flowrets dread no vulgar doom
Of fading hues, or transitory bloom ;
Above the fleeting pride of Flora's day,
Thy vivid foliage never can decay!
There, violets, pinks, and lilies of the vale,
Despise the sultry beam, or chilly gale ;
There, fix'd as *Archer's* rouge, the mimic rose,
With persevering blush, for ever glows ;
There, myrtles bloom, that shame the Cyprian fields ;
There, bays, immortal as Parnassus yields.—

Triumphant Art! Let vanquish'd Nature mourn
Her lost simplicity, o'er *Shenstone's* urn :
With sympathetic sorrows, on *his* tomb
Let the pale primrose shed its wild perfume ;

The cowslip droop its head ; and all around
The with'ring violet strew the hallow'd ground—
For, mute the Swain, and cold the hand, that wove
Their simple sweets to wreaths of artless love—
Simplicity with *Shenstone* died !——

EPISTLE VIII.

TO

SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, KNT.

COMPTROLLER-GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S WORKS,

And Author of a late Dissertation

ON ORIENTAL GARDENING.

Non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesque myricae.

Virg.

KNIGHT of the Polar Star ! by Fortune plac'd
To shine the Cynosure of British taste ;
Whose orb collects in one refulgent view
The scatter'd glories of Chinese Virtu ;
And spread their lustre in so broad a blaze,
That kings themselves are dazzled, while they gaze.
O let the Muse attend thy march sublime,
And, with thy prose, caparison her rhyme ;
Teach her, like thee, to gild her splendid song,
With scenes of Yven-Ming, and sayings of Li-
Tsong ;
Like thee to scorn Dame Nature's simple fence ;
Leap each Ha-ha of truth and common sense ;
And proudly rising in her bold career,
Demand attention from the gracious ear

Of him, whom we and all the world admit
Patron supreme of science, taste, and wit.
Does Envy doubt? Witness, ye chosen train!
Who breathe the sweets of his Saturnian reign;
Witness ye Hills, ye Johnsons, Scots, Shebbeares,
Hark to my call, for some of you have ears.
Let David Hume, from the remotest North,
In see-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth;
David, who there supinely deigns to lye
The fattest Hog of Epicurus' sty;
Tho' drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praise,
David shall bless Old England's halcyon days;
The mighty Home, bemir'd in prose so long,
Again shall stalk upon the stilts of song:
While bold Mac-Ossian, wont in Ghosts to deal,
Bids candid Smollet from his coffin steal;
Bids Mallock quit his sweet Elysian rest,
Sunk in his St. John's philosophic breast,
And, like old Orpheus, make some strong effort
To come from Hell, and warble Truth at Court.

There was a time, "in Esher's peaceful grove,
When Kent and Nature vy'd for Pelham's love,
That Pope beheld them with auspicious smile,
And own'd that Beauty blest their mutual toil."
Mistaken Bard! could such a pair design
Scenes fit to live in thy immortal line?
Hadst thou been born in this enlighten'd day,
Felt, as we feel, Taste's oriental ray,

Thy satire sure had given them both a stab,
Call'd Kent a Driveller, and the Nymph a Drab.
For what is Nature ? Ring her changes round,
Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground ;
Prolong the peal, yet spite of all your clatter,
The tedious chime is still ground, plants, and water,
So, when some John his dull invention racks,
To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's,
Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,
Three roasted geese, three butter'd apple-pies.

Come then, prolific Art, and with thee bring
The charms that rise from thy exhaustless spring ;
To Richmond come, for see, untutor'd Brown
Destroys those virtues which were once thy own.
Lo, from his melon ground the peasant slave
Has rudely rush'd, and levell'd Merlin's Cave ;
Knock'd down the waxen wizzard, seiz'd his wand,
Transform'd to lawn what late was Fairy land ;
And marr'd, with impious hand, each sweet design
Of Stephen Duck, and good Queen Caroline.
Haste, bid yon livelong Terrace reascend,
Replace each vista, straighten every bend ;
Shut out the Thames ; shall that ignoble thing
Approach the presence of great Ocean's King ?
No ! let Barbaric glories feast his eyes,
August Pagodas round his palace rise,
And finish'd Richmond open to his view,
" A work to wonder at, perhaps a" Kew,

Nor rest we here, but, at our magic call,
Monkies shall climb our trees, and lizards crawl;
Huge dogs of Tibet bark in yonder grove,
Here parrots prate, there cats make cruel love;
In some fair island will we turn to grass
(With the Queen's leave) her elephant and ass.
Giants from Africa shall guard the glades,
Where hiss our snakes, where sport our Tartar
 maids :

Or, wanting these, from Charlotte Hayes we bring
Damsels alike adroit to sport and sing.

Now to our lawns of dalliance and delight,
Join we the groves of horror and affright;
This to achieve no foreign aids we try,
Thy gibbets, Bagshot! shall our wants supply;
Hounslow, whose heath sublimer terror fills,
Shall with her gibbets lend her powder mills.
Here too, O King of Vengeance, in thy fane,
Tremendous Wilkes shall rattle his gold chain;
And round that fane on many a Tyburn tree,
Hang fragments dire of Newgate's history;
On this shall Holland's dying speech be read,
Here Bute's confession and his wooden head;
While all the minor plunderers of the age
(Too numerous far for this contracted page)
The Rigbys, Calcrafts, Mungos, Bradshaws there,
In straw-stuff effigy, shall kick the air.
But say, ye Powers, who come when Fancy calls,
Where shall our mimic London rear her walls?

That Eastern feature, Art must next produce,
Tho' not for present yet for future use,
Our sons some slave of greatness may behold,
Cast in the genuine Asiatic mould :
Who of three realms shall condescend to know
No more than he can spy from Windsor's brow ;
For him that blessing of a better time,
The Muse shall deal awhile in brick and lime ;
Surpass the bold ΑΔΕΛΦΙ in design,
And o'er the Thames fling one stupendous line
Of marble arches, in a bridge, that cuts
From Richmond Ferry slant to Brentford Butts.
Brentford with London's charms will we adorn ;
Brentford, the bishopric of Parson Horne.
There at one glance, the royal eye shall meet
Each varied beauty of St. James's-street ;
Stout Talbot there shall ply with hackney chair,
And Patriot Betty fix her fruit-shop there.
Like distant thunder now the coach of state
Rolls o'er the bridge, that groans beneath its weight.
The court hath crost the stream ; the sports begin ;
Now Nowel preaches of rebellion's sin :
And as the powers of his strong pathos rise,
Lo, brazen tears fall from Sir Fletcher's eyes.
While skulking round the pews, that babe of grace,
Who ne'er before at sermon shew'd his face,
See Jemmy Twitcher shambles ; stop ! stop thief !
He's stoln'n the Earl of Denbigh's hankerchief.
Let Barrington arrest him in mock fury,
And Mansfield hang the knave without a jury.

But hark, the voice of battle shouts from far,
The Jews and Maccaronies are at war :
The Jews prevail, and, thund'ring from the stocks, ..
They seize, they bind, and circumcise Charles Fox,
Fair Schwellenbergen smiles the sport to see,
And all the Maids of Honor cry Te ! He !

Be these the rural pastimes that attend
Great Brunswick's leisure : these shall best unbend
His royal mind, whene'er from state withdrawn,
He treads the velvet of his Richmond lawn ;
These shall prolong his Asiatic dream,
Tho' Europe's balance trembles on its beam.
And thou, Sir William ! while thy plastic hand
Creates each wonder, which thy Bard has plann'd,
While, as thy art commands, obsequious rise
Whate'er can please, or frighten, or surprize,
O ! let the Bard his Knight's protection claim,
And share, like faithful Sancho, Quixote's fame.

EPISTLE IX.

TO THE PUBLIC.

AN HEROIC POSTSCRIPT.

Occasioned by their favorable Reception of a late Heroic Epistle to

SIR W. CHAMBERS, KNT. &c.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THAT EPISTLE.

Sicelides Musae, paulo majora canamus. Virg.

I THAT of late, Sir William's Bard, and Squire,
March'd with his helm and buckler on my lyre,
(What time the Knight prick'd forth in ill-starr'd
haste,

Comptroller-General of the works of taste),
Now to the public tune my grateful lays,
Warm'd with the sun-shine of the Public praise :
Warm'd too with mem'ry of that golden time,
When Almon gave me reason for my rhyme ;
—— glittering orbs, and, what endear'd them more,
Each glittering orb the sacred features bore
Of George the good, the gracious, and the great,
Unfil'd, unsweated, all of sterling weight ;
Or, were they not, they pass'd with current ease,
Good seemings then were good realities :

No Senate had convey'd, by smuggling art,
Pow'r to the mob to play Cadogan's part ;
Now, thro' the land, that impious pow'r prevails,
All weigh their Sov'reign in their private scales,
And find him wanting, all save me alone,
For, sad to say ! my glittering orbs are gone.
But ill beseems a Poet to repent,
Lightly they came, and full as lightly went.
Peace to their manes ! may they never feel
Some keen Scotch banker's unrelenting steel ;
While I again the Muse's sickle bring
To cut down Dunces, wheresoe'er they spring,
Bind in poetic sheaves the plenteous crop,
And stack my full ear'd load in Almon's shop.
For now, my Muse, thy fame is fixt as fate,
Tremble, ye Fools I scorn, ye Knaves I hate ;
I know the vigor of thy eagle wings,
I know thy strains can pierce the ear of Kings.
Did China's monarch here in Britain doze,
And was, like western Kings, a King of Prose,
Thy song could cure his Asiatic spleen,
And make him wish to see and to be seen ;
That solemn vein of irony so fine,
Which, e'en Reviewers own, adorns thy line,
Would make him soon against his greatness sin,
Desert his sofa, mount his palanquin,
And post where'er the Goddess led the way,
Perchance to proud Spithead's imperial bay ;
There should he see, as other folks have seen,
That ships have anchors, and that seas are green,

Should own the tackling trim, the streamers fine,
With Sandwich prattle, and with Bradshaw dine,
And then sail back, amid the cannon's roar,
As safe, as sage, as when he left the shore.

Such is thy pow'r, O Goddess of the song,
Come then and guide my careless pen along ;
Yet keep it in the bounds of sense and verse,
Nor, like Mac-Homer, make me gabble Erse.
No, let the flow of these spontaneous rhymes
So truly touch the temper of the times,
That he who runs may read ; while well he knows
I write in metre, what he thinks in prose ;
So shall my song, undisciplin'd by art,
Find a sure patron in each English heart.
If this its fate, let all the frippery things
Be-plac'd, be-pension'd, and be-starr'd by Kings,
Frown on the page, and with fastidious eye,
Like old young Fannius, call it blasphemy.
Let these prefer a levee's harmless talk,
Be ask'd how often, and how far they walk,
Proud of a single word, nor hope for more,
Tho' Jenkinson is blest with many a score ;
For other ears my honest number sound,
With other praise those numbers shall be crown'd,
Praise that shall spread, no pow'r can make it less,
While Britain boasts the bulwark of her press.
Yes, sons of Freedom ! yes, to whom I pay,
Warm from the heart, this tributary lay ;
That lay shall live, tho' Court and Grub-street sigh,

Your young Marcellus was not born to die.
The Muse shall nurse him up to man's estate,
And break the black asperity of fate——
Admit him then your candidate for fame,
Pleas'd if in your Review he read his name.
Tho' not with Mason and with Goldsmith put,
Yet cheek by jowl with Garrick, Colman, Foote,
But if with higher Bards that name you range,
His modesty must think your judgment strange——
So when o'er Crane-Court's philosophic Gods,
The Jove-like majesty of Pringle nods,
If e'er he chance to wake on Newton's chair,
He "wonders how the devil he came there."

Whate'er his fame or fate, on this depend—
He is, and means to be, his Country's friend.
'Tis but to try his strength that now he sports
With Chinese gardens, and with Chinese courts :
But if that country claim a graver strain,
If real danger threat fair Freedom's reign,
If hireling Peers, in prostitution bold,
Sell her as cheaply as themselves they sold ;
Or they, who honor'd by the People's choice,
Against that People lift their rebel voice,
And basely crouching for their paltry pay,
Vote the best birthright of her sons away,
Permit a Nation's in-born wealth to fly
In mean, unkingly prodigality ;
Nor, e'er they give, ask how the sums were spent,
So quickly squander'd, tho' so lately lent——

If this they dare, the thunder of his song,
Rolling in deep-ton'd energy along,
Shall strike, with Truth's dead bolt, each miscreant's
name,

Who, dead to duty, senseless e'en to shame,
Betray'd his Country. Yes, ye faithless crew,
His Muse's vengeance shall your crimes pursue,
Stretch you on Satire's rack, and bid you lie
Fit garbage for the hell-hound, Infamy.

EPISTLE X.

THE *ART OF POLITICS,*

IN IMITATION OF
HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

BY THE
REV. MR. BRAMSTON.

If to an human face Sir James should draw
A horse's mane, and feathers of maccaw,
A lady's bosom, and a tail of cod,
Who could help laughing at a sight so odd ?
Just such a monster, Sirs, pray think before you,
When you behold one man both Whig and Tory.
Not more extravagant are drunkards dreams,
Than Low-church politics with High-church schemes.

Painters, You'll say, may their own fancies use,
And free-born Britons may their party choose :
That's true, I own : but can one piece be drawn
For dove and dragon, elephant and fawn ?

Speakers profess'd, who gravity pretend,
With motley sentiments their speeches blend ;

Begin like patriots, and like courtiers end.
Some love to roar the constitution's broke,
And others on the nation's debts to joke :
Some rail, (they hate a commonwealth so much,)
Whate'er the subject be, against the Dutch ;
While others, with more fashionable fury,
Begin with turnpikes, and conclude with Fleury.
Some, when th' affair was Blenheim's glorious battle,
Declaim'd against importing Irish cattle :
But you, from whate'er side you take your name,
Like Anna's motto, always be the same.

Outsides deceive, 'tis hard the truth to know,
Parties from quaint denominations flow,
As Scotch and Irish antiquaries show.
The low are said to take Fanatics parts,
The high are bloody Papists in their hearts.
Caution and fear to highest faults have run ;
In pleasing both the parties, you please none.
Who in the house affects declaiming airs,
Whales in Change-alley paints : in Fish-street, bears.
Some metaphors, some handkerchiefs display,
These peep in hats, while those with buttons play,
And make me think it Repetition-day ;
There knights haranguing hug a neighb'ring post,
And are but quorum orators at most.
Sooner than thus my want of sense expose,
I'll deck out bandy-legs with gold-cleck'd hose,
Or wear a toupet-wig without a nose.

Nay, I would sooner have thy phyz, I swear,
Surintendant des plaisirs d' Angleterre.

Ye weekly Writers of seditious news,
Take care your subjects artfully to choose,
Write panegyric strong, or boldly rail,
You cannot miss preferment, or a gaol.
Wrap up your poison, well, nor fear to say
What was a lie last night is truth to-day.
Tell this, sink that, arrive at Ridpath's praise,
Let Abel Roper your ambition raise.
To lie fit opportunity observe,
Saving some double meaning in reserve ;
But oh ! you'll merit everlasting fame,
If you can quibble on Sir Robert's name.
In state affairs use not the vulgar phrase,
Talk words scarce known in good queen Besse's days,
New terms let war or traffic introduce,
And try to bring persuading-ships in use.
Coin words : in coining ne'er mind common sense,
Provided the original be French.

Like South-sea stock, expressions rise and fall :
King Edward's words are now no words at all.
Did aught our predecessors genius cramp ?
Sure ev'ry reign may have its proper stamp.
All sublunary things of death partake ;
What alteration does a cent'ry make !
Kings and comedians are all mortal found,
Caesar and Pinkethman are under ground.

What's not destroy'd by Time's devouring hand ?
Where's Troy, and where's the may-pole in the
Strand ?

Pease, cabbages, and turnips once grew, where
Now stands New Bond street, and a newer square ;
Such piles of buildings now rise up and down,
London itself seems going out of town.
Our fathers cross'd from Fulham in a wherry,
Their sons enjoy a bridge at Putney-ferry.
Think we that modern words eternal are ?
Toupet and Tompion, Cosins, and Colmar.
Hereafter will be call'd, by some plain man,
A wig, a watch, a pair of stays, a fan.
To things themselves if time such change affords,
Can there be any trusting to our words ?

To screen good ministers from public rage,
And how with party madness to engage,
We learn from Addison's immortal page.
The Jacobite's ridiculous opinion
Is seen from Tickell's letter to Avignon.
But who puts Caleb's Country-Craftsman out,
Is still a secret, and the world's in doubt.

Not long since parish-clerks, with saucy airs,
Apply'd king David's psalms to state affairs.
Some certain tunes to politics belong,
On both sides drunkards love a party-song.

If full across the Speaker's chair I go,
Can I be said the rules o' th' House to know?
I'll ask, nor give offence without intent,
Nor through meer sheepishness be impudent.

In acts of Parliament avoid sublime,
Nor e'er address his Majesty in rhyme;
An Act of Parliament's a serious thing,
Begins with year of Lord and year of King;
Keeps close to form, in every word is strict,
When it would pains and penalties inflict.
Soft words suit best petitioners' intent;
Soft words, O ye petitioners of Kent!

Whoe'er harangues before he gives his vote,
Should send sweet language from a tuneful throat.
Pultney the coldest breast with zeal can fire,
And Roman thoughts by Attic stile inspire;
He knows from tedious wrangling to beguile
The serious house into a cheerful smile;
When the great Patriot paints his anxious fears
For England's safety, I am lost in tears.
But when dull speakers strive to move compassion,
I pity their poor hearers, not the nation:
Unless young members to the purpose keep,
I fall a laughing, or I fall asleep.

Can men their inward faculties control?
Is not the tongue an index to the soul?

Laugh not in time of service to your God,
Nor bully, when in custody o' th' rod ;
Look grave, and be from jokes and grinning far,
When brought to sue for pardon at the bar :
If then you let your ill-tim'd wit appear,
Knights, citizens, and burghesses will sneer.

For land, or trade, not the same notions fire
The city-merchant, and the country-'squire ;
Their climes are distant, though one cause unites
The lairds of Scotland, and the Cornish knights.

To likelihood your characters confine :
Don't turn Sir Paul out, let Sir Paul resign.
In Walpole's voice (if factions ill intend)
Give the two Universities a friend ;
Give Maidstone wit, and elegance refin'd ;
To both the Pelhams give the Scipio's mind ;
To Cart'ret learning, eloquence, and parts ;
To George the second, give all English hearts.

Sometimes fresh names in politics produce,
And factions yet unheard of introduce ;
And if you dare attempt a thing so new,
Make to itself the flying squadron true.

To speak is free, no member is debarr'd ;
But funds and national accounts are hard :
Safer on common topics to discourse,
The malt-tax, and a military force.



On these each coffee-house will lend a hint,
Besides a thousand things that are in print.
But steal not word for word, nor thought for thought,
For you'll be teaz'd to death, if you are caught,
When factious leaders boast increasing strength,
Go not too far, nor follow every length :
Leave room for change, turn with a grace about,
And swear you left 'em, when you found 'em out.

With art and modesty your part maintain ;
And talk like Col'nel Titus, not like Lane.
The trading knight with rants his speech begins,
Sun, moon, and stars, and dragons, saints, and kings :
But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,
When the exclusion-bill was in suspense,
I hear a lion in the lobby roar ;
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door
And keep him there, or shall we let him in
To try if we can turn him out again ?

Some mighty blusterers impeach with noise,
And call their private cry, the public voice.

From folios of accounts they take their handles,
And the whole balance proves a pound of candles ;
As if Paul's cupola were brought to bed,
After hard labor, of a small pin's head.

Some Rufus, some the Conqueror bring in,
And some from Julius Caesar's days begin.

A cunning speaker can command his chops,
And when the house is not in humor, stops ;
In falsehood probability employs,
Nor his old lies with newer lies destroys.

If when you speak, you'd hear a needle fall,
And make the frequent hear-hims rend the wall,
In matters suited to your taste engage,
Rememb'ring still your quality and age.
Thy task be this, young Knight, and hear my song,
What politics to every age belong.

When babes can speak, babes should be taught to
say
King George the second's health, huzza, huzza !
Boys should learn Latin for Prince William's sake,
And girls Louisa their example make.

More loves the youth, just come to his estate,
To range the fields, than in the house debate ;
More he delights in fav'rite Jowler's tongue,
Than in Will Shippen, or Sir William Yonge :
If in one chaise he can two horses kill,
He cares not two-pence for the land-tax bill :
Loud in his wine, in women not o'er nice,
He damns his uncles if they give advice ;
Votes as his father did when there 's a call,
But had much rather never vote at all.

We take a different turn at twenty-six,
And lofty thoughts on some lord's daughter fix ;
With men in pow'r strict friendship we pursue,
With some considerable post in view.

A man of forty years to change his note,
One way to speak, and t'other way to vote ;
Careful his tongue in passion to command,
Avoids the bar, and speaker's reprimand.

In bags the old man lets his treasure rust,
Afraid to use it, or the funds to trust ;
When stocks are low he wants the heart to buy,
And through much caution sees them rise too high ;
Thinks nothing rightly done since seventy-eight,
Swears present members do not talk, but prate :
In Charles the second's days, says he, ye prigs,
Tories were Tories then, and Whigs were Whigs.
Alas, this is a lamentable truth,
We lose in age, as we advance in youth :
I laugh when twenty will like eighty talk,
And old Sir John with Polly Peachum walk.

Now as to double, or to false returns,
When pockets suffer, and when anger burns ;
O thing surpassing faith ! knight strives with knight,
When both have brib'd, and neither's in the right,
The bailiff's self is sent for in that case,
And all the witnesses had face to face.

Selected members soon the fraud unfold,
In full committee of the house 'tis told ;
Th' incredible corruption is destroy'd,
The chairman's angry, and th' election void.

Those who would captivate the well-bred throng,
Should not too often speak, nor speak too long :
Church, nor church-matters ever turn to sport,
Nor make St. Stephen's chapel, Dover-court.

The speaker, when the commons are assembled,
May to the Graecian Chorus be resembled ;
'Tis his the young and modest to espouse,
And see none draw, or challenge in the house :
'Tis his, old hospitality to use,
And three good printers for the house to choose ;
To let each representative be heard,
And take due care the chaplain be preferr'd ;
To hear no motion made that's out of joint,
And when he spies his member, make his point.

To knights new chosen in old time would come
The country trumpet, and perhaps a drum ;
Now when a burgess new elect appears,
Come trainbands, horseguards, footguards, grenadiers,
When the majority the town-clerk tells,
His Honor pays the fiddles, waits, and bells ;

Harangues the mob, and is as wise and great,
As the most mystic oracle of state.

When the Duke's Grandson for the county stood,
His beef was fat, and his october good ;
His lordship took each ploughman by the fist,
Drank to their sons, their wives and daughters kiss'd ;
But when strong beer their free-born hearts inflames,
They sell him bargains, and they call him names.
Thus it is deem'd in English nobles wise
To stoop for no one reason but to rise.

Election matters shun with cautious awe,
O all ye Judges learned in the law ;
A judge by bribes as much himself degrades,
As duchess-dowager by masquerades.

Try not with jests obscene to force a smile,
Nor lard your speech with mother Needham's stile ;
Let not your tongue to Ωλφειλισμὸν run,
And Κιζζιρισμὸν with abhorrence shun ;
Let not your looks affected words disgrace,
Nor join with silver tongue a brazen face ;
Let not your hands, like tallboys be employ'd,
And the mad rant of tragedy avoid.
Just in your thoughts, in your expression clear,
Neither too modest, nor too bold appear.

Others in vain a like success will boast,
He speaks most easy, who has study'd most.

A Peer's pert Heir has to the commons spoke
A vile reflection, or a bawdy joke :
Call'd to the house of lords, of this beware,
'Tis what the Bishops' bench will never bear.
Among the commons is such freedom shown,
They lash each other, and attack the throne ;
Yet so unskilful or so fearful some,
For nine that speak there's nine-and-forty dumb.

When James the first, at great Britannia's helm,
Rul'd this word-clipping and word-coining realm,
No word to royal favor made pretence,
But what agreed in sound and clash'd in sense.
Thrice happy he ! how great that speaker's praise,
Whose every period look'd an hundred ways.
What then ? we now with just abhorrence shun
The trifling quibble, and the school-boy's pun ;
Though no great connoisseur, I make a shift
Just to find out a Durfey from a Swift ;
I can discern with half an eye, I hope,
Mist from Jo Addison ; from Eusden, Pope :
I know a farce from one of Congreve's plays,
And Cibber's opera from Johnny Gay's.

When pert Defoe his saucy papers writ,
He from a cart was pillor'd for his wit :

By mob was pelted half a morning's space,
And rotten eggs besmear'd his yellow face ;
The Censor then improv'd the list'ning Isle,
And held both parties in an artful smile.
A scribbling crew now pinching winter brings,
That spare no earthly nor no heavenly things,
Nor church, nor state, nor treasurers, nor kings.
But blasphemy displeases all the town ;
And for defying scripture, law, and crown,
Woolston should pay his fine, and lose his gown.

It must be own'd the journals try all ways
To merit their respective party's praise :
They jar in every article from Spain ;
A war these threaten, those a peace maintain :
Though lie they will, to give them all their due,
In foreign matters, and domestic too.
Whoe'er thou art that wou'dst a Postman write,
Enquire all day, and hearken all the night.
Sure, Gazetteers and writers of Courants
Might soon exceed the intelligence of France ;
To be out-done old England should refuse,
As in her arms, so in her public news :
But truth is scarce, the scene of action large,
And correspondence an excessive charge.

There are who say, no man can be a wit,
Unless for Newgate, or for Bedlam fit ;
Let pamphleteers abusive satire write,
To shew a genius is to shew a spite :

That author's work will ne'er be reckon'd good,
Who has not been where Curll the printer stood.

Alas poor me ! you may my fortune guess :
I write, and yet humanity profess :
(Though nothing can delight a modern judge,
Without ill-nature and a private grudge)
I love the king, the queen, and royal race :
I like the government, but want no place :
Too low in life to be a justice I,
And for a constable, thank God, too high ;
Was never in a plot, my brain's not hurt ;
I politics to poetry convert.

A politician must (as I have read)
Be furnish'd, in the first place, with a head :
A head well fill'd with Machiavelian brains,
And stuff'd with precedents of former reigns :
Must journals read, and Magna Charta quote ;
But acts still wiser if he speaks by note :
Learn well his lesson, and ne'er fear mistakes ;
For ready-money ready-speakers makes.
He must instructions and credentials draw,
Pay well the army, and protect the law :
Give to his country what's his country's due,
But first help brothers, sons, and cousins too.
He must read Grotius upon war and peace,
And the twelve judges' salary increase.
He must oblige old friends and new allies,
And find out ways and means for fresh supplies.

He must the weavers grievances redress,
And merchants wants in merchants words express.

Dramatic poets that expect the bays,
Should cull our histories for party plays ;
Wicquefort's Ambassador should fill their head,
And the State-trials carefully be read :
For what is Dryden's Muse, and Otway's plots,
To th' Earl of Essex or the Queen of Scots ?

'Tis said that queen Elizabeth could speak,
At twelve years old, right Attic full-mouth'd Greek ;
Hence was the student forc'd at Greek to drudge,
If he would be a bishop or a judge,
Divines and lawyers now don't think they thrive,
Till promis'd places of men still alive :
How old is such a one in such a post ?
The answer is, he's seventy-five almost :
Th' archbishop and the master of the rolls ?
Neither is young, and one's as old as Paul's.
Will men that ask such questions, publish books
Like learned Hooker's, or chief justice Coke's ?

On tender subjects with discretion touch,
And never say too little or too much.
On trivial matters florishes are wrong,
Motions for candles never should be long :
Or if you move, in case of sudden rain,
To shut the windows, speak distinct and plain.

Unless you talk good English, downright sense,
Can you be understood by serjeant Spence ?

New stories always should with truth agree,
Or truth's half-sister probability :
Scarce could Toft's rabbits and pretended throes
On half the honorable house impose.

When Cato speaks, young Shallow runs away,
And swears it is so dull he cannot stay :
When rakes begin on blasphemy to border,
Bromley and Hanmer cry aloud—to order.
The point is this, with manly sense and ease
T' inform the judgment, and the fancy please.
Praise it deserves, nor difficult the thing,
At once to serve one's country, and one's king.
Such speeches bring the wealthy Tonsons gain,
From age to age they minuted remain,
As precedents for George the twentieth's reign.

Is there a man on earth so perfect found,
Who ne'er mistook a word in sense or sound ?
Not blund'ring, but persisting is the fault ;
No mortal sin is lapsus linguae thought :
Clerks may mistake ; considering who 'tis from,
I pardon little slips in Cler. Dom. Com.
But let me tell you I'll not take his part,
If every Thursday he date Die Mart.
Of sputt'ring mortals, 'tis the fatal curse,

By mending blunders still to make them worse.
Men sneer when — gets a lucky thought,
And stare if Wyndham should be nodding caught.
But sleeping's what the wisest men may do,
Should the committee chance to sit till two.

Not unlike paintings, principles appear,
Some best at distance, some when we are near.
The love of politics so vulgar's grown,
My landlord's party from his sign is known:
Mark of French wine, see Ormond's head appear,
While Marlborough's face directs to beer and beer;
Some Buchanan's, the Pope's head some like best,
The Devil tavern is a standing jest.

Whoe'er you are that have a seat secure,
Duly return'd, and from petition sure,
Stick to your friends in whatsoe'er you say;
With strong aversion shun the middle-way;
The middle-way the best we sometimes call,
But 'tis in politics no way at all.
A Trimmer's what both parties turn to sport,
By country hated, and despis'd at court.
Who would in earnest to a party come,
Must give his vote not whimsical, but plumb.
There is no medium; for the term in vogue,
On either side, is, honest man, or rogue.
Can it be difficult our minds to shew,
Where all the difference is, yes, or no?

In all professions, time and pains give skill;
Without hard study dare physicians kill?
Can he that ne'er read statutes or reports,
Give chamber counsel, or urge law in courts?
But every whipster knows affairs of state,
Nor fears on nicest subjects to debate.
A knight of eighteen hundred pounds a year——
Who minds his head, if his estate be clear?
Sure he may speak his mind, and tell the house
He matters not the government a louse.
Lack-learning knights, these things are safely said
To friends in private, at the Bedford-head;
But in the house, before your tongue runs on,
Consult sir James, lord William's dead and gone.
Words to recall is in no member's power,
One single word may send you to the Tower.

The wrong'd to help, the lawless to restrain,
Thrice every year in ancient Egbert's reign,
The members to the Mitchelgemot went,
In after-ages called the Parliament;
Early the Mitchelgemot did begin
T' inroll their statutes on a parchment skin:
For impious treason hence no room was left,
For murder, for polygamy, or theft:
Since when the senate's power both sexes know
From hops and claret, soap and callico.
Now wholesome laws young senators bring in
'Gainst gaols, attorneys, bribery, and gin.

Since such the nature of the British state,
The power of Parliament so old and great,
Ye squires and Irish lords, 'tis worth your care
To be return'd for city, town, or shire,
By sheriff, bailiff, constable, or mayor.

Some doubt, which to a seat has best pretence,
A man of substance, or a man of sense :
But never any member feats will do,
Without a head-piece and a pocket too ;
Sense is requir'd the depth of things to reach,
And money gives authority to speech.

A man of bus'ness won't 'till evening dine,
Abstains from women, company, and wine :
From Fig's new theatre he 'll miss a night,
Though cocks, and bulls, and Irish women fight :
Nor sultry sun, nor storms of soaking rain,
The man of bus'ness from the house detain :
Nor speaks he for no reason but to say,
I am a member, and I spoke to-day.
I speak sometimes, you'll hear his lordship cry,
Because some speak that have less sense than I.

The man that has both land and money too,
May wonders in a trading borough do :
They'll praise his ven'son and commend his port,
Turn their two former members into sport,
And, if he likes it, satirize the court.

But at a feast 'tis difficult to know,
From real friends an undiscover'd foe ;
The man that swears he will the poll secure,
And pawns his soul that your election's sure,
Suspect that man : beware, all is not right,
He's ten to one a corporation-bite.

Alderman Pond, a downright honest man,
Would say, I cannot help you, or I can :
To spend your money, sir, is all a jest ;
Matters are settled, set your heart at rest :
We've made a compromise, and sir, you know,
That sends one member high, and t'other low.
But if his good advice you would not take,
He'd scorn your supper, and your punch forsake,
Leave you of mighty interest to brag,
And poll two voices like sir Robert Fag.

Parliamentteering is a sort of itch,
That will too oft unwary knights bewitch.
Two good estates Sir Harry Clodpole spent ;
Sate thrice, but spoke not once, in parliament ;
Two good estates are gone—Who'll take his word ?
Oh ! should his uncle die, he'd spend a third ;
He'd buy a house his happiness to crown,
Within a mile of some good borough-town ;
Tag, rag, and bobtail to sir Harry's run,
Men that have votes, and women that have none ;
Sons, daughters, grandsons, with his Honor dine ;

He keeps a public-house without a sign.
Coblers and smiths extol th' ensuing choice,
And drunken taylors boast their right of voice.
Dearly the free-born neighbourhood is bought,
They never leave him while he's worth a groat :
So leeches stick, nor quit the bleeding wound,
Till off they drop with skins full to the ground.

EPISTLE XI.

AN

ESSAY

ON

CONVERSATION.

TO WILLIAM WYNDHAM, ESQ.
OF FELBRIG, NORFOLK.

BY

BENJAMIN STILLINGFLEET.

Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocos,
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remissi. Hor.

THE art of converse, how to sooth the soul
Of haughty man, his passions to control,
His pride at once to humble and to please,
And join the dignity of life with ease,
Be now my theme. O thou, whom Nature's hand
Fram'd for this best, this delicate command,
And taught, when lisping without reason's aid,
At the same time to speak and to persuade,
WYNDHAM, with diligence awhile attend,
Nor scorn th' instructions of an older friend ;

Who when the world's great commerce shall have
join'd

The deep reflection, and the strength of mind,
To the bright talents of thy youthful state,
In turn shall on thy better lessons wait.

Whence comes it, that in every art we see
Many can rise to a supreme degree ;
Yet in this art, for which all seem design'd
By nature, scarcely one compleat we find ?
You'll say, perhaps, we think, we speak, we move,
By the strong springs alone of selfish love :
Yet among all the species, is there one,
Whom with more caution than ourselves we shun ?
What is it fills a puppet-show or court ?
Go none but for the profit or the sport ?
If so, why comes each soul fatigu'd away,
And curses the dull puppets same dull play ;
Yet, unconvinc'd, is tempted still to go ?
'Tis that we find at home our greatest foe.
And reason good why solitude we flee ;
Can wants with self-sufficiency agree ?

Yet, such our inconsistency of mind,
We court society, and hate mankind.
With some we quarrel, for they're too sincere :
With others, for they're close, reserv'd and queer ;
This is too learn'd, too prudent, or too wise ;
And that we for his ignorance despise :

A voice perhaps our ear shall harshly strike,
Then strait ev'n wit itself shall raise dislike ;
Our eye may by some feature be annoy'd,
Behold at once a character destroy'd :
One's so good-natur'd, he's beyond all bearing,
He 'll ridicule no friend, though out of hearing :
Another warm'd with zeal, offends our eyes,
Because he holds the mirror up to vice.
No wonder then, since fancies wild as these
Can move our spleen, that real faults displease.
When Maevius, spite of dulness, will be bright,
And teach ARGYLL to speak, and SWIFT to write ;
When Flavia entertains us with her dreams,
And Macer with his no less airy schemes ;
When peevishness, and jealousy and pride,
And int'rest that can brother hearts divide,
In their imagin'd forms our eyesight hit,
Of an old maid, a poet, peer or cit ;
Can then, You'll say, philosophy refrain,
And check the torrent of each boiling vein ?
Yes. She can still do more ; view passion's slave
With mind serene, indulge him, and yet save.

But self-conceit steps in, and with strict eye
Scans every man, and every man awry ;
That reigning passion, which through every stage
Of life, still haunts us with unceasing rage.
No quality so mean, but what can raise
Some drudging driveling candidate for praise ;

Ev'n in the wretch, who wretches can despise,
Still self-conceit will find a time to rise.
Quintus salutes you with forbidding face,
And thinks he carries his excuse in lace :
You ask, why Clodius bullies all he can ?
Clodius will tell you, he's a gentleman :
Myrtilla struts and shudders half the year,
With a round cap, that shews a fine-turn'd ear :
The lowest jest makes Delia laugh to death ;
Yet she's no fool, she has only handsome teeth.
Ventoso lolls, and scorns all human kind,
From the gilt coach with four lac'd slaves behind :
Does all this pomp and state proceed from merit ?
Mean thought ! he deems it nobler to inherit :
While Fopling from some title draws his pride,
Meanless, or infamous, or misapply'd ;
Free-mason, rake, or wit, 'tis just the same,
The charm is hence, he has gain'd himself a name.
Yet, spite of all the fools that pride has made.
'Tis not on man an useless burthen laid ;
Pride has ennobled some, and some disgrac'd ;
It hurts not in itself, but as 'tis plac'd :
When right, its view knows none but virtue's bound ;
When wrong, it scarcely looks one inch around.
Mark ! with what care the fair one's critic eye
Scans o'er her dress, nor lets a fault slip by ;
Each rebel hair must be reduc'd to place
With tedious skill, and tortur'd into grace ;
Betty must o'er and o'er the pins dispose,
Till into modish folds the drapery flows,

And the whole frame is fitted to express
The charms of decency and nakedness.
Why all this art, this labor'd ornament ?
To captivate, You'll cry, no doubt, 'tis meant.
True. But let's wait upon this fair machine
From the lone closet to the social scene ;
There view her loud, affected, scornful, sour,
Paining all others, and herself still more.
What means she, at one instant to disgrace
The labor of ten hours, her much-lov'd face ?
Why, 'tis the self-same passion gratify'd ;
The work is ruin'd, that was rais'd by pride.

Yet of all tempers, it requires least pain,
Could we but rule ourselves, to rule the vain.
The prudent is by reason only sway'd,
With him each sentence and each word is weigh'd
The gay and giddy can alone be caught
By the quick lustre of a happy thought ;
The miser hates, unless he steals your pelf ;
The prodigal, unless you rob yourself ;
The lewd will shun you, if your wife prove chaste
The jealous, if a smile on his be cast ;
The steady or the whimsical will blame,
Either, because you're not, or are the same ;
The peevish, sullen, shrewd, luxurious, rash,
Will with your virtue, peace, or interest, clash ;
But mark the proud man's price, how very low !
'Tis but a civil speech, a smile, or bow.

Ye who, push'd on by noble ardor, aim,
In social life to gain immortal fame,
Observe the various passions of mankind,
General, peculiar, single, or combin'd :
How youth from manhood differs in its views,
And how old age still other paths pursues ;
How zeal in Priscus nothing more than heats,
In Codex burns, and ruins all it meets ;
How freedom now a lovely face shall wear,
Now shock us in the likeness of a bear ;
How jealousy in some resembles hate,
In others, seems but love grown delicate ;
How modesty is often pride refin'd,
And virtue but the canker of the mind :
How love of riches, grandeur, life, and fame,
Wear different shapes, and yet are still the same.

But not our passions only disagree,
In taste is found as great variety :
Sylvius is ravish'd when he hears a hound,
His lady hates to death the odious sound :
Yet both love music, though in different ways ;
He in a kennel, she at operas.
A florist shall, perhaps, not grudge some hours,
To view the colors in a bed of flowers ;
Yet, shew him TITIAN's workmanship divine,
He passeth on, and only cries, 'tis fine.
A rusty coin, an old worm-eaten post,
The mouldy fragment of an author lost,

A butterfly, an equipage, a star,
A globe, a fine lac'd hat, a china jar,
A mistress, or a fashion that is new,
Have each their charms, though felt but by a few.
Then study each man's passion and his taste,
The first to soften, and indulge the last :
Not like the wretch, who beats down virtue's fence,
And deviates from the paths of common sense ;
Who daubs with fulsome flattery, blind and bold,
The very weakness we with grief behold.
Passions are common to the fool and wise,
And all would hide them under art's disguise ;
For so avow'd, in others, is their shame,
None hates them more, than he who has the same.
But taste seems more peculiarly our own,
And every man is fond to make his known ;
Proud of a mark he fancies is design'd
By nature to advance him o'er his kind ;
And where he sees that character impress'd,
With joy he hugs the favorite to his breast.

But the main stress of all our cares must lie,
To watch ourselves with strict and constant eye :
To mark the working mind, when passion's course
Begins to swell, and reason still has force ;
Or, if she's conquer'd by the stronger tide,
Observe the moments when they first subside ;
For he who hopes a victory to win
O'er other men, must with himself begin ;

Else like a town by mutiny oppress'd,
He's ruin'd by the foe within his breast ;
And they alone, who in themselves oft view
Man's image, know what method to pursue.
All other creatures keep in beaten ways,
Man only moves in an eternal maze :
He lives and dies, not tam'd by cultivation,
The wretch of reason, and the dupe of passion ;
Curious of knowing, yet too proud to learn ;
More prone to doubt, than anxious to discern :
Tir'd with old doctrines, prejudic'd at new ;
Mistaking still the pleasing for the true ;
Foe to restraints approv'd by gen'ral voice,
Yet to each fool-born mode a slave by choice :
Of rest impatient, yet in love with ease ;
When most good-natur'd, aiming how to teaze ;
Disdaining by the vulgar to be aw'd,
Yet never pleas'd but when the fools applaud ,
By turns severe, indulgent, humble, vain ;
A trifle serves to lose him or to gain.

Then grant this trifle, yet his vices shun,
Not like to CATO or to CLINIAS' son :
This for each humor every shape could take,
Ev'n virtue's own, though not for virtue's sake ;
At Athens rakish, thoughtless, full of fire,
Severe at Sparta, as a Chartreux friar ;
In Thrace, a bully, drunken, rash, and rude ;
In Asia gay, effeminate, and lewd ;

While the rough Roman, virtue's rigid friend,
Could not, to save the cause he dy'd for, bend :
In him 'twas scarce an honor to be good,
He more indulg'd a passion than subdu'd.

See how the skilful lover spreads his toils,
When danger in pursuit of beauty's spoils !
Behold him bending at his idol's feet ;
Humble, not mean ; disputing, and yet sweet ;
In rivalry not fierce, nor yet unmov'd ;
Without a rival studious to be lov'd ;
For ever chearful, though not always witty,
And never giving cause for hate or pity :
These are his arts, such arts as must prevail,
When riches, birth, and beauty's self will fail :
And what he does to gain a vulgar end,
Shall we neglect, to make mankind our friend ?

Good sense and learning may esteem obtain ;
Humor and wit a laugh, if rightly ta'en :
Fair virtue admiration may impart ;
But 'tis good-nature only wins the heart :
It moulds the body to an easy grace,
And brightens every feature of the face :
It smooths th' unpolish'd tongue with eloquence,
And adds persuasion to the finest sense.
Yet this, like every disposition, has
Fixt bounds, o'er which it never ought to pass ;

When stretch'd too far, its honor dies away,
Its merit sinks, and all its charms decay ;
Among the good it meets with no applause,
And to its ruin the malicious draws :
A slave to all, who force it, or entice,
It falls by chance in virtue or in vice.
'Tis true, in pity for the poor it bleeds,
It cloaths the naked, and the hungry feeds ;
It cheers the stranger, nay its foes defends,
But then as oft it injures its best friends.

Study with care Politeness, that must teach
The modest forms of gesture and of speech :
In vain Formality, with matron mien,
And Pertness apes her with familiar grin :
They against nature for applauses strain,
Distort themselves, and give all others pain :
She moves with easy, though with measur'd pace,
And shews no part of study, but the grace.
Yet ev'n, by this, man is but half refin'd,
Unless philosophy subdues the mind :
'Tis but a varnish that is quickly lost,
Whene'er the soul in passion's sea is tost.

Would you both please and be instructed too,
Watch well the rage of shining to subdue ;
Hear every man upon his fav'rite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem.

The lowest genius will afford some light,
Or give a hint that had escap'd your sight.
Doubt, till he thinks you on conviction yield,
And with fit questions let each pause be fill'd :
And the most knowing will with pleasure grant,
You're rather much reserv'd, than ignorant.

The rays of wit gild wheresoe'er they strike,
But are not therefore fit for all alike ;
They charm the lively, but the grave offend,
And raise a foe as often as a friend ;
Like the resistless beams of blazing light,
That cheer the strong, and pain the weakly sight.
If a bright fancy therefore be your share,
Let judgment watch it with a guardian's care ;
'Tis like a torrent apt to overflow,
Unless by constant government kept low ;
And ne'er inefficacious passes by,
But overturns or gladdens all that's nigh.
Or else, like trees, when suffer'd wild to shoot,
That put forth much, but all unripen'd fruit ;
It turns to affectation and grimace,
As like to wit, as dullness is to grace.

How hard soe'er it be to bridle wit,
Yet mem'ry oft no less requires the bit :
How many, hurried by its force away,
For ever in the land of gossips stray !
Usurp the province of the nurse to lull,

Without her privilege for being dull !
Tales upon tales they raise ten stories high,
Without regard to use or symmetry :
So Ripley, till his destin'd space is fill'd,
Heaps bricks on bricks, and fancies 'tis to build.
A story should, to please, at least seem true,
Be à-propos, well told, concise, and new ;
And whensoever it deviates from these rules,
The wise will sleep, and leave applause to fools.
But others, more intolerable yet,
The waggeries, that they've said, or heard, repeat ;
Heavy by mem'ry made, and what's the worst,
At second-hand, as often as at first.
And can even patience hear, without disdain,
The maiming register of sense once slain ?
While the dull features, big with archness, strive
In vain, the forc'd half-smile to keep alive.

Some know no joy like what a word can raise,
Haul'd through a language's perplexing maze ;
'Till on a mate, that seems t' agree, they light,
Like man and wife, that still are opposite ;
Not lawyers at the bar play more with sense,
When brought to the last trope of eloquence,
Than they on every subject, great or small,
At clubs, or councils, at a church or ball,
Then cry we rob them of their tributes due :
Alas ! how can we laugh and pity too ?

While others to extremes as wild will run,
And with sour face anatomize a pun :
When the brisk glass to freedom does entice,
And rigid wisdom is a kind of vice.
But let not such grave fops your laughter spoil ;
Ne'er frown where sense may innocently smile.

Cramp not your language into logic rules,
To rostrums leave the pedantry of schools ;
Nor let your learning always be discern'd,
But choose to seem judicious more than learn'd.
Quote seldom, and then let it be, at least,
Some fact that's prov'd, or thought that's well ex-
press'd.
But lest, disguis'd, your eye it should escape,
Know, pedantry can put on every shape :
For when we deviate into terms of art,
Unless constrain'd, we act the pedant's part.
Or if we're ever in the self-same key,
No matter of what kind the subject be,
From laws of nations down to laws of dress,
For statesmen have their cant, and belles no less.
As good hear Bentley dictate on epistles,
Or Burman comment on the Grecian whistles ;
As old Obesus preach upon his belly,
Or Phileunucha rant on Farinelli ;
Flirtilla read a lecture on a fan,
Or W * d set forth the praise of Kouli-Kan.

But above all things raillery decline,
Nature but few does for that task design :
'Tis in the ablest hand a dang'rous tool,
But never fails to wound the meddling fool ;
For all must grant, it needs no common art
To keep men patient, when we make them smart.
Not wit alone, nor humor's self, will do,
Without good-nature, and much prudence too,
To judge aright of persons, place, and time ;
For taste decrees what's low, and what's sublime :
And what might charm to-day, or o'er a glass,
Perhaps at court, or next day, would not pass.
Then leave to low buffoons, by custom bred,
And form'd by nature to be kick'd and fed,
The vulgar and unenvied task, to hit
All persons right or wrong with random wit.
Our wise forefathers, born in sober days,
Resign'd to fools the tart and witty phrase ;
The motley coat gave warning for the jest,
Excus'd the wound, and sanctify'd the pest :
But we from high to low all strive to sneer,
Will all be wits, and not the livery wear.

Of all the qualities that help to raise
In men the universal voice of praise,
Whether in pleasure or in use they end,
There's none than can with modesty contend.
'Tis a transparent veil that helps the sight,
And lets us look on merit with delight :

Yet if, as complaisance requires to do,
And rigid virtue sometimes will allow,
You stretch the truth in favor of a friend,
Be sure it ever aim at some good end ;
To cherish growing virtue, vice to shame,
And turn to noble views the love of fame :
And not, like fawning parasites, unaw'd
By sense or truth, be every passion's bawd.

Be rarely warm in censure, or in praise ;
Few men deserve our passion either ways ;
For half the world but floats 'twixt good and ill,
As chance disposes objects, these the will :
'Tis but a see-saw game, where virtue now
Mounts above vice, and then sinks down as low.
Besides the wise still hold it for a rule,
To trust that judgment most, that seems most cool :
For all that rises to hyperbole,
Proves that we err, at least in the degree.
But if your temper to extremes should lead,
Always upon th' indulging side exceed ;
For though to blame most lend a willing ear,
Yet hatred ever will attend on fear :
And when a neighbor's dwelling blazes out,
The world will think 'tis time to look about.

Let not the curious from your bosom steal
Secrets, where Prudence ought to set her seal ;
Yet be so frank and plain, that at one view,

In other things, each man may see you through :
For if the mask of policy you wear,
The honest hate you, and the cunning fear.

Would you be well receiv'd where'er you go,
Remember each man vanquish'd is a foe.
Resist not, therefore, with your utmost might,
But let the weakest think he's sometimes right ;
He, for each triumph you shall thus decline,
Shall give ten opportunities to shine :
He sees, since once you own'd him to excel,
That 'tis his interest you should reason well :
And though when roughly us'd, he's full of choler,
As blust'ring Bentley to a brother scholar,
Yet by degrees, inure him to submit,
He's tame, and in his mouth receives the bit.
But chiefly against trifling contest guard,
'Tis here submission seems to man most hard :
Nor imitate that resolute old fool,
Who undertook to kick against his mule.
But those who will not by instruction learn,
How fatal trifles prove, let story warn.
Panthus and Euclio, link'd by friendship's tie,
Liv'd each for each, as each for each would die ;
Like objects pleas'd them, and like objects pain'd ;
'Twas but one soul that in two bodies reign'd.
One night, as usual 'twas their nights to pass,
They ply'd the cheerful, but still temp'rate glass,

When lo ! a doubt is rais'd about a word :
A doubt that must be ended by the sword :
One falls a victim, mark, O man, thy shame,
Because their glossaries were not the same.
Could Bailey's self more tenderness have shown
For his two tomes of words, though half his own ?

For what remains of failings without end,
Morals must some, and some the laws must mend.
While others in such monstrous forms appear,
As tongue-ty'd sourness, sly suspicion's leer,
Free-fisted rudeness, dropsical pretence,
Proteus' caprice, and elbowing insolence ;
No caution to avoid them they demand,
Like wretches branded by the hangman's hand.

If faith to some philosophers be given,
Man, that great lord of earth, that heir of heav'n,
Savage at first, inhabited the wood,
And scrambled with his fellow-brutes for food ;
No social home he knew, no friendship's tie,
Selfish in good, in ill without ally ;
Till some in length of time, of stronger nerve,
And greater cunning, forc'd the rest to serve
One common purpose, and, in nature's spite,
Brought the whole jarring species to unite.
But might we not with equal reason say,
That every single particle of clay,

Which forms our body, was at first design'd
To lie for ever from the rest disjoin'd ?
Can this be said, and can it be allow'd
'Twas with its powers for no one end endow'd ?
If so ; we own that man, at first, by art
Was sooth'd to act in social life a part.
'Tis true, in some the seeds of discord seem
To contradict this all-uniting scheme :
But that no more hurts nature's general course,
Than matter found with a repelling force.

Turn we awhile on lonely man our eyes,
And see what frantic scenes of folly rise :
In some dark monastery's gloomy cells,
Where formal self-presuming Virtue dwells,
Bedoz'd with dreams of grace-distilling caves,
Of holy puddles, and consuming graves,
Of animated plaister, wood, and stone,
And mighty cures by sainted sinners done.
Permit me, Muse, still farther to explore,
And turn the leaves of superstition o'er ;
Where wonders upon wonders ever grow,
Chaos of zeal and blindness, mirth and woe ;
Visions of devils into monkeys turn'd,
That hot from hell roar at a finger burn'd :
Bottles of precious tears that saints have wept,
And breath a thousand years in phials kept ;
Sun-beams sent down to prop one friar's staff,
And hell broke loose to make another laugh ;

Obedient fleas, and superstitious mice ;
Confessing wolves, and sanctifying lice ;
Letters and houses by an angel carried ;
And, wond'rous ! virgin nuns to Jesus married.
One monk, not knowing how to spend his time,
Sits down to find out some unheard-of crime ;
Increases the large catalogue of sins,
And where the sober finish, there begins.
Of death eternal his decree is past,
For the first crime, as fix'd as for the last.
While that, as idle, and as pious too,
Compounds with false religion for the true ;
He, courtly usher to the blest abodes,
Weighs all the niceties of forms and modes ;
And makes the rugged paths so smooth and even,
None but an ill-bred man can miss of heav'n.
One heav'n-inspir'd invents a frock, or hood :
The taylor now cuts out, and men grow good.
Another quits his stockings, breeches, shirt,
Because he fancies virtue dwells with dirt :
While all concur to take away the stress
From weightier points, and lay it on the less.
Anxious each paltry relique to preserve
Of him, whose hungry friends they leave to starve,
Harrass'd by watching, abstinence, and chains ;
Strangers to joy, familiar grown with pains ;
To all the means of virtue they attend
With strictest care, and only miss the end.
Can Scripture teach us, or can Sense persuade,

That man for such employments e'er was made ?
Far be that thought ! But let us now relate
A character as opposite, as great,
In him, who living gave to Athens fame,
And, by his death, immortaliz'd her shame.
Great scourge of sophists ! he from heaven brought
down,
And plac'd true wisdom on th' usurper's throne :
Philosopher in all things, but pretence ;
He taught what they neglected, common sense.
They o'er the stiff Lyceum form'd to rule ;
He, o'er mankind ; all Athens was his school.
The sober tradesman, and smart petit-maitre,
Great lords, and wits, in their own eyes still greater,
With him grew wise ; unknowing they were taught ;
He spoke like them, though not like them he
thought :
Nor wept, nor laugh'd, at man's perverted state ;
But left to women this, to idiots that.
View him with sophists fam'd for fierce contest,
Or crown'd with roses at the jovial feast ;
Insulted by a peevish, noisy wife,
Or at the bar foredoom'd to lose his life ;
What moving words flow from his artless tongue,
Sublime with ease, with condescension strong !
Yet scorn'd to flatter vice, or virtue blame ;
Nor chang'd to please, but pleas'd because the same ;
The same by friends caress'd, by foes withstood,
Still unaffected, cheerful, mild, and good.

Behold one pagan, drawn in colors faint,
Outshine ten thousand monks, though each a saint !

Here let us fix our foot, hence take our view,
And learn to try false merit by the true.
We see, when reason stagnates in the brain,
The dregs of fancy cloud its purest vein ;
But circulation betwixt mind and mind
Extends its course, and renders it refin'd.
When warm with youth we tread the flow'ry way,
All nature charms, and every scene looks gay ;
Each object gratifies each sense in turn,
Whilst now for rattles, now for nymphs we burn ;
Enslav'd by friendship's or by love's soft smile,
We ne'er suspect, because we mean no guile ;
'Till, flush'd with hope from views of past success,
We lay on some main trifle all our stress ;
When lo ! the mistress or the friend betrays,
And the whole fancied cheat of life displays :
Stun'd with an ill that from ourselves arose ;
For instinct rul'd, when reason should have chose :
We fly for comfort to some lonely scene,
Victims henceforth of dirt, and drink, and spleen,
But let no obstacles that cross our views,
Pervert our talents from their destin'd use ;
For, as upon life's hill we upwards press,
Our views will be obstructed less and less.
Be all false delicacy far away,
Lest it from nature lead us quite astray ;

And for th' imagin'd vice of human race,
Destroy our virtue, or our parts debase ;
Since God with reason joins to make us own,
That 'tis not good for man to be alone.

END OF EPISTLES
SATIRICAL AND PRECEPTIVE.



NOTES

ON

EPISTLES

SATIRICAL AND PRECEPTIVE.

EPISTLE I.

CONTENTS OF PART I.

Page 1. OF the end and efficacy of Satire. The love of glory and fear of shame universal. This passion, implanted in man as a spur to virtue, is generally perverted. And thus becomes the occasion of the greatest follies, vices, and miseries. It is the work of *Satire* to rectify this passion, to reduce it to its proper channel, and to convert it into an incentive to wisdom and virtue. Hence it appears that *Satire* may influence those who defy all laws human and divine. An objection answered.

4. *Dauntless pursues the path Spinoza trod ;]* Benedict de Spinoza, son of a Portuguese Jew settled at Amsterdam, was born in 1633, and commenced philosopher very early in life. His great atheistical principle was, That there is nothing properly and absolutely existing, but matter and the modifications of

matter ; among which are even comprehended thoughts, abstract and general ideas, comparisons, relations, combinations of relations, &c. He died in 1677.

4 *To man a coward, and a brave to God.]*

Vois-tu ce libertin en public intrépide,
Qui prêche contre un Dieu que dans son ame il croit ?
Il iroit embrasser la vérité qu'il voit :
Mais de ses faux amis il craint la raillerie,
Et ne brave ainsi Dieu que par poltronnerie.

BOILEAU, Ep. 3.

5. *Like the arm'd Bee, with art most subtly true
From pois'nous vice she draws a healing dew :]*

Alluding to these lines of Mr. Pope :

In the nice bee what art so subtly true,
From pois'nous herbs extracts a healing dew.

7. *Ev'n Allen's bounteous hand,———]* Ralph Allen, Esquire, of Prior Park, near Bath. He died 29th of June, 1764, aged 72.

ibid. *Folly the Laureat's———]* Colley Cibber.

ibid. *———Vice was Chartres' boast ;]* The infamous Colonel Chartres.

CONTENTS OF PART II.

P. 8. *Rules for the conduct of Satire.* Justice and truth its chief and essential property. Prudence in the application of wit and ridicule, whose province is, not

to *explore* unknown, but to *enforce* known truths. Proper subjects of *Satire* are the manners of present times. Decency of expression recommended. The different methods in which folly and vice ought to be chastised. The variety of style and manner which these two subjects require. The praise of virtue may be admitted with propriety. Caution with regard to panegyric. The dignity of *true Satire*.

9. *Lo, Shaftsb'ry rears her high on Reason's throne,*] It were to be wished that Lord *Shaftsbury* had expressed himself with greater precision on this subject: however, thus much may be affirmed with truth.

1st, By the general tenor of his essays on *Enthusiasm*, and the *Freedom of wit and humor*, it appears that his principal design was to recommend the *way of ridicule*, (as he calls it) for the *investigation* of truth, and *detection* of falsehood, not only in *moral* but *religious* subjects.

2dly, It appears no less evident, that, in the course of his reasonings on this question, he confounds two things which are in their nature and consequences entirely different. These are *ridicule* and *good-humor*: the latter acknowledged by all to be the best *mediator* in every debate; the former no less regarded by most, as an *embroiler* and *incendiary*. Though he sets out with a formal profession of proving the efficacy of wit, humor, and ridicule, in the investigation of truth, yet, by shifting and mixing his terms, he generally slides insensibly into meer encomiums on good-breeding,

cheerfulness, urbanity, and free enquiry. This indeed keeps something like an argument on foot, and amuses the superficial reader; but to a more observant eye discovers a very contemptible defect, either of sincerity or penetration.

The question concerning ridicule may be thus not improperly stated, *Whether doubtful propositions of any kind can be determined by the application of ridicule?* Much might be said on this question; but a few words will make the matter clear to an unprejudiced mind.

The disapprobation or contempt which certain objects raise in the mind of man, is a particular mode of passion. The objects of this passion are *apparent* falsehood, incongruity, or impropriety of some particular kinds. Thus, the object of *fear* is *apparent* danger: the object of *anger* is *apparent* injury. But who hath ever dreamt of exalting the passions of fear and anger into a *standard* or *test* of *real* danger and injury? The design must have been rejected as absurd, because it is the work of reason *only*, to correct and fix the passions on their proper objects. The case is parallel: *apparent* or *seeming* falsehoods, &c. are the objects of contempt; but it is the work of reason *only*, to determine whether the *supposed* falsehood be *real* or *fictitious*. But it is said, “The *sense* of *ridicule* can never be mistaken.”—Why, no more can the *sense* of *danger*, or the *sense* of *injury*.—“What, do men never *fear* or *resent* without reason?”—Yes, very

commonly: but they as often *despise* and *laugh* without reason. Thus before any thing can be determined in either case, reason, and reason only, must examine circumstances, separate ideas, decide upon, restrain, and correct the passion.

Hence it follows, that the way of *ridicule*, of late so much celebrated, is in fact no more than a species of eloquence; and that too the *lowest* of all others: so *Tully* justly calls it, *tenuissimus ingenii fructus*. It applies to a passion, and therefore can go no farther in the investigation of truth, than any of those arts which tend to raise love, pity, terror, rage, or hatred in the heart of man. Consequently, his Lordship might have transplanted the whole *system* of *rhetoric* into his new scheme, with the same propriety as he hath introduced the *way of ridicule* itself. A hopeful project this, for the propagation of truth!

As this seems to be the real nature of *ridicule*, it hath been generally discouraged by *philosophers* and *divines*, together with every other mode of eloquence, when applied to *controverted opinions*. This discouragement, from what is said above, appears to have been rational and just: therefore the charge laid against *divines* with regard to this affair by a zealous Admirer of Lord *Shaftsbury* (see a note on the *Pleasures of Imagination*, Book III.) seems entirely groundless. The distinction which the same Author hath attempted with respect to the influence of *ridicule*, between *speculative* and *moral* truths, seems no better founded.

It is certain that *opinions* are not less liable to ridicule than *actions*. And it is no less certain, that the way of ridicule cannot *determine* the propriety or impropriety of the *one*, more than the truth or falsehood of the *other*; because the same passion of contempt is equally engaged in both cases, and therefore, as above, reason *only* can examine the circumstances of the *action* or *opinion*, and thus fix the passion on its *proper* objects.

Upon the whole, this new design of *discovering truth* by the *vague* and *unsteady light of ridicule*, puts one in mind of the honest *Irishman*, who applied his candle to the *sun-dial* in order to see how the night went.

10. *And coxcombs vanquish Berkley by a grin.*] Bishop Berkley.

CONTENTS OF PART III.

Page 14. *The history of Satire. Roman Satirists, Lucilius, Horace, Persius, Juvenal, &c.* Causes of the decay of literature, particularly of *Satire*. Revival of *Satire*. *Erasmus* one of its principal restorers. *Donne*. The abuses of *Satire* in *England*, during the licentious reign of *Charles II.* *Dryden*. The true ends of *Satire* pursued by *Boileau* in *France*; and by Mr. *Pope* in *England*.

ibid. —Sparta felt the fierce Iambic dart.]

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo. *Hor.*

15. *The flaming faulchion rough Lucilius drew ;]*

Ense velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
Criminibus, tacita sudant prae cordia culpa. JUV.

ibid. *Then sportive Horace caught the generous fire,]*

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum prae cordia, ludit,
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso. PERS.

EPISTLE II.

Page 22. DOCTOR JOHNSON acquired uncommon reputation by his writings in general, but to none of his many productions is praise more due, than to this imitation of the *tenth* Satire of Juvenal.

ibid. *Let observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru, &c.]*

See the original from Verse 1—11.

28. *But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold, &c.]*

Ver. 12—22.

24. *Yet still one general cry the shies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales, &c.]*

Ver. 23—27.

ibid. *Once more Democritus, arise on earth, &c.]*

Ver. 28—55.

25. *Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;]*

Ver. 56—107.

27. *What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life ?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd
Hyde,]* Ver. 108.—113.

George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, stabbed by Felton.—Edward Harley, the first earl of Oxford.—Thomas Wentworth, earl of Stafford, beheaded 10th May, 1641.—Edward Hyde, lord Clarendon, lord chancellor of England.

- ibid.* *When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;]*

Ver. 114—132.

- ibid.* *And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.]*

“ There is a tradition, that the study of friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it.”

28. *Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.]* “ A very learned divine and mathematician, fellow of New College, Oxford, and rector of Okerton, near Banbury. He wrote, among many others, a Latin treatise, *De Natura Coeli*, in which he attacked the sentiments of Scaliger and Aristotle ; not bearing to hear it urged that some things are true in philosophy and false in divinity. He made above six hundred sermons on the harmony of the evangelists. Being unsuccessful in publishing his works, he lay in the prison of Bocardo at Oxford, and the King's Bench, until Bishop Usher, Dr. Laud, Sir William Boswell, and Dr. Pink, released him, by paying his debts.

He petitioned king Charles I. to be sent into Ethiopia, to procure Manuscripts. Having spoken in favor of monarchy and bishops, he was plundered by the parliament forces, and twice carried away prisoner from his rectory, and afterwards had not a shirt to shift him in three months unless he borrowed it. He died very poor in 1646."—"Galileo, the inventor of the telescope, born Feb. 19, 1564, and died Jan. 8, 1642, N. S. For asserting the truth of the Copernican system he was persecuted by the Jesuits, and confined some years in the Inquisition. By unremitted attention to astronomical pursuits, he impaired his eyesight, and passed the three concluding years of his life in a state of total blindness."

28. *The festal blazes, &c.*] Ver. 133—146.

29. *On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;*

Ver. 147—167.—Charles the XIIth of Sweden.

ibid. Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:] "The battle of Pultowa, so fatal to the ambition of Charles the XIIth, was fought 29th June, 1709. From that time to November 1714 the Swedish hero remained in the Turkish dominions an exile from his country; while his enemies, taking advantage of his absence, possessed themselves of so much of his kingdom as they had any pretensions to claim."

30. *His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,*

A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;] He was shot at the siege of Frederickshall, Dec. 1st, 1718.

30. *All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,]*
Ver. 168—187.

31. *The bold Bavarian in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Caesarean pow'r,]*
“On the death of Charles VI. emperor of Germany, which happened the 30th of October, 1740, the elector of Bavaria aspired to the Imperial diadem, and procured himself to be elected and crowned. His reign was however short and unsuccessful. The late Empress, supported by her allies, overcame every attempt to establish him on the throne; and in 1745 he died, as is supposed, of a broken heart.”

ibid. Enlarge my life with multitude of days,]
Ver. 188—288.

33. *From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage
flow,]* The celebrated Duke.

*ibid. The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:]*
Ver. 289—345.

ibid. — Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;]
The late Lady, whose memoirs written by herself are inserted in *Peregrine Pickle*.

*ibid. And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a
king.]* The countess of Dorchester, mistress to king James II. was the daughter of Sir Charles Sedley.

34. *Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find ?]*
Ver 346—366.

EPISTLE III.

Page 36. As the last, was an imitation of the *tenth*,
so is this of the *third* Satire of the same Poet.

ibid. *Though grief and fondness in my breast rebel, &c.]*

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici ;
Laudo tamen vacuis quod sedem sigere Cumis
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllae.

ibid. *For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's
land,]*

———Ego vel Prochytae praepono Suburrae :
Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
Tectorum assiduos, ac mille pericula saevae
Urbis, et Augusto recitantes mense poetas ?

37. *While Thales waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains, &c.]*

Sed dum tota domus rheda componitur una,
Substitit ad veteres arcus———

ibid. ————*the seat that gave Eliza birth,]*
Queen Elizabeth was born at Greenwich.

ibid. *Since worth, he cries, in these degen'rate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise ;]*

Hic tunc Umbricius : Quando artibus, inquit, honestis
Nullus in Urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor est heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras

Deteret exiguis aliquid : proponimus illuc
 Ire, fatigatas ubi Daedalus exiit alas,
 Dum nova canities——

38. *While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
 And life still vig'rous revels in my veins ;]*

———et pedibus me
 Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.

*ibid. Let * live here, for * has learn'd to live.
 Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
 To vote a patriot black, a courtier white ;]*

Cedamus patria : vivant Arturius istic
 Et Catulus ; maneant qui nigra in candida vertunt.

ibid. Let such raise palaces, and manors buy, &c.]

Queis facile est aedem conducere, flumina, portus,
 Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver.——
 Munera nunc edunt.

39. *But what, my Friend, what hope remains for me,
 Who start at theft, and blush at perjury ?]*

Quid Romae faciam ? mentiri nescio ; librum,
 Si malus est, nequeo laudare et poscere.——

*ibid. Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
 Can sap the principles, or taint the heart ;]*

——Ferre ad nuptam, quae mittit adulter,
 Quae mandat, norint alii ; me nemo ministro
 Fur erit ; atque ideo nulli comes exeo.——

39. *For what but social guilt the friend endears ?]*

Quis nunc diligitur, nisi conscius ?——

Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Accusare potest.——

ibid. But thou, should tempting villany present,]

——Tanti tibi non sit opaci

Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut somno careas——

ibid. ————Villiers spent,] George Villiers,
the witty and profligate Duke of Buckingham.

ibid. The cheated nation's happy fav'rites see ;]

Quae nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,
Et quos praecipue fugiam, properabo fateri.

40. *I cannot bear a French metropolis.]*

——Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Graecam urbem.——

*ibid. Illustrious Edward ! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey, &c.]*

Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.

*ibid. Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.]*

Ingenium velox, audacia perdit, sermo
Promptus.——

40. *They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap;]*

Augur, schoenobates, medicus, magus : omnia novit
Graeculus esuriens, in coelum, jusseris, ibit.

*ibid. Ah ! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in English air ;]*

Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia coelum
Hausit Aventini ?

41. *Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite :]*

Quid ? quod adulandi gens prudentissima : laudat
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici ?

ibid. These arts in vain our rugged natives try,]

Haec eadem licet et nobis laudare ; sed illis
Creditor.

*ibid. Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part ;]*

Natio comoeda est. Rides ? majore cachinno
Concutitur : &c.

*ibid. How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?]*

Non sumus ergo pares : melior qui semper, et omni
Nocte dieque, potest alienum sumere vultum ;
A facie jactare manus, laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit, amicus.

42. *Explore your secrets with insidious art,]*

Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.

*ibid. By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.]*

————Materiam praebet causasque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem, si foeda et scissa lacerna, &c.

*ibid. Of all the griefs that harrass the distress'd ;
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest ;]*

Nil habet infelix Paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.——

*ibid. Has heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste or undiscover'd shore ?]*

————Agmine facto
Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.

43. *Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd, &c.]*

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi : sed Romae durior illis
Conatus.——

————Omnia Romae
Cum pretio——
Cogimur, et cultis augere peculia servis.

*ibid. Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home ?]*

————Ultimus autem
Aerumnae cumulus, quod nudum et frustra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit.

43. *Should heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,*

Si magna Arturi cecidit domus, horrida mater,
Pullati proceres—————

44. *With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.]*

—————Jam accurrit qui marmora donet,
Conferat impensas. Hic, &c.
Hic modium argenti.—————

- ibid.* *Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,]*

—————Meliora et plura reponit
Persicus orborum lautissimus.—————

- ibid.* *Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;]*

Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Sorae
Aut Fabrateriae domus aut Frusinone paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
Hortulus hic—————
Vive bidentis amans, et culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoracis.

- ibid.* *Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.]*

—————Possis ignavus haberi,
Et subiti casus improvidus, ad coenam si
Intestatus eas.—————

45. *Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;]*

Ebrius ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
Dat poenas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Pelidae —————

- ibid.* *Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way ;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine ;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train and golden coach.*

—————Sed quamvis improbus annis,
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina laena
Vitari jubet, et comitum longissimus ordo;
Multum praeterea flammaram, et aenea lampas.

- ibid.* *In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose :]*

Nec tamen haec tantum metuas : nam qui spoliaret
Non deerit, clausis domibus, &c.

- ibid.* *Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.]*

Maximus in vinclis ferri modus, ut timeas ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marrae et sarcula desint.

45. *A single jail, in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain ;]*

Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula, quae quondam sub Regibus atque Tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.

46. *Much could I add, but see the boat at hand,]*

His alias poteram, et plures subnectere causas :
Sed jumenta vocant.————

*ibid. Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune
spent,]*

Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent, &c.]

————Ergo vale nostri memor, et quoties te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
Me quoque ad Helvinam Cererem vestramque Dianam
Convelle a Cumis : satirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

EPISTLE IV.

*Page 49. Presenting oft fair Virtue's shining task,
In mystic pageantries, and moral masque.]*

It was a fashionable practice among our ancient nobility and gentry, of both sexes, to perform personally in entertainments of this kind. Milton's Comus was thus exhibited at Ludlow-Castle, in the year 1631.

50. *Not more fantastic Sancho's airy course,
When, madly mounted on the magic horse,]*

Clavilenio. See Don Quixote, b. ii. c. 41.

50. *Lo there thy triumphs, Taaffe! thy palms, Portmore!*] Theobald Taaffe, Esq. of Edsworth in Hampshire, and the Earl of Portmore, both celebrated on the turf of Newmarket.

52. Heber, *thy chronicles alone peruse.*] Author of "An historical List of the Running-horses," &c.

53. *How would a virtuous Houyhnhnm neigh disdain,
To see his brethren brook th' imperious rein;*] Vide Gulliver's Travels, Voyage to the Houyhnhnms. *ibid.* *And, robb'd of manhood by the murderous knife,*] A Copy in the Harleian library, reads *Horse-hood.*

54. *There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,
Shrink at her fated Hero's flashing spear.*]

LEONIDAS.

EPISTLE V.

Page 57. —————nor HULSE.] Sir Edward Hulse, M. D.

58. *Thus Hammon's spring by day feels icy-cool,
At night is hot as hell's sulphureous pool.*]

Est apud Hammonis fanum fons luce diurna

Frigidus, at calidus nocturno tempore fertur. LUCRET.

The Fountain here mentioned is thus described by *Pliny*: In Dodone Jovis fons cum sit gelidus, et immersas faces extinguat; si extinctae admoveantur,

accendit. Idem meridie semper defecit : qua de causa *αναπνοομενος* vocant. Mox increscens ad medium noctis exuberat.——

60. ——— *Mary's mobs*,——] Mary Queen of Scots' mobs, much worn by the ladies.

61. *And hide their lovely locks with heads of rams ;*
Tête de Mouton, literally translated.

62. *The hungry Tartar rides upon his meat,*
To cook the dainty flesh with buttocks' heat, &c.]
The following facts are taken from the accounts of different counties.

EPISTLE VI.

Page 64. The Author of this Epistle was of Christ Church, Oxford ; where he took the degree of M. A. in the year 1720, and having been some time Vicar of Starting, in Sussex, died in March 1744.

66. *The Boghouse-Miscellany*——] An infamous publication under this title.

ibid. *So Britain's monarch once uncover'd sate,*
While Bradshaw bully'd in a broad-brimm'd hat.]
Bradshaw, president at the trial of Charles I.

67. ——— *Ophelia's life, &c.]* Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated actress.

ibid. *By prebends bury'd*——] She was buried in Westminster Abbey by Dr. Barker, the senior prebendary then in residence.

67. *To improve in morals Mandevil I read,
And Tyndal's scruples are my settled creed.]*

Mandevil wrote "*The Fable of the Bees*," &c. Tyndal was author of "*Christianity as old as the Creation*."

ibid. *As Pasaran directs I'd end my life,
And kill myself, my daughter, and my wife.]*

Author of a book called *A Philosophical Discourse on Death*; being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practice his own precepts; on which the following story used to be told:—Amongst his pupils, to whom he read in moral philosophy, there was, it seems, a noted gamester, who lodged under the same roof with him. This useful citizen, after a run of ill luck, came one morning early into the philosopher's bed-chamber with two loaded pistols; and, as Englishmen do not understand raillery, in a case of this nature, told the Piedmontese, on presenting him with one of his pistols, that now was come the time to put his doctrine in practice: that as to himself, having lost his last stake, he was become an useless member in society, and so was resolved to quit his station; and that as to him, his guide, philosopher, and friend, surrounded with miseries, the out-cast of government, and the sport even of that chance which he adored, he doubtless would rejoice for such an opportunity to bear him company. All this was said and done with so much resolution and solemnity, that the Italian found him-

self under a necessity to cry out murder; which brought in company to his relief. This unhappy man at last died a penitent.—But though Pasaran wanted spirit to act in conformity to his own principles, yet a book-binder and his wife shewed more resolution. Being involved in debt, they came to the horrid determination of destroying their child, and then putting an end to their own existence. They left a paper behind them, justifying the action by some reasonings of the above author, and others of the same kind. The names of this miserable pair were Richard and Bridget Smith, and the event happened in the year 1732. See *Warburton's Notes on Pope*.

68. *Knows more than Budgel writes,*—] Eustace Budgel, Esq. who was nearly related to Mr. Addison, and one of the writers in the *Spectator*, put an end to his life, by throwing himself from a boat into the Thames, after having filled his pocket with stones to prevent his rising in the water.

ibid. ————or Roberts prints.] James Roberts was a considerable publisher.

69. *Pots o'er the door I'll place like Cits' balconies,
Which Bentley calls the Gardens of Adonis.*] See a Note in *Paradise Lost*, book ix, ver. 439, in the Doctor's edition of MILTON.

ibid. *In spite of Addison, &c.*———] See *Spectator*, No. 26.

70. *Sir Andrew has 'em, and I'll have 'em too.*] Sir Andrew Fountaine, who was eminent for his skill as

an antiquary, and his taste as a collector. Many articles, however, of considerable value perished in the fire by which his lodgings in the Strand were consumed. This Gentleman having been tutor to the Duke of Cumberland was rewarded with the wardership of the Mint.—The remains of his collection are preserved at Narford, his residence in Norfolk.

70. *To Bononcini's music I adhere;*] About the year 1723, the Cognoscenti were at variance concerning the respective merits of Handel and Bononcini; and after the contest had been carried on, even amongst the nobility, with much violence, it was at length decided by a trial of skill, each performer agreeing to compose an act of *Muzio Scaevola*. The decision was general in favor of **HANDEL**.

71. *Eager in throngs the town to Esther came*] Esther, one of the first of Handel's oratorios, was performed about the year 1729 or 1730.

ibid. *Thou, Heidegger! the English Taste hast found,*] *Jean Jacques Heidegger*, by birth a Swiss, was many years manager at the Opera house, and the introducer of masquerades.

72. *Deard's bill for baubles shall to thousands mount,*] **Mr. Deard**, the noted toyman.

ibid. *I'd send for Misauvin, and take his pill.*] *Misauvin* was a celebrated quack, though member of the College of Physicians.

74. *Arbuthnot, Hollins, Wigan, Lee, or Mead:*] The most considerable Physicians of the time.

EPISTLE VII.

Page 76. To this Epistle the Advertisement subjoined was prefixed by the Author :

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following lines were occasioned by the Author's having lately studied, with infinite attention, several fashionable productions in the Sentimental stile; in most of which, a misapplication, not a defect, of talents seems to have betrayed their Authors into some degree of false taste. For example—A noble Author who has given most decisive proofs of talent and judgment, by his Ode on the death of Mr. Gray, and his Translation of Dante ; has lately thought fit to publish two Odes on the death of—his Lordship's Spaniel.

But the reigning fashion in modern poesy is Sentimental Panegyric on Married Beauties. This appears in a thousand various Shapes ; from Bouts Rhimeës on the wou'd be Sappho of Bath, up to Doggerel Epistles to the lovely Amoret.

In attempting to ridicule this modish folly, it is scarcely necessary to apologize to the several Personages of the Sentimental train, for introducing their names. When a Poet announces himself, and publicly wears his laurels, he is lawful game for the Critics ; whether his works come from the Press,

or, according to Sir Benjamin Backbite's system, "*circulate in Manuscript.*" Besides, to canvass the slighter imperfections, either of stile or of conduct, seems to be the limit of poetical censure. It is only the desperate Satyrist, whose invenomed pen strikes at the character and honor of Individuals, that perverts and disgraces Poetry.—Such aspersions, if well founded, are too gross for the tribunal of the Muses ; and if, (as is generally the case) they are utterly false, they recoil not only on the Author, but on the very art itself, which can so easily be perverted to so bad a purpose.—But who can be hurt by a Critique on his Charades and Rebusses ?—An imputation of false Taste may not be very pleasant, but it never can seriously offend men of sense and good-breeding : Both which qualities, as the Author agrees with all the world in acknowledging his Personages to possess in the highest degree, so he requests that not only they, but the few others who may happen to read his Poem, will acquit him of any intention to give the slightest offence.

80. *Yet, yet, I tremble at the name of Clare.*] Afterward Earl Nugent.—Whoever has read his Lordship's verses, presented to her Majesty, with a gift of *Irish Poplin*, and that too on a *New Year's Day*, will not wonder at the jealousy and apprehension the Laureat expresses of so formidable a rival.—The recollection of the Poplin leads to a digression, in the Pindaric stile of all Laureats, on the fatal consequences that

might follow from establishing Lord Clare's method of tacking a present to every Poem—But the Laureat recovers his spirits, by thinking of the last production of his own Muse—the *Goat's Beard*—spun from ten lines of Phaedrus, to Four Hundred of White-head.

EPISTLE VIII.

Notes by the Author.

Page 86. Readers of the present generation are so very inattentive to what they read, that it is probable one half of Sir William's may have forgotten the principles which his book inculcates. Let these, then, be reminded, that it is the author's profest aim in extolling the taste of the Chinese, to condemn that mean and paltry manner which Kent introduced, which Southcote, Hamilton, and Brown followed, and which to our national disgrace, is called the English stile of gardening. He shews the poverty of this taste, by aptly comparing it to a dinner, which consisted of three gross pieces, three times repeated; and proves to a demonstration, that Nature herself is incapable of pleasing, without the assistance of Art, and that too of the most luxuriant kind. In short, such art as is displayed in the Emperor's garden of Yven-Ming-Yven, near Pekin; where fine lizards, and fine women, human giants, and giant-baboons, make but a small part of the superb scenery. He teaches us,

that a perfect garden must contain within itself all the amusements of a great city; that *URBS IN RURÉ*, not *RUS IN URBE*, is the thing, which an improver of taste ought to aim at. He says—but it is impossible to abridge all that he says :—Let this therefore suffice to tempt the reader again to peruse his invaluable Dissertation, since without it, he will never relish half the beauties of the following epistle; for (if her Majesty's zebra, and the powder-mills at Hounslow be excepted) there is scarce a single image in it, which is not taken from that work.

But though the images be borrowed, the author claims some small merit from the application of them. Sir William says too modestly, "that European artists must not hope to rival Oriental splendor." The poet shews, that European artists may easily rival it; and, that Richmond gardens, with only the addition of a new bridge to join them to Brentford, may be new modelled, perfectly, "*à la Chinois*." He exhorts his Knight to undertake the glorious task, and leaves no cause to doubt, but that, under the auspicious patronage he now so justly enjoys, added to the *READY* vote of those who furnish ways and means, the royal work will speedily be completed.

86. *Cynosure of British taste.*] *Cynosure*, an affected phrase. *Cynosura* is the constellation of *Ursa Minor*, or the Lesser Bear, the next star to the Pole. Dr. Newton, on the word in Milton.

ibid. *With scenes of Yuen-Ming.*] One of the Imperial gardens at Peking. (Sayings of Li-Tsong.) "Many

trees, shrubs, and flowers," sayeth Li-Tsong, a Chinese author of great antiquity, "thrive best in low, moist situations; many on hills and mountains; some require a rich soil: but others will grow on clay, in sandy, or even upon rocks; and in the water; to some a sunny exposition is necessary; but for others the shade is preferable. There are plants which thrive best in exposed situations, but, in general, shelter is requisite. The skilful gardener, to whom study and experience have taught these qualities, carefully attends to them in his operations; knowing that thereon depend the health and growth of his plants; and consequently the beauty of his plantations." Vide Diss. p. 77. The reader, I presume, will readily allow, that he never met with so much recondite truth, as this ancient Chinese here exhibits.

87. ———— *Truth at Court.*] Vide (if it be extant) a poem under this title, for which (or for the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical writings) the person here mentioned received a considerable pension in the time of Lord Bute's administration.

88. *For what is nature?*] This is the great and fundamental axiom, on which the oriental taste is founded. It is therefore expressed here with the greatest precision, and in the identical phrase of the great original. The figurative terms, and even the explanatory simile, are entirely borrowed from Sir William's Dissertation. "NATURE (says the Chinese, or Sir William for them) affords us but few ma-

terials to work with. Plants, ground, and water, are her only productions; and, though both the forms and arrangements of these may be varied to an incredible degree, yet have they but few striking varieties, the rest being of the nature of "changes rung upon bells," which, though in reality different, still produce the same uniform kind of jingling; the variation being too minute to be easily perceived," "ART must therefore supply the scantiness of Nature," &c. &c. page 14. And again, "Our larger works are only a repetition of the small ones, "like the honest Bachelor's feast," which consisted in nothing but a multiplication of his own dinner; "three legs of mutton and turnips, three roasted geese, and three buttered apple-pies." Preface, p. 7.

88. *No! let Barbaric glories.*—] So Milton.

"Where the gorgeous east with richest hand

"Showers on her Kings BARBARIC pearl and gold."

89. *Monkies shall climb our trees.*] "In their lofty woods, serpents, and lizards of many beautiful sorts crawl upon the ground. Innumerable monkies, cats, and parrots clamber upon the trees." Page 40. "In their lakes are many islands, some small, some large, amongst which are often seen stalking along, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the dromedary, ostrich, and the giant-baboon." Page 66. "They keep in their enchanted scenes, a surprising variety of monstrous birds, reptiles, and animals, which are tamed by art,

and guarded by enormous dogs of Tibet and African giants, in the habit of magicians." Page 42. "Sometimes in this romantic excursion, the passenger finds himself in extensive recesses, surrounded with arbors of jessamine, vine, and roses; where beauteous Tartarean damsels, in loose transparent robes that flutter in the air, present him with rich wines; &c. and invite him to taste the sweets of retirement, on Persian carpets, and beds of Camusathkin down." Page 40.

89. *Thy gibbets, Bagshot!*—] "Their scenes of terror are composed of gloomy woods, &c. **GIBBETS**, crosses, wheels, and the whole apparatus of torture, are seen from the roads. Here too they conceal in cavities, on the summits of the highest mountains, founderies, lime-kilns, and glass works, which send forth large volumes of flame, and continued columns of thick smoke, that give to these mountains the appearance of Volcanoes." Page 37. "Here the passenger from time to time is surprised with repeated shocks of electrical impulse; the earth trembles under him by the power of confined air," &c. Now to produce both these effects, viz. the appearance of volcanoes and earthquakes, we have here substituted the occasional explosion of a powder-mill, which (if there be not too much simplicity in the contrivance) it is apprehended will at once answer all the purposes of lime-kilns and electrical machines, and imitate thunder and the explosion of cannon into the bargain. Page 40.

89. *Here too, O King of Vengeance, &c.*] "In the most dismal recesses of the woods, are temples dedicated to the King of Vengeance, near which are placed pillars of stone, with "pathetic descriptions of tragical events;" and many acts of cruelty perpetrated there by outlaws and robbers." Page 37.

ibid. Tremendous Wilkes.] This was written while Mr. Wilkes was Sheriff of London, and when it was to be feared he would rattle his chain a year longer as Lord Mayor.

ibid. Where shall our mimic London, &c.] "There is likewise in the same garden, viz. Yven-Ming-Yven, near Pekin, a fortified town, with its ports, streets, public squares, temples, markets, shops, and tribunals of justice; in short, with every thing that is at Pekin, only on a smaller scale."

"In this town the Emperors of China, who are too much the slaves of their greatness to appear in public, and their women, who are excluded from it by custom, are frequently diverted with the hurry and bustle of the capital, which is there represented, several times in the year, by the eunuchs of the palace." Page 32.

90. *Of marble arches.*] See Sir William's enormous account of Chinese bridges, too long to be here inserted. Page. 53.

ibid. Stout Talbot, &c.] "Some of these eunuchs personate porters." Page 32.

ibid. And Patriot Betty.] "Fruits, and all sorts

of refreshments are cried about the streets in this mock city." Page 33.

90. *Lo, brazen tears, &c.*]

"Drew IRON tears down Pluto's cheek." MILTON.

ibid. See Jemmy Twitcher *shambles*.] "Neither are thieves, pickpockets, and sharpers, forgot in these festivals; that noble profession is usually allotted to a great number of the most dexterous eunuchs." *Ibid.*

ibid. Let Barrington————] "The watch seizes on the culprit." Page 33.

ibid. And Mansfield, &c.] "He is conveyed before the judge, and sometimes severely bastinadoed." *Ibid.*

91. *But hark, &c.*] "Quarrels happen—battles ensue." *Ibid.*

ibid. Circumcise Charles Fox.] "Every liberty is permitted, there is no distinction of persons." *Ibid.*

ibid. And all the Maids of Honor, &c.] "This is done to divert his Imperial Majesty, and the ladies of his train." *Ibid.*

EPISTLE IX.

Notes by the Author.

Page 92. *I that of late.*]

Ille ego qui quondam, &c.

VIRGIL, or somebody for him.

92. *Works of taste.*] Put synonymously for his Majesty's works. See Sir William's title page.

93. ————*Cadogan's part*;] Master of the Mint.

ibid. *And find him wanting,*———] "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." Daniel, chap. 8. v. 27.

ibid. ————*a King of Prose.*] Kien-Long, the present Emperor of China is a poet. M. de Voltaire did him the honor to treat him as a brother above two years ago; and my late patron, Sir William Chambers, has given a fine and most intelligible prose version of an ode of his Majesty upon tea, in his postscript to his Dissertation. I am, however, vain enough to think that the Emperor's composition would have appeared still better in my heroic verse; but Sir William forestalled it; on which account I have entirely broke with him.

ibid. *That solemn vein of irony*———] "A fine vein of solemn irony runs through this piece." See Monthly Review, under the article of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers.

ibid. *There should he see.*] A certain naval event happened just above two calendar months after the publication of the Heroic Epistle. 'Twas impossible, considering the necessary preparations, it could have been sooner. Facts are stubborn things.

94. *Nor, like Mac-Homer,*———] See, if the reader thinks it worth while, a late translation of the Iliad.

94. *Like old young Fannius,*—] The noble personage here alluded to, being asked to read the Heroic Epistle, said, “No, it was as bad as blasphemy.”

ibid. *Fannius.*] Before I sent the MS to the press, I discovered, that an accidental blot had made all but the first syllable of this name illegible. I was doubtful, therefore, whether to print it Fannius or Fannia. After much deliberation, I thought it best to use the masculine termination. If I have done wrong, I ask pardon, not only of the Author, but the Lady,

The EDITOR.

95. *And break the black asperity of fate.*]

—————“Si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris.” VIRG.

EPISTLE X.

Page 97. If to an human face Sir James should draw]
Sir James Thornhill, the painter.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris; aut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne:
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, Amici?
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut aegri somnia, vanae
Fingenter species. —————

—————Pictoribus atque Poetis

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas.
 Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim :
 Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia ; non ut
 Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.

97. *Speakers profess'd, who gravity pretend,
 With motley sentiments their speeches blend, &c.]*

Incoeptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis
 Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
 Assuitur pannus : cum lucus, et ara Dianae,
 Et properantis aquae per amoenos ambitus agros,
 Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
 Sed nunc non erat his locus : et fortasse cupressum
 Scis simulare. Quid hoc ? si fractis enatat exspes
 Navibus, aere dato qui pingitur ? amphora coepit
 Institui, currente rota cur urceus exit ?
 Denique sit quod vis, simplex dumtaxat et unum.

98. *Outsides deceive, 'tis hard the truth to know, &c.]*

Decipimur specie recti. Brevis esse laboro,
 Obscurus fio : sectantem laevia nervi
 Deficiunt animique : professus grandia turget :

* * * * *

Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam,
 Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
 In vitium ducit culpa fuga, si caret arte.
 Aemilium circa ludum faber unus et unguis
 Exprimet, et molles imitabitur aere capillos :
 Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum
 Nesciet. Hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,
 Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso,
 Spectandum nigris oculis nigroque capillo.

99. *Nay, I would sooner have thy phyz, I swear,
Surintendant des plaisirs d' Angleterre.]*

Heydegger was remarkably ugly.—All his letters from abroad were directed : *A Monsieur, Monsieur Heydegger, surintendant des plaisirs d' Angleterre.*

*ibid. Ye weekly Writers of seditious news,
Take care your subjects artfully to choose, &c.]*

Sumite materiem vestris, qui scribitis, aequam
Viribus, et versate diu quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri. Cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.
Ordinis haec virtus erit et venus (aut ego fallor)
Ut jam nunc dicat jam nunc debentia dici,
Pleraque differat, et praesens in tempus omittat.

* * * * *

Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. Si forte necesse est
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget: dabiturque licentia sumta pudenter;
Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Graeco fonte cadant.

*ibid. Tell this, sink that, arrive at Ridpath's praise,
Let Abel Roper your ambition raise.]* George Ridpath was a political writer in the reign of queen Anne, and had for his opponent Abel Roper. One managed a paper called *The Flying Post*, the other the *Post Boy*. Both were equally dull, scandalous, and abusive. The fate of these worthies was uniform ;

for they were frequently cudgelled, prosecuted, and imprisoned ; and died both in a day.

99. *If you can quibble on Sir Robert's name.*] Sir Robert Walpole's.

ibid. *Like South-sea stock, expressions rise and fall:]*

—————Licuit, semperque licebit
Signatum praesente nota producere nomen.
Ut silvae foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt : ita verborum vetus interit aetas.

• • • • •

Debemur morti nos nostraque, sive receptus
Terra Neptunus, classes aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus, sterilisve palus prius, aptaque remis
Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum ;
Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,
Doctus iter melius. Mortalia facta peribunt ;
Nedum sermonum stet honos et gratia vivax.
Multa renascentur, quae jam cecidere, cadentque
Quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.

ibid. *Caesar and Pinkethman*—————] William Pinkethman, the puppet-show man.

100. *To screen good ministers from public rage, &c.]*

Res gestae regumque ducumque, et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.
Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,
Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisit auctor,
Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub iudice lis est.

100. *But who puts Caleb's Country-Craftsman out,
Is still a secret, and the world's in doubt.*] Caleb
Danvers was the pretended name of the Author of
the Craftsman.

*ibid. Not long since parish-clerks, with saucy airs,
Apply'd king David's psalms to state affairs.*]

Musa dedit fidibus Divos, puerosque Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre.

101. *If full across the Speaker's chair I go,
Can I be said the rules o' th' House to know?*]

Descriptas servare vices operumque colores
Cur ego si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?
Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere malo?

ibid. In acts of Parliament avoid sublime, &c.]

Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non volt:
Indignatur item privatis ac prope socco
Dignis carminibus narrari coena Thyestae.

* * * * *

Interdum tamen et vocem Comoedia tollit,
Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore.
Telephus et Peleus; cum pauper et exsul uterque,
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.

101. *Soft words suit best petitioners' intent;
Soft words, O ye petitioners of Kent!*] The pe-
tition here alluded to was presented in 1701, and

contained a censure on the House of Commons, for not enabling King William to prosecute the war. The House resenting the insult offered them by the petitioners, committed the five deputies to the Gate-house.

ibid. *Whoe'er harangues before he gives his vote,
Should send sweet language from a tuneful
throat.]*

Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata: dulcia sunt,
* * * *

Ut ridentibus arident, ita flentibus adflent
Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia laedent,
Telephe vel Peleu, male si mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.

ibid. *Pultney the coldest breast with zeal can fire,]*
Afterward Earl of Bath.

ibid. *Can men their inward faculties control ?]*

Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum: &c.

* * * *

Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.

* * * *

————— Tristia maestum

Vultum verba decent: &c.

* * * *

Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
Romani tollent equites pediteque cachinnum.

102. *For land, or trade, not the same notions fire
The city-merchant, and the country-'squire ;]*

Intererit multum Davusne loquatur, an Heros :

* * * * *

Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli ;
Colchus, an Assyrius ; Thebis nutritus an Argis.

- ibid. To likelihood your characters confine :]*

Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge,
Scriptor. Homereum si forte reponis Achillem ;
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,
Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.

- ibid. Give Maidstone wit, and elegance refin'd ;]*

George Finch, afterward earl of Winchelsea.

- ibid. To both the Pelhams give the Scipio's mind ;]*

Thomas, duke of Newcastle, and Henry, his brother.

- ibid. To Cart'ret learning, eloquence, and parts ;]*

John, lord Carteret ; afterward earl Granville.

- ibid. Sometimes fresh names in politics produce,]*

Si quid inexpertum scenae committis, et audes
Personam formare novam, servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.

- ibid. To speak is free, no member is debarr'd ;]*

Difficile est proprie communia dicere : tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.
Publica materies privati juris erit, si

Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem,
 Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
 Interpres ; nec desilies imitator in arctum,
 Unde pedem referre pudor vetet aut operis lex.

103. *With art and modesty your part maintain ;
 And talk like Col'nel Titus,——]*

Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim,
 “ Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile bellum.”

* * * * *

Quanto rectius hic qui nil molitur inepte :
 “ Dic mihi Musa virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,
 “ Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.”

ibid. ———— *not like Lane.]* Sir Richard,
 who represented Worcester.

ibid. *But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,*

When the exclusion-bill was in suspense, &c.]

Colonel Titus, in a debate on the exclusion bill, January 7, 1680, observed :—“ If a lion was in the lobby, and we were to consider which way to secure ourselves from him, and conclude it is best to shut the door and keep him out,” “ No, says another, let us chain him and let him come in, but I should be loth to put the chain on. Should the nomination of the judges, and all other preferments, be in your hands, what a kind of government would you have, without feet or claws ? As such a king cannot hurt you, so he cannot protect you. It has been said by another, “ Let us establish a good council about the king. But I never knew a king and his council of a different opinion. A wise king has, and also makes a

wise council, but a wise council does not always make a wise king, &c." *Grey's Debates.*

103. *Some mighty blusterers impeach with noise,
And call their private cry, the public voice.]*

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat —————

- ibid. From folios of accounts they take their handles,
And the whole balance proves a pound of candles;]*

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu ?
Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

- ibid. Some Rufus, some the Conqueror bring in,]*

Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Troianum orditur ab ovo.

* * * * *

— — — — — et quæ

Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit :
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.

104. *If when you speak, you'd hear a needle fall, &c.]*

Tu, quid ego, et Populus mecum desideret, audi.

Si plausoris eges aulaea manentis, et usque
Sessuri, donec cantur, "Vos plaudite," dicat ;
Aetatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus et annis.

- ibid. When babes can speak, babes should be taught
to say*

King George the second's health, huzza, huzza !]

Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, et pede certo
Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, et iram
Colligit ac ponit temere, et mutatur in horas.

104. *Boys should learn Latin for Prince William's sake,*

And girls Louisa their example make.] The Duke of Cumberland—The youngest daughter of George the second, afterward Queen of Denmark.

ibid. *More loves the youth, just come to his estate,
To range the fields, than in the house debate ;]*

Imberbus juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine campi
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus aeris,
Sublimis cupidusque, et amata relinquere pernix.

ibid. *Than in Will Shippen, or Sir William Yonge :*] These Orators were always in opposition to each other. The former was celebrated for the bluntness of his manners ; the latter for his never failing promptitude and volubility of expression.

105. *We take a different turn at twenty-six, &c.]*

Conversis studiis, aetas animusque virilis
Quærit opes et amicitias, inservit honori ;
Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.

ibid. *In bags the old man lets his treasure rust, &c.]:*

Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda ; vel quod
Quærit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti :

* * * * *

Dilator, spe longus, iners, pavidusque futuri,

Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
 Se puero, censor castigatoreque minorum.
 Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,
 Multa recedentes adimunt. Ne forte seniles
 Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles;
 Semper in adjunctis aevoque morabimur aptis.

105. *Now as to double, or to false returns,
 When pockets suffer, and when anger burns, &c.]*

Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.
 Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
 Quam quae sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quae
 Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

* * * * *

Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

106. *Those who would captivate the well-bred throng,
 Should not too often speak, nor speak too long :]*

Neve minor neu sit quinto productior actu
 Fabula, quae posci volt, et spectata reponi.
 Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
 Inciderit: nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

ibid. *Nor make St. Stephen's chapel, Dover-court.]*
Dover-court is a proverbial term for a company, in
 which all are speakers and none hearers.

ibid. *The speaker, when the commons are assembled,
 May to the Graecian Chorus be resembled ;]*

Actoris partes Chorus officiumque virile
 Defendat: neu quid medios intercinat actus,

Quod non proposito conducat et haereat apte ;
 Ille bonis faveatque, et consilietur amice,
 Et regat iratos, et amet peccare timentes :
 Ille dapes laudet mensae brevis, ille salubrem
 Justitiam, legesque et apertis otia portis :
 Ille tegat commissa, Deosque precetur et oret,
 Ut redeat miseris, abeat Fortuna superbis.

106. *To knights new chosen in old time would come
 The country trumpet, and perhaps a drum, &c.]*

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalcho vincta, tubaeque
 Aemula, sed tenuis simplexque foramine pauco,
 Ad spirare, et adesse choris era utilis, &c.

* * * * *

Post quam coepit agros extendere victor, et Urbem
 Latior amplecti murus, &c.

* * * * *

Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.

* * * * *

Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,
 Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia praeceps ;
 Utiliumque sagax rerum, et divina futuri
 Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.

107. *When the Duke's Grandson for the county stood,
 His beef was fat, and his oſtlober good ;]*

Carminē qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,

* * * * *

Incolūmi gravitate jocū tentavit, eo quod
 Illecebris erat et grata novitate morandus
 Spectator, functusque sacris, et potus, et exlex.

107. *Election matters shun with cautious awe,
O all ye Judges learned in the law ;]*

Effutire leves indigna Tragoedia versus,
Ut festis matrona moveri jussa diebus,
Intererit Satyris paullum pudibunda protervis.

- ibid.* *Try not with jests obscene to force a smile,]*

Non ego inornata et dominantia nomina solum
Verbaque, Pisones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo :
Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori,
Ut nihil intersit Davusne loquatur et audax.
Pythias emuncto lucrata Simone talentum,
An custos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni.

- ibid.* *Nor lard your speech with mother Needham's
stile ;]* A Bawd of great notoriety, whose
constant prayer was, "that she might get enough by
her profession to leave it off in time, and make her
peace with God." But her fate was far different ;
for being set in the pillory, she was so roughly hand-
led by the mob, as to occasion her death.

108. *Others in vain a like success will boast,
He speaks most easy, who has study'd most.]*

————— Ut sibi quivis
Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret.

- ibid.* *A Peer's pert Heir has to the commons spoke
A vile reflection, or a bawdy joke :]*

Ne nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,
Aut immunda crepent ignominiosaque dicta.

Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus et pater et res :
 Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat et nucis emtor,
 Aequis accipiunt animis, donantve corona.

108. *When James the first, at great Britannia's helm,
 Rul'd this word clipping and word-coining
 realm, &c.]*

At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros et
 Laudavere sales : nimium patienter utrumque,
 Ne dicam stulte, mirati : si modo ego et vos
 Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,
 Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus et aure.

ibid. *I know a farce from one of Congreve's plays,
 And Cibber's opera from Johnny Gay's.]* "Love
 in a Riddle," intended to rival The Beggar's Opera.
ibid. *When pért Defoe his saucy papers writ,
 He from a cart was pillor'd for his wit :]* The
 Author of the *True Born Englishman* and several other
 political tracts, as well as of *Robinson Crusoe*.

Ignotum Tragicæ genus invenisse Camenæ
 Dicitur, et plaustis vexisse poemata Thespiis
 Qui canerent agerentque peruncti sacculus ora.
 Post hunc personæ, pallæque repertor honestas
 Aeschylus et modicis instravit pulpita tignis,
 Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.
 Successit vetus his Comoedia, non sine multa
 Laude : sed in vitium libertas excidit et vim
 Dignam lege regi. Lex est accepta, chorusque
 Turpiter obtulit, sublato jure nocendi.

109 *The Censor then improv'd the list'ning Isle,*] A character assumed by Sir Richard Steele, who published *The Tatler* under the fictitious name of Isaac Bickerstaff.

*ibid. It must be own'd the journals try all ways
To merit their respective party's praise :]*

Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poetae :
Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Graeca
Ausi deserere, et celebrare domestica facta ;

* * * * *

Nec virtute foret clarisve potentius armis
Quam lingua Latium, si non offenderet unum
Quemque Poetarum limae labor et mora. —

*ibid. There are who say, no man can be a wit,
Unless for Newgate, or for Bedlam fit ;]*

Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte
Credit, et excludit sanos Helicone Poetas
Democritus, bona pars non unguis ponere curat,
Non barbam : —
Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque Poetae,
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
Tonsori Licino commiserit. — — —

110. *Alas poor me! you may my fortune guess : &c.]*

— — — O ! ego laevus,
Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam.
Non alius faceret meliora poemata : verum
Nil tanti est. Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quae ferrum valet exsors ipsa secandi.
Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo :

Unde parentur opes ; quid alat formetque Poetam ;
Quid deceat, quid non ; quo virtus, quo ferat error.

110. *A politician must (as I have read)*

Be furnish'd, in the first place, with a head :]

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.
Rem tibi Socraticae poterunt ostendere chartae :
Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.
Qui didicit patriae quid debeat, et quid amicis ;
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus et hospes ;
Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium ; quae
Partes in bellum missi ducis ; ille profecto
Reddere personae scit convenientia cuique.

111. *Dramatic poets that expect the bays,*

Should cull our histories for party plays ;]

Respicere exemplar vitae morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et vivas hinc ducere voces.

* * * * *

Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte,
Valdius oblectat Populum, meliusque moratur
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugaeque canorae.

ibid. Wicquefort's *Embassador should fill their head,*]
A book entitled, "L'Ambassadeur et ses fonctions,"
written by Mons. de Wicquefort, and translated by
Mr. Digby.

ibid. *For what is Dryden's Muse, and Otway's plots,*
To the Earl of Essex or the Queen of Scots ?]
Two plays by Banks, of which Mr. Reed has ob-

served, that although written in the most contemptible language, yet they never fail to melt the audience into tears, merely by the force of judicious and well-arranged plots and incidents."

111. *'Tis said that queen Elizabeth could speak,
At twelve years old, right Attic full-mouth'd
Greek;]*

Graiiis ingenium, Graiiis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui propter laudem nullius avaris.
Romani pueri longis rationibus assem
Discunt, partem tantum diducere. Dicat
Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota
Uncia, quid superest? "Poterat dixisse, Triens. Eum
Rem poteris servare tuam. Redit uncia: quid fit?
Semis." An haec animos aerugo et cura peculi
Quum semel imbuerit, speremus carmina fingi
Posse linenda cedro, et laevi servanda cupresso?

- ibid. On tender subjects with discretion touch,
And never say too little or too much.]*

Quidquid praecipies, esto brevis: ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
[Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.]

112. *New stories always should with truth agree,
Or truth's half-sister, probability:]*

Ficta voluptatis caussa, sint proxima veris;
Nec quodcumque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi;
Neu pransae Lamiae vivum puerum extrahat alvo.

112. *Scarce could Toft's rabbits and pretended throes
On half the honorable house impose.]* Mary
Tofts, of Godalmin in Surrey, pretended to have
brought forth several rabbits, and imposed on the
credulity of many persons of distinction.

ibid. *When Cato speaks, young Shallow runs away,]*

Centuriae seniorum agitant expertia frugis,
Celsi praetereunt austerâ poemata Rhamnes :
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hic meret aera liber Sosis : hic et tran-
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat aevum.

ibid. *Bromley and Hanmer cry aloud—to order.]*
William Bromley, Esq; and Sir Thomas Hanmer,
Bart. both Speakers.

ibid. *Is there a man on earth so perfect found,
Who ne'er mistook a word in sense or sound ?]*

Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus :

* * * * *

Nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus.
Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego, paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura. Quid ergo ?
Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,
Quamvis est monitus, venia caret ; et Citharoedus
Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem ;
Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Choerilus ille,
Quem bis terve bonum, cum risu miror : et idem
Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verum operi in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

113. *And spare if Wyndham should be nothing caught.*] Sir William Wyndham, chancellor of the exchequer under queen Anne, "made," says Mr. Pope, "early a considerable figure, but afterwards a much greater, both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper."

ibid. *Not unlike paintings, principles appear,
Some best at distance, some when we are near.*]

Ut pictura Poetis erit: quae, si proplus stes,
Te cauet magis, et quaedam, si longius abstes.
Haec amat obscurum, volet haec sub luce videri,
* * * * *

* Haec placuit semel, haec decies repetita placebit.

ibid. *Whoe'er you are that have a seat secure, &c.]*

O major juvenum _____
_____ hoc tibi dictum

Tolle memor: certis medium et tolerabile rebus
Recte concedi. _____

* * * * *

_____ Mediocribus esse Poetis

Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnae.

* * * * *

Sic animis natum inventumque Poema juvandis,
Si paullum a summo decessit, vergit ad imum.

114. *In all professions, time and pains give skill;]*

Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis;
Indoctusque pilae discivetrochive quiescit,

Ne spissae risum tollant impune corollae
 Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. Quidni ?
 Liber et ingenuus, praesertim census equestrem
 Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab avari.
 * * * * *
 Membranis intus positis, delere licebit
 Quod non edideris : nescit vox missa revera.

114. *The wrong'd to help, the lawless to restrain,
 Thrice every year in ancient Egbert's reign,
 The members to the Mitchelgemot went,
 In after-ages call'd the Parliament.*

Sylvestres homines sacer interpresque Deorum
 Caedibus et victu foedo deterruit Orpheus.
 * * * * *

— Fuit haec sapientia quondam,
 Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis ;
 Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis ;
 Oppida moliri ; leges incidere ligno.
 * * * * *

— Dictae per carmina sortes,
 Et vitae monstrata via est, et gratia Regum
 Pieris tentata modis, ludusque repertus,
 Et longorum operum finis, ne forte pudori
 Si tibi Musa lyrae sollers, et cantor Apollo.

115. *Some doubt, which to a seat has best pretence,*

Natura fieret laudabile carmen an arte,
 Quaesitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite vena,
 Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium : alterius sic
 Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.

115. *A man of bus'ness won't 'till evening dine, &c.]*

Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit;
Abstinent venere et vino.

Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira poemata pango;
Occupet extremum scabies: mihi turpe relinqui est,
Et quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.

ibid. From Fig's new theatre he'll miss a night,] Fig was the great man of his day; or in other words, the Humphries and Mendoza in one.

ibid. The man that has both land and money too,
May wonders in a trading borough do: &c.]

Assentatores jubet ad lucrum ire Poeta
Dives agris, dives positus in fenore nummis.
Si vero est unctum qui recte ponere possit,
Et spondere levi pro paupere, et eripere atris
Litibus implicitum; mirabor si sciet inter-
Noscere mendacem, verumque beatus amicum.
Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui,
Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
Laetitiae clamabit enim, "Pulchre! bene! recte!"

— si carmina condes,
Numquam te fallant animi sub volpe latentes.

116. *Alderman Pond, a downright honest man,]*

Quintilio si quid recitares, Corrige, sodes,
Hoc, aiebat, et hoc: melius te posse negares;

Bis terque expertum frustra: delere jubebat,
 Si defendere delictum, quam vertere malles;
 Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam sumebat inanem,
 Quin sine ravalī teque et tua solus amares.

116. *Leave you of mighty interest to brag,*

And poll two voices like Sir Robert Fag.] Sir

R. Fag represented the Borough of Steyning, 1734, but where, or when, the circumstance here referred to happened, we have not been able to discover.

ibid. Partial sneering is a sort of itch,]

Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,

—Dicam, Siculique Poetae

Narrabo interitum.

Nec semel hoc fecit, nec si retractus erit, jam
 Fiet homo, et ponet famosae mortis amorem.

Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus;
 Quem vero arripuit, tenet occiditque legendo,
 Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

EPISTLE XI.

Page 118. The Author of this Epistle was the only son of Edward Stillingfleet, a clergyman in Norfolk, and grandson to the Bishop of Worcester. He was educated at Norwich school, and leaving it in 1720, went to Trinity College Cambridge, where Dr. Bentley, who had been private tutor to his father, was Master. After taking his bachelor's degree, he became a candidate for a fellowship: but,

through the influence of Dr. Bentley, was rejected. On this disappointment, he left Cambridge, and travelled with Mr. Wyndham, to whom he inscribed this Epistle, and with whom he lived in the most intimate and unreserved friendship. Through the favor of the late Lord Barrington, he was appointed master of the barracks at Kensington, a place which enabled him to pursue his studies, and particularly Natural History, his favorite, with success. He died a bachelor, in the year 1771, upwards of seventy, and was buried in Saint James's church. Besides his "Tracts" and "Treatise on Music," several of his productions have been published; whilst others still remain in manuscript, which no less deserve to be known.

120. *When Macvius, spite of dullness, will be bright,
And teach Argyll to speak*—————] John Duke of Argyll, who was equally celebrated as a statesman, a warrior, and an orator.

125. CLINIAS' son] Alcibiades.

129. *So Ripley, till his destin'd space is fill'd,
Heaps bricks on bricks, and fancies 'tis to build.*] "Ripley," says Pope, "was a carpenter, employ'd by a first minister, who raised him to an architect, without any genius in the art; and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings, made him Comptroller to the Board of Works." *Note to Moral Essays, Ep. iv. l. 18.*

130. *As good hear Bentley dictate on epistles,*] See Bentley on the Epistles of Phalaris.

130. *Or Burman comment on the Grecian whistles ;*] Peter Burman, a celebrated Dutch Commentator, whose laborious and minute investigations are too well known to be particularly specified.

135. *Nor imitate that resolute old fool,
Who undertook to kick against his mule.]*

Ctesipho.

136. *Could Bailey's self more tenderness have shown]* Nathan Bailey, compiler of both a Latin and an English Dictionary.

137. *Visions of devils into monkeys turn'd,]* St. Dominic, vide Jansenius (Nic.)

ibid. *Bottles of precious tears that saints have wept,]* Of our Saviour and others, vide Ferrand.

ibid. *And breath a thousand years in phials kept ;]* Of Joseph, vide Molinaeum.

ibid. *Sun-beams sent down to prop one friar's staff,]* St. Cathro's, vide Colganum.

ibid. *And hell broke loose to make another laugh ;]* St. Anthony.

138. *Obedient fleas,—————]* Vide life of St. Colman by Colganus.

ibid. *—————and superstitious mice ;]* The same life by the same author.

& *ibid.* *Confessing wolves,—————]* Vide Speculum vitae sancti Francisci.

ibid. *—————and sanctifying lice ;]* St. Munnu gathered those that dropt from him, and put them in their place again, vide Acta Sanctorum.

138. *Letters and houses by an angel carried ;]* From St. Firman to St. Columba, vide Colganum. Chapel of Loretto.

ibid. *And, wond'rous ! virgin-nuns to Jesus married.]*
Maria de la Visitation, vide her life by Lusignam.

139. *A character as opposite, as great,]* Socrates.

THE END.

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VOL. VI.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' aide,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.



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M DCC LXXXIX.

EPISTLES
PANEGYRICAL AND GALLANT.

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EPISTLES
PANEGYRICAL AND GALLANT.

EPISTLE I.

THE
FEMINEAD:

OR,
FEMALE GENIUS.

ADDRESSED TO
MR. RICHARDSON,
Author of Pamela, Clarissa, and Grandison.

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCC LI.

SHALL lordly man, the theme of every lay,
Usurp the muse's tributary bay ?
In kingly state on Pindus' summit sit,
Tyrant of verse, and arbiter of wit ?
By Salic law the female right deny,
And view their genius with regardless eye ?
Justice forbid ! and every muse inspire
To sing the glories of a sister-choir !
Rise, rise, bold swain ; and to the listening grove
Resound the praises of the sex you love ;

Tell how, adorn'd with every charm, they shine,
In mind and person equally divine,
'Till man, no more to female merit blind,
Admire the person, but adore the mind.

To these weak strains, O thou ! the sex's friend
And constant patron, Richardson ! attend !
Thou, who so oft with pleas'd, but anxious care,
Hast watch'd the dawning genius of the fair,
With wonted smiles wilt hear thy friend display
The various graces of the female lay ;
Studious from folly's yoke their minds to free,
And aid the generous cause espous'd by thee.

Long o'er the world did Prejudice maintain,
By sounds like these, her undisputed reign :
" Woman ! she cried, to thee, indulgent heaven
Has all the charms of outward beauty given :
Be thine the boast, unrival'd, to enslave
The great, the wise, the witty, and the brave ;
Deck'd with the Paphian rose's damask glow,
And the vale-lily's vegetable snow,
Be thine, to move majestic in the dance,
To roll the eye, and aim the tender glance,
Or touch the strings, and breathe the melting song,
Content to emulate that airy throng,
Who to the sun their painted plumes display,
And gaily glitter on the hawthorn spray,

Or wildly warble in the beechen grove,
Careless of aught but music, joy, and love."

Heavens! could such artful, slavish sounds beguile
The freeborn sons of Britain's polish'd isle?
Could they, like fam'd Ulysses' dastard crew,
Attentive listen, and enamor'd view,
Nor drive the Syren to that dreary plain,
In loathsome pomp, where eastern tyrants reign;
Where each fair neck the yoke of slavery galls,
Clos'd in a proud seraglio's gloomy walls,
And taught, that levell'd with the brutal kind,
Nor sense, nor souls to women are assign'd.

Our British nymphs with happier omens rove,
At freedom's call, thro' wisdom's sacred grove,
And, as with lavish hand each sister grace
Shapes the fair form, and regulates the face,
Each sister muse, in blissful union join'd,
Adorns, improves, and beautifies the mind.
Even now fond fancy in our polish'd land
Assembled shows a blooming, studious band:
With various arts our reverence they engage,
Some turn the tuneful, some the moral page,
These, led by Contemplation, soar on high,
And range the heavens with philosophic eye;
While those, surrounded by a vocal choir,
The canvas tinge, or touch the warbling lyre.

Here, like the stars' mix'd radiance, they unite
To dazzle and perplex our wandering sight :
The muse each charmer singly shall survey,
And tune to each her tributary lay.
So when, in blended tints, with sweet surprize
Assembled beauties strike our ravish'd eyes,
Such as in Lely's melting colors shine,
Or spring, great Kneller ! from a hand like thine,
On all with pleasing awe at once we gaze,
And, lost in wonder, know not which to praise,
But singly view'd, each nymph delights us more,
Disclosing graces unperceiv'd before.

First let the muse with generous ardor try
To chase the mist from dark opinion's eye :
Nor mean we here to blame that father's care,
Who guards from learned wives his booby heir,
Since oft that heir with prudence has been known,
To dread a genius that transcends his own :
The wise themselves should with discretion choose,
Since letter'd nymphs their knowledge may abuse,
And husbands oft experience to their cost
The prudent housewife in the scholar lost :
But those incur deserv'd contempt, who prize
Their own high talents, and their sex despise,
With haughty mien each social bliss defeat,
And sully all their learning with conceit :
Of such the parent justly warns his son,
And such the muse herself will bid him shun.

But lives there one, whose unassuming mind,
Tho' grac'd by nature, and by art refin'd,
Pleas'd with domestic excellence, can spare
Some hours from studious ease to social care,
And with her pen that time alone employs
Which others waste in visits, cards, and noise ;
From affectation free, tho' deeply read,
“ With wit well natur'd, and with books well
bred ?”

With such (and such there are) each happy day
Must fly improving, and improv'd away ;
Inconstancy might fix and settle there,
And wisdom's voice approve the chosen fair.

’ Nor need we now from our own Britain rove,
In search of genius, to the Lesbian grove,
Tho' Sappho there her tuneful lyre has strung,
And amorous griefs in sweetest accents sung,
Since here, in Charles's days, amidst a train
Of shameless bards, licentious and profane,
The chaste Orinda rose ; with purer light,
Like modest Cynthia, beaming thro' the night :
Fair friendship's lustre, undisguis'd by art,
Glows in her lines, and animates her heart ;
Friendship, that jewel, which, though all confess
Its peerless value, yet how few possess !
For her the never-dying myrtle weaves
A verdant chaplet of her odorous leaves ;

If Cowley's or Roscommon's song can give
Immortal fame, her praise shall ever live.

Who can unmov'd hear Winchelsea reveal
Thy horrors, spleen ! which all, who paint must feel ?
My praises would but wrong her sterling wit,
Since Pope himself applauds what she has writ.

But say, what Matron now walks musing forth
From the bleak mountains of her native North ?
While round her brows two sisters of the Nine
Poetic wreaths with philosophic twine !
Hail, Cockburne, hail ! even now from Reason's
 bowers

Thy Locke delighted culls the choicest flowers
To deck his great, successful champion's head,
And Clarke expects thee in the laurel shade.
Tho' long to dark, oblivious want a prey,
Thy aged worth pass'd unperceiv'd away,
Yet Scotland now shall ever boast thy fame,
While England mourns thy undistinguish'd name,
And views with wonder, in a female mind,
Philosopher, divine, and poet join'd !

The modest muse a veil with pity throws
O'er vice's friends, and virtue's female foes ;
Abash'd she views the bold unblushing mien
Of modern Manley, Centlivre, and Behn ;

And grieves to see one nobly born disgrace
Her modest sex, and her illustrious race.
Tho' harmony thro' all their numbers flow'd,
And genuine wit its every grace bestow'd,
Nor genuine wit, nor harmony, excuse
The dangerous sallies of a wanton muse :
Nor can such tuneful, but immoral, lays
Expect the tribute of impartial praise :
As soon might Philips, Pilkington, and Vane,
Deserv'd applause for spotless virtue gain.

But hark ! what Nymph, in Frome's embroider'd
vale ?

With strains seraphic swells the vernal gale ?
With what sweet sounds the bordering forest rings ?
For sportive Echo catches, as she sings,
Each falling accent, studious to prolong
The warbled notes of Rowe's ecstatic song.
Old Avon pleas'd his reedy forehead rears,
And polish'd Orrery delighted hears.
See with what transport she resigns her breath,
Snatch'd by a sudden, but a wish'd-for death !
Releas'd from earth, with smiles she soars on high
Amidst her kindred spirits of the sky,
Where faith and love those endless joys bestow,
That warm'd her lays, and fill'd her hopes below.

Nor can her noble Friend escape unseen,
Or from the Muse her modest virtues screen ;

Here, sweetly blended, to our wondering eyes,
The peeress, poetess, and Christian rise :
And tho' the Nine her tuneful strains inspire,
We less her genius, than her heart, admire,
Pleas'd, 'midst the great, one truly good to see,
And proud to tell that Somerset is she.

By generous views one Peeress more demands
A grateful tribute from all female hands ;
One, who to shield them from the worst of foes,
In their just cause dar'd Pope himself oppose.
Their own dark forms deceit and envy wear,
By Irwin touch'd with truth's celestial spear,
By her disarm'd, ye witlings ! now give o'er
Your empty sneers, and shock the sex no more.

Thus bold Camilla, when the Trojan chief
Attack'd her country, flew to its relief ;
Beneath her lance the bravest warriors bled,
And fear dismay'd the host, which great Aeneas led.

But ah ! why heaves my breast this pensive sigh ?
Why starts this tear unbidden from my eye ?
What breast from sighs, what eye from tears re-
frains,
When, sweetly-mournful, hapless Wright complains ?
And who but grieves to see her generous mind,
For nobler views and worthier guests design'd,

Admit the hateful form of black despair,
Wan with the gloom of superstitious care ?
In pity-moving lays, with earnest cries,
She call'd on heaven to close her weary eyes,
And, long on earth by heart-felt woes oppress'd,
Was borne by friendly death to welcome rest.

In nervous strains, lo ! Madan's polish'd taste
Has poetry's successive progress trac'd,
From ancient Greece, where first she fix'd her
 reign,
To Italy, and Britain's happier plain.
Praise well-bestow'd adorns her glowing lines,
And manly strength with female softness joins.
So female charms and manly virtues grace,
By her example form'd, her blooming race,
And, fram'd alike to please our ears and eyes,
There new Conelias and new Gracchi rise.
O that you now, with genius at command,
Would snatch the pencil from my artless hand,
And give your sex's portraits, bold and true,
In colors worthy of themselves and you !

Now in ecstatic visions let me rove,
By Cynthia's beams, through Brackley's glimmering
 grove ;
Where still each night, by startled shepherds seen,
Young Leapor's form flies shadowy o'er the green.

Those envied honors nature lov'd to pay
The briar-bound turf, where erst her Shakspeare lay,
Now on her darling Mira she bestows,
There o'er the hallow'd ground she fondly strows
The choicest fragrance of the breathing spring,
And bids each year her favourite linnet sing.

Let cloister'd pedants, in an endless round,
Tread the dull mazes of scholastic ground ;
Brackley unenvying views the glittering train
Of learning's useless trappings idly vain ;
For; spite of all that vaunted learning's aid,
Their fame is rivall'd by her rural maid.

So, while in our Britannia's beechen sprays
Sweet Philomela trills her mellow lays,
We to the natives of the sultry line
Their boasted race of parrots pleas'd resign :
For tho' on citron boughs they proudly glow
With all the colors of the watery bow,
Yet thro' the grove harsh discord they prolong,
Tho' rich in gaudy plumage, poor in song.

Now bear me, Clio, to that Kentish strand,
Whose rude o'erhanging cliffs and barren sand
May challenge all the myrtle-blooming bowers
Of fam'd Italia, when, at evening hours,
Thy own Eliza muses on the shore,
Serene, tho' billows beat, and tempests roar.

Hail, Carter, hail ! your favorite name inspires
My raptur'd breast with sympathetic fires ;
Even now I see your lov'd Ilyssus lead
His mazy current thro' th' Athenian mead ;
With you I pierce thro' academic shades,
And join in Attic bowers th' Aonian maids ;
Beneath the spreading plane with Plato rove,
And hear his morals echo thro' the grove.
Joy sparkles in the sage's looks, to find
His genius glowing in a female mind ;
Newton admiring sees your searching eye
Dart thro' his mystic page, and range the sky ;
By you his colors to your sex are shown,
And Algarotti's name to Britain known.
While, undisturb'd by pride, you calmly tread
Thro' life's perplexing paths, by wisdom led ;
And, taught by her, your grateful muse repays
Her heavenly teacher in nocturnal lays.

So when Prometheus from th' Almighty Sire,
As sings the fable, stole celestial fire,
Swift thro' the clay the vital current ran,
In look, in form, in speech resembling man ;
But in each eye a living lustre glow'd,
That spoke the heavenly source from whence it
flow'd.

“ What magic powers in Celia's numbers dwell,
Which thus th' unpractis'd breast with ardor swell

And wondering sees her Cowley's laurell'd shade
Tranported listen to the tuneful maid.

O may those nymphs, whose pleasing power she
sings,

Still o'er their suppliant wave their fostering wings !

O long may Health and soft-eyed Peace impart
Bloom to her cheek, and rapture to her heart !

Beneath her roof the red-breast shall prolong,

Unchill'd by frost, his tributary song ;

For her the lark shall wake the dappled morn,

And 'linnet twitter from the blossom'd thorn.

Sing on, sweet maid ! thy Spenser smiles to see

Kind fancy shed her choicest gifts on thee,

And bids his Edwards, on the laurel spray

That shades his tomb, inscribe thy rural lay.

With lovely mien Eugenia now appears,

The muse's pupil from her tenderest years ;

Improving tasks her peaceful hours beguile,

The sister arts on all her labors smile,

And, while the Nine their votary inspire,

“ One dips the pencil, and one strings the lyre.”

O may her life's clear current smoothly glide,

Unruffled by misfortune's boisterous tide !

So while the charmer leads her blameless days

With that content which she so well displays,

Her own Honoria we in her shall view,

And think her allegoric vision true.

Thus wandering wild among the golden grain
That fruitful floats on Bansted's airy plain,
Careless I sung, while summer's western gale
Breath'd health and fragrance thro' the dusky vale.
When from a neighbouring hawthorn, in whose shade
Conceal'd she lay, up-rose th' Aonian maid :
Pleas'd had she listen'd ; and, with smiles, she cried,
“ Cease, friendly swain ! be this thy praise and pride,
That thou, of all the numerous tuneful throng,
First in our cause hast fram'd thy generous song.

“ And ye, our sister choir ! proceed to tread
The flowery paths of fame, by science led !
Employ by turns the needle and the pen,
And in their favorite studies rival men !
May all our sex your glorious track pursue,
And keep your bright example still in view !
These lasting beauties will in youth engage,
And smooth the wrinkles of declining age,
Secure to bloom, unconscious of decay,
When all Corinna's roses fade away.
For even when love's short triumph shall be o'er,
When youth shall please, and beauty charm no more,
When man shall cease to flatter ; when the eye
Shall cease to sparkle, and the heart to sigh,
In that dread hour, when parent dust shall claim
The lifeless tribute of each kindred frame,
Even then shall wisdom for her chosen fair
The fragrant wreaths of virtuous fame prepare ;

Those wreaths which flourish in a happier clime,
Beyond the reach of envy and of time ;
While here, th' immortalizing muse shall save
Your darling names from dark Oblivion's grave ;
Those names the praise and wonder shall engage
Of every polish'd, wise, and virtuous age ;
To latest times our annals shall adorn,
And save from folly thousands yet unborn."

EPISTLE II.

ON THE *FEMALE RIGHT*

TO
LITERATURE.

TO A YOUNG LADY,
Written from Florence.

BY THOMAS SEWARD, M. A.

WHILST you, ATHENIA, with assiduous toil
Reap the rich fruits of learning's fertile soil;
Now search whate'er historic truth hath shewn,
And make the wealth of ages past your own;
Now crop the blossoms of poetic flow'rs,
And range delighted in the Muses' bow'rs;
Say, will the sweetest of her sex attend
To lines by friendship, not by flatt'ry penn'd;
To lines which tempt not worth with empty praise
But to still greater height that worth would raise;
To lines which dare against a world decide,
And stem the rage of custom's rapid tide?

Come then, **ATHENIA**, freely let us scan
The coward insults of that tyrant, man.
Self-prais'd, and grasping at despotic pow'r,
He looks on slav'ry as the female dow'r ;
To Nature's boon ascribes what force has giv'n,
And usurpation deems the gift of heav'n.
See the first-peopled East, where **ASIA** sheds
Her balmy spices o'er her fertile meads :
There, while th' **ASSYRIAN** stretch'd his wide do-
main

From distant Indus to the Cyprian main,
All nature's laws by impious force were broke ;
The female sex to slav'ry's galling yoke
Bow'd their fair necks : from social life confin'd,
And all th' exertions of the enlighten'd mind,
Clos'd in a proud Seraglio's wanton bow'rs,
The dalliance of a tyrant's looser hours.
By kings' examples subjects form their lives,
Dependant satraps had their train of wives ;
Proportion'd pow'r each petty tyrant craves,
And each poor female was the slave of slaves.

When **PERSIA** next o'erturn'd th' Assyrian throne,
Destroy'd her tyranny and fix'd its own ;
The fair distress'd no milder treatment saw,
This was indeed *th' unalterable law*.
In future times, whatever masters came,
Tyrants were chang'd, but tyranny the same.
At length t' accumulate the female woes,
The grand impostor **MAHOMET** arose ;

Swoln with prophetic lyes, he lay'd his plan
On the firm basis of the pride of man;
“ Women, the toys of men, and slaves of lust,
Are but meer moulds to form man's outward crust;
The heavenly spark, that animates the clay,
Of the prime essence that effulgent ray,
Th' immortal soul, is all to man confin'd,
Not meanly squander'd on weak woman-kind.”

Accursed wretch ! by hell's black council driv'n
Thus to debase the fairest work of heav'n.
And could Religion rear her sacred head
Fraught with such doctrines ? could such errors
spread

From western TANGIER, and the sun-burnt Moor,
To the cold TARTAR's ever-frozen shore ?
Ev'n GREECE too not exempt, GREECE, once the seat
Where Sense and Freedom held the reins of state ;
Where Force was Reason's hand-maid ; where the
bands

Of Love and Friendship join'd the wedded hands ;
Where flourish'd once, and flourish still in fame
Th' ATHENIAN matron, and the SPARTAN dame.

In ROME too Liberty once reign'd, in ROME
The female virtues were allow'd to bloom,
And bloom they did : when CANNÆ's fatal plain
Was heap'd with mountains of the Roman slain,
Was there a matron wept her children *dead* ?
Was there a matron wept not those that *fled* ?

Then when each rumor seem'd the voice of fate,
And spoke the victor thund'ring at their gate,
Was there one mention'd peace? did they not pour
Their wealth, their jewels, to the public store,
In emulous haste all pressing to be poor?

Alas how chang'd! how are the mighty sunk,
From the firm Patriot so the whining Monk!
Where Industry secur'd the public good,
Where censors, consuls, and dictators plough'd,
Now lazy zealots batten on the spoil,
And consecrated Sloth devours the farmer's toil.
But oh still worse! where Love and Friendship
shone,

Domestic Tyranny has fix'd his throne,
With all his train of monsters: at his side,
Swoln with self-flatteries, sits stiff-neck'd Pride;
Two twin born fiends his other ear engage,
Heart-canker'd Jealousy, and fire-ey'd Rage;
In front, his empire's sole support and source,
Rattling chains, bars, and locks, stalks brutal Force;
Whilst pale and shrivel'd, crouch'd beneath the chair,
Lies sneaking, conscious Worthlessness; and near
Squint-ey'd Suspicion lurks, with self-distracting
Fear.

Hail, happy BRITAIN, dear parental land,
Where Liberty maintains her latest stand!
Oh while amidst tyrannic realms I rove,
Enamor'd let me pour my filial love

Into thy bosom. When the raven wings
Of darkness hover o'er me, when the springs
Of every outward sense are shut, my soul
Thee oft revisits, oft without control
Ranges thy fields delighted, and inhales
Friendship's pure joys, and Freedom's healthful gales.

But say, BRITANNIA, do thy sons, who claim
A birth-right liberty, dispense the same
In equal scales? Why then does Custom bind
In chains of Ignorance the female mind?
Why is to them the bright ethereal ray
Of Science veil'd? Why does each pedant say,
"Shield me, propitious powers, nor clog my life
With that supreme of plagues, *a learned wife*.
'Tis man's with science to expand the soul,
And wing his eagle flight from pole to pole;
'Tis his to pierce antiquity's dark gloom,
And the still thicker shades of times to come;
'Tis his to guide the pond'rous helm of state,
And bear alone all wisdom's solid weight.
Let woman with alluring graces move
The fondling passions and the baby love;
Be this her only science, be her doom
Fix'd to the toilette, the spinnet and loom."

Tongue-doughty pedant, was ATHENIA's soul
Form'd for these only? Bring th' exactest rule
Of judgment to the trial, prove that e'er
Thy school-proud tribe engross'd a greater share

Of mental excellence ; though vernal Youth
Just swells her lovely bosom, yet blest Truth,
Offspring of Sense and Industry, has there
Long fix'd her residence ; and taught the fair
Or wisdom's deep recesses to explore,
Or on invention's rapid wings to soar
Above th' Aonian mount ; and canst thou think
That Virtues, which exalt the soul, can sink
The outward charms ? must Knowledge give offence ?
And are the Graces all at war with Sense ?
Say, who of all the fair is form'd to move
The fondest passions, most ecstatic love,
More than *ATHENIA* ? in her gentle eye
Soft innocence and virgin modesty
Incessant shine, while still a new-born grace
Springs in each speaking feature of her face.
Her sprightly wit no forward pertness spoils ;
No self-assuming air her judgment soils ;
Still prone to learn, though capable to teach,
And lofty all her thoughts, but humble all her speech.
Proceed, *ATHENIA*, let thy growing mind
Take every knowledge in of every kind :
Still on perfection fix thy steady eye,
Be ever rising, rise thou ne'er so high.
But oh reflect, that in th' advent'rous flight,
Thou mount'st a glorious, but a dangerous height :
When every science, every grace shall join,
When most thy wit, when most thy beauties shine,
When thickest crowds enamor'd press around,
When loudest every tongue thy praise shall sound,

When verse too offers incense to thy shrine,
And adoration breathes in every line,
Then let my friendly Muse express her care,
Then most will danger spread her viewless snare :
Then let this truth possess thy inmost soul,
“ One drop of Vanity may spoil the whole.”

Not self-secure on earth can Knowledge dwell,
Knowledge the bliss of heav’n and pang of hell,
Alike the instrument of good and evil,
The attribute of God, and of the Devil.
Without her, Virtue is a powerless will :
She, without Virtue, is a powerful ill ;
Does she then join with Virtue, or oppose,
She proves the best of Friends, or worst of Foes.
O! be they once in happiest union join’d,
And be that union in *ATHENIA*’s-mind.

EPISTLE III.

TO THE
PRINCE OF ORANGE,

ON HIS
PASSING THROUGH OXFORD,
In His Return from Bath.

BY WALTER HARTE, M. A.

AT length, in pity to a nation's prayer,
Thou liv'st, O Nassau, Providence's care !
Life's sun, which lately with a dubious ray
Gave the last gleams of a short, glorious day,
Again with more than noon-tide lustre burns ;
The dial brightens, and the line returns.

Some guardian power, who o'er thy fate presides,
Whose eye unerring Albion's welfare guides,
Taught yonder streams with new-felt force to flow,
And bade th' exalted minerals doubly glow.
Thus cold and motionless Bethesda stood,
Till heavenly influence brooded o'er the flood.

Lo, while our isle with one loud paean rings,
Equal, though silent, homage Isis brings ;

Hers is the task of Reason, not of Art,
Words of the mind, and actions of the heart !

And sure that unbought praise which Learning
brings,
Outweighs the vast acclaim that deafens kings;
For souls, supremely sensible and great,
See through the farce of noise, and pomp of state ;
Mark when the fools huzza, or wise rejoice,
And judge exactly between sound and voice.

Hail, and proceed ! be arts like ours thy care,
Nor slight those laurels thou wert born to wear :
Adorn and emulate thy glorious line,
Take thy forefathers worth, and give them thine.
Blest with each gift that human hearts can move,
In science blest, but doubly blest in love.

Power, Beauty, Virtue, dignify thy choice,
Each public suffrage, and each private voice.

EPISTLE IV.

TO
MR. POPE.

By the Same.

To move the springs of nature as we please,
To think with spirit, but to write with ease ;
With living words to warm the conscious heart,
Or please the soul with nicer charms of art ;
For this the Grecian soar'd in Epic strains,
And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains :
Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton struck his heavenly lyre.

'Tis your's, like these with curious toil to trace
The powers of language, harmony, and grace ;
How Nature's self with living lustre shines,
How judgment strengthens, and how art refines ;
How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
And force a pleasure which we dare not blame ;
To charm us more through negligence than pains,
And give e'en life and action to the strains :
Led by some law, whose powerful impulse guides
Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides ;

Some fairer image of perfection given
T' inspire mankind, itself deriv'd from heaven.

O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise,
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays !
Add that the Sisters every thought refine,
Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line ;
Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind :
Not critics, but their planets, prove unjust :
And are they blam'd who sin because thy must ?

Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays ;
I cannot rival—and yet dare to praise.
A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage,
Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigor, Virgil's studious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.

So seems some picture, where exact design,
And curious pains, and strength, and sweetness join ;
Where the free thought its pleasing grace bestows,
And each warm stroke with living color glows ;
Soft without weakness, without labor fair,
Wrought up at once with happiness and care !

How blest the man that from the world removes,
To joys that Mordaunt, or his Pope, approves ;

Whose taste exact each author can explore,
And live the present and past ages o'er ;
Who, free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
Moves calmly forward to the verge of life :
Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
To live by reason, and to write by thee !

Nor deem this verse, though humble, a disgrace ;
All are not born the glory of their race :
Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
And trace his footsteps in the paths to fame.
The Muse, who now this early homage pays,
First learn'd from thee to animate her lays :
A Muse as yet unhonor'd, but unstain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd ;
Unbias'd or to censure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend ;
Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

EPISTLE V.

TO

DEAN SWIFT

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY,

WITH PINE'S HORACE FINELY BOUND.

Written by

J. SICAN, M. D.

[IN THE CHARACTER OF HORACE.]

YOU'VE read, Sir, in poetic strain,
How Varrus and the Mantuan Swain
Have on my birth-day been invited
(But I was forc'd in verse to write it)
Upon a plain repast to dine,
And taste my old Campanian wine ;
But I, who all punctilios hate,
Though long familiar with the great,
Nor glory in my reputation,
Am come without an invitation,
And though I'm us'd to right Falernian,
I'll deign for once to taste Iernian ;
But fearing that you might dispute
(Had I put on a common suit,)

My breeding and my politesse,
I visit in a birth-day dress ;
My coat of purest Turkey-red,
With gold embroid'ry richly spread ;
To which I've sure as good pretensions,
As Irish lords who starve on pensions.
What though proud ministers of state
Did at your antichamber wait ;
What though your Oxfords, and your St. John's,
Have at your levee paid attendance ;
And Peterborough and great Ormond,
With many chiefs who now are dormant,
Have laid aside the gen'ral's staff
And public cares, with you to laugh ;
Yet I some friends as good can name,
Nor less the darling sons of fame ;
For sure my Pollio and Maecenas
Were as good statesmen, Mr. Dean, as
Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
Though they made Lewis beg a parley :
And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
I'll match him with my *DRUSIUS* Nero.
You'll boast perhaps your fav'rite Pope ;
But Virgil is as good I hope.
I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Helsham and Delany ;
Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian isle Hippocrates ;
Since Tully liv'd before my time,
And Galen bless'd another clime.



You'll plead perhaps to my request,
To be admitted as a guest,
Your hearing's bad :—But why such fears ?
I speak to eyes, and not to ears ;
And for that reason wisely took
The form you see me in, a book.
Attack'd, by slow-devouring moths,
By rage of barb'rous Huns and Goths,
By Bentley's notes, my deadliest foes,
By Creech's rhimes and Dunster's prose ;
I found my boasted wit and fire
In their rude hands almost expire :
Yet still they but in vain assail'd,
For, had their violence prevail'd,
And in a blast destroy'd my fame,
They would have partly miss'd their aim ;
Since all my spirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age.
'Tis yours to save these small remains
From future pedant's muddy brains,
And fix my long-uncertain fate,
You best know how :—Which way?—Translate.

EPISTLE VI.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE LADY

MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY,

Presented with a Collection of Poems.

BY SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

THE tuneful throng was ever beauty's care,
And verse a tribute sacred to the fair.
Hence in each age the loveliest nymph has been,
By undisputed right, the Muses' queen ;
Her smiles have all poetic bosoms fir'd,
And patroniz'd the verse themselves inspir'd :
LESBIA presided thus in Roman times,
Thus SACCHARISSA reign'd o'er British rhymes,
And present bards to MARGARETTA bow,
For, what they were of old, is HARLEY now.

From OXFORD's house, in these dull busy days,
Alone we hope for patronage, or praise ;
He to our slighted labors still is kind,
Beneath his roof w' are ever sure to find
(Reward sufficient for the world's neglect)
Charms to inspire, and goodness to protect :

Your eyes with rapture animate our lays,
Your sire's kind hand uprears our drooping bays,
Form'd for our glory and support, ye seem,
Our constant patron he, and you our theme.
Where should poetic homage then be pay'd ?
Where every verse, but at your feet be lay'd ?
A double right you to this empire bear,
As first in beauty, and as OXFORD's heir.

Illustrious maid ! in whose sole person join'd
Every perfection of the fair we find,
Charms that might warrant all her sex's pride,
Without one foible of her sex to hide :
Good-nature, artless as the bloom that dies
Her cheeks, and wit as piercing as her eyes.
Oh HARLEY ! could you but these lines approve,
These children sprung from idleness, and love,
Could they (but ah how vain is the design !)
Hope to amuse your hours, as once they've mine,
Th' ill-judging world's applause, and critic's blame
Alike I'd scorn ; your approbation's fame.

EPISTLE VII.

TO

A LADY,

SENT WITH A PRESENT OF
SHELLS AND STONES DESIGNED FOR
A GROTTO.

By the Same.

WITH gifts like these, the spoils of neighb'ring
shores,

The Indian swain his sable love adores,
Off'rings well suited to the dusky shrine
Of his rude goddess, but unworthy mine :
And yet they seem not such a worthless prize,
If nicely view'd by philosophic eyes:
And such are yours, that nature's works admire
With warmth like that, which they themselves in-
spire.

To such how fair appears each grain of sand,
Or humblest weed, as wrought by nature's hand !
How far superior to all human pow'r
Springs the green blade, or buds the painted flow'r !

In all her births, though of the meanest kinds,
A just observer entertainment finds,
With fond delight her low productions sees,
And how she gently rises by degrees ;
A shell, or stone he can with pleasure view,
Hence trace her noblest works, the heav'ns—and you.

Behold how bright these gaudy trifles shine,
The lovely sportings of a hand divine !
See with what art each curious shell is made,
Here carv'd in fret-work, there with pearl inlaid !
What vivid streaks th' enamel'd stones adorn,
Fair as the paintings of the purple morn !
Yet still not half their charms can reach our eyes,
While thus confus'd the sparkling Chaos lies ;
Doubly they'll please, when in your Grotto plac'd,
They plainly speak the fair disposer's taste ;
Then glories yet unseen shall o'er them rise,
New order from your hand, new lustre from your
eyes.

How sweet, how charming, will appear this Grot,
When by your art to full perfection brought !
Here verdant plants, and blooming flow'rs will grow,
There bubbling currents through the shell-work flow ;
Here coral mix'd with shells of various dies,
There polish'd stone will charm our wond'ring eyes ;
Delightful bow'r of bliss ! secure retreat !
Fit for the Muses, and *STATIRA*'s seat.

But still how good must be that fair-one's mind,
Who thus in solitude can pleasure find !
The Muse her company, good-sense her guide,
Resistless charms her pow'r, but not her pride ;
Who thus forsakes the town, the park, and play,
In silent shades to pass her hours away ;
Who better likes to breathe fresh country air,
Than ride imprison'd in a velvet chair,
And makes the warbling nightingale her choice,
Before the thrills of FARINELLI's voice ;
Prefers her books, and conscience void of ill,
To concerts, balls, assemblies, and quadrille :
Sweet bow'rs more pleas'd, than gilded chariots sees,
For groves the play-house quits, and beaus for trees.

Blest is the man, whom heav'n shall grant one
hour,
With such a lovely nymph, in such a lovely bow'r.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO A

LADY,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER

WRITTEN IN A VERY FINE HAND.

By the Same.

WHILST well-wrote lines our wond'ring eyes command,

The beauteous work of CHLOE's artful hand,
Throughout the finish'd piece we see display'd
Th' exactest image of the lovely maid ;
Such is her wit, and such her form divine,
This pure, as flows the style through every line,
That, like each letter, exquisitely fine.

See with what art the sable currents stain
In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain !
Thus o'er the meadows wrap'd in silver snow
Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow ;
Thus jetty curls in shining ringlets deck
The ivory plain of lovely CHLOE's neck :

See, like some virgin, whose unmeaning charms
Receive new lustre from a lover's arms,
The yielding paper's pure, but vacant breast,
By her fair hand and flowing pen impress'd,
At every touch more animated grows,
And with new life and new ideas glows;
Fresh beauties, from the kind defiler gains,
And shines each moment brighter from its stains.

Let mighty Love no longer boast his darts,
That strike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts;
CHLOE, your quill can equal wonders do,
Wound full as sure, and at a distance too:
Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,
From pole to pole you send your great commands;
To distant climes in vain the lover flies,
Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'scapes your eyes;
So those, who from the sword in battle run,
But perish victims to the distant gun.

Beauty's a short-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,
But these are charms no ages can devour;
These, far superior to the brightest face,
Triumph alike o'er time, as well as space,
When that fair form, which thousands now adore,
By years decay'd, shall tyrannize no more,
These lovely lines shall future ages view,
And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.

How oft do I admire with fond delight
The curious piece, and wish like you to write !
Alas, vain hope ! that might as well aspire
To copy PAULO's stroke, or TITIAN's fire :
Ev'n now your splendid lines before me lie,
And I in vain to imitate them try ;
Believe me, fair, I'm practising this art,
To steal your hand, in hopes to steal your heart.

EPISTLE IX.

TO A

LADY,

ON A

LANDSCAPE OF HER DRAWING.

BY MR. PARROT.

BEHOLD the magic of Theresa's hand !
A new creation blooms at her command.
Touch'd into life the vivid colors glow,
Catch the warm stream, and quicken as they flow.
The ravish'd sight the pleasing landscape fills,
Here sink the valleys, and there rise the hills.
Not with more horror nods bleak Calpe's height,
Than here the pictur'd rock astounds the sight.
Not Thames more devious-winding leaves his source,
Than here the wand'ring rivers shape their course.
Obliquely lab'ring runs the gurgling rill ;
Still murm'ring runs, or seems to murmur still.
An aged oak, with hoary moss o'erspread,
Here lifts aloft its venerable head ;

There overshadowing hangs a sacred wood,
And nods inverted in the neighb'ring flood.
Each tree as in its native forest shoots,
And blushing bends with Autumn's golden fruits.
Thy pencil lends the rose a lovelier hue,
And gives the lily fairer to our view.
Here fruits and flow'rs adorn the varied year,
And paradise with all its sweets is here.
There stooping to its fall a tow'r appears,
With tempests shaken, and a weight of years.
The daisied meadow, and the woodland green,
In order rise, and fill the various scene.

Some parts, in light magnificently dress'd,
Obtrusive enter, and stand all confess'd ;
Whilst others decently in shades are thrown,
And by concealing make their beauties known.
Alternate thus and mutual is their aid,
The lights owe half their lustre to the shade.

So the bright fires that light the milky way,
Lost and extinguish'd in the solar ray ;
In the sun's absence pour a flood of light,
And borrow all their brightness from the night.

To cheat our eyes how well dost thou contrive !
Each object here seems real and alive.
Not more resembling life the figures stand,
Form'd by Lycippus, or by Phidias' hand.

Unnumber'd beauties in the piece unite,
Rush on the eye and crowd upon the sight;
At once our wonder and delight you raise,
We view with pleasure, and with rapture praise.

EPISTLE X.

TO
A YOUNG LADY

WHO PAINTS VERY WELL, BUT ALWAYS DRAWS
HER OWN SEX TO DISADVANTAGE.

BY J. WHALEY, M. A.

INGENIOUS Fair, in whose well-mingled dyes,
Reflected charms delight our ravish'd eyes;
On whose soft pencil every beauty waits,
That Nature boasts, or happy Art creates :
Say, when thy fancy prompts thee to display
The blooming flowers that deck the youthful May,
Seek you not all that colors can supply
To cheat our senses, and delude our eye ;
Strives not your every stroke with anxious pain,
The whiteness of the lily to retain ?
Blot you not out the ill-united shades,
If but one tulip on your canvas fades ?
And swells not with a conscious joy your breast,
If in the happy tints you see express'd
The glowing blushes of the rose increast ?

Whence strive you then, to hurt your own fair kind?
How came your injuries to them confin'd ?
Whence dares your pencil offer to disgrace
Such looks as well might hint an Angel's face ?
What secret passion aids thy touch with spite
To darken Chloe's brown, or taint Clarinda's white ?
Say, is it Envy guides thy faithless line ?
Can meagre Envy dwell in breasts like thine ?
With trembling dost thou Caelia's features trace,
Or fear that Mira's smiles should thine disgrace ?

Thy own fair self, mistaken charmer, view,
Learn thy own power, and let thy paint be true.
With kindly care thy happiest colors blend,
And strive what Nature fairest forms to mend :
From Chloe's eye bid keener lightnings flow ;
Teach Caelia's cheeks with softer red to glow :
Still, still, bright Nymph, unrival'd shalt thou shine ;
Thy paint is charming, but thy form divine.

EPISTLE XI.

TO
MISS CHARLOTTE COLLINS,
OF WINCHESTER,

ON HER
DRAWING THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

O matre pulchra, filia pulchrior !

How true the mimic forms appear,
The ebon shield and glitt'ring spear !
The piercing eye, the steady mien,
As erst in Athens she was seen ;
Or rising from her borrow'd guise,
She struck th' astonish'd Grecian's eyes.
And in celestial radiance drest,
The martial goddess stood confest.

With brow indignant and severe,
See Juno, jealous Queen, appear ;
Stern, as when slighted by her God,
She made Heav'n tremble at her nod.
But these are Fancy's airy train,
That fir'd old Homer's epic strain ;
Made heroes fight and deities jar,
And kept alive a ten years war.

Charlotte, thy pencil's skill'd to trace
Superior forms and easier grace :
Why copy then what Fiction drew,
When Nature holds herself to view !
Cease on this Cyprian form to gaze,
And trust thy faithful mirror's rays ;
By its reflected aid, you'll know
More vivid tints, the warmer glow.
The auburn ringlet—brilliant eye—
Dimples—where Loves in ambush lie—
Teeth—as the Ceylon ivory white—
Lips—with the Persian coral dight—
The graceful neck—and swelling breast—
Here Fancy blushing paints the rest.

EPISTLE XII.

TO A
YOUNG LADY,

WITH
FONTENELLE'S PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

BY
EDWARD ROLLE, B. D.

IN this small work, all nature's wonders see,
The soften'd features of philosophy.
In truth by easy steps you here advance,
Truth as diverting as the best romance.
Long had these arts to sages been confin'd,
None saw their beauty, 'till by poring blind ;
By studying spent, like men that cram too full,
From Wisdom's feast they rose not chear'd, but
dull :
The gay and airy smil'd to see 'em grave,
And fled such wisdom like Trophonius' cave.
Justly they thought they might those arts despise,
Which made men sullen, ere they could be wise.

Brought down to sight, with ease you view 'em
here ;
Though deep the bottom, yet the stream is clear.
Your flutt'ring sex still valu'd science less ;
Careless of any but the arts of dress.
Their useless time was idly thrown away
On empty novels, or some new-born play ;
The best, perhaps, a few loose hours might spare
For some unmeaning thing, miscall'd a prayer.
In vain the glitt'ring orbs, each starry night,
With mingling blazes shed a flood of light :
Each nymph with cold indiff'rence saw 'em rise ;
And, taught by fops, to them preferr'd her eyes.
None thought the stars were suns so widely sown,
None dreamt of other worlds, besides our own.
Well might they boast their charms, when every fair
Thought this world all ; and her's the brightest here.
Ah! quit not the large thoughts this book inspires,
For those thin trifles which your sex admires :
Assert your claim to sense, and shew mankind,
That reason is not to themselves confin'd.
The haughty belle, whose beauty's awful shrine
'Twere sacrilege t' imagine not divine,
Who thought so greatly of her eyes before,
Bid her read this, and then be vain no more.
How poor ev'n you, who reign without control,
If we except the beauties of your soul !
Should all beholders feel the same surprise :
Should all who see you, see you with my eyes ;

Were no sick blasts to make that beauty less ;
Should you be what I think, what all confess :
'Tis but a narrow space those charms engage ;
One island only, and not half an age !

EPISTLE XIII.

TO

A FRIEND.

OCCASIONED BY

AN ODE

WRITTEN BY MRS. CATH. PHILIPS.

BY MRS. CARTER.

NARCISSA! still thro' every varying name,
My constant care and bright enlivening theme,
In what soft language shall the Muse declare
The fond extravagance of love sincere?
How all those pleasing sentiments convey
That charm my fancy, when I think on thee?
A theme like this Orinda's thoughts inspir'd,
Nor less by Friendship, than by Genius fir'd.
Then let her happier, more persuasive art
Explain th' agreeing dictates of my heart:
Sweet may her fame to late remembrance bloo
And everlasting laurels shade her tomb,
Whose spotless verse with genuine force expr
The brightest passion of the human breast.

In what blest clime, beneath what favoring skies,
Did thy fair form, propitious Friendship, rise ?
With mystic sense, the poet's tuneful tongue
Urania's birth in glittering fiction sung ;
That Paphos first her smiling presence own'd,
Which wide diffus'd its happy influence round.
With hands united, and with looks serene,
Th' attending graces hail'd their new-born queen ;
The zephyrs round her wav'd their purple wing,
And shed the fragrance of the breathing spring ;
The rosy hours, advanc'd in silent flight,
Led sparkling youth, and ever new delight.
Soft sigh the winds, the waters gently roll,
A purer azure vest the lucid pole,
All nature welcom'd in the beautiful train,
And heaven and earth smil'd conscious of the scene.

But long ere Paphos rose, or poet sung,
In heavenly breasts the sacred passion sprung :
The same bright flames in raptur'd seraphs glow,
As warm consenting tempers here below :
While one attraction, Mortal, Angel, binds,
Virtue, which forms the unison of minds :
Friendship her soft harmonious touch affords,
And gently strikes the sympathetic chords,
Th' agreeing notes in social measures roll,
And the sweet concert flows from soul to soul.

By heaven's enthusiastic impulse taught,
What shining visions rose on Plato's thought !

While by the Muses' gently winding flood,
His searching fancy trac'd the sovereign good !
The laurel'd sisters touch'd the vocal lyre,
And wisdom's goddess led their tuneful choir.
Beneath the genial Plantane's spreading shade,
How sweet the philosophic music play'd !
Thro' all the grove, along the flowery shore,
The charming sounds responsive echoes bore.
Here, from the cares of vulgar life refin'd,
Immortal pleasures open'd on his mind :
In gay succession to his ravish'd eyes
The animating powers of Beauty rise ;
On every object round, above, below,
Quick to the sight her vivid colors glow :
Yet, not to matter's shadowy forms confin'd,
The fair and good he sought remain'd behind ;
Till gradual rising thro' the boundless whole,
He view'd the blooming graces of the soul ;
Where, to the beam of intellectual day,
The genuine charms of moral beauty play :
With pleasing force the strong attractions move
Each finer sense, and tune it into love.

EPISTLE XIV.

TO

MYRTILIS.

THE NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.

BY

SAM. JOHNSON, L. L. D.

MADAM,

LONG have I look'd my tablets o'er,
And find I've much to thank you for ;
Out-standing debts beyond account,
And new—who knows to what amount ?
Tho' small my wealth, not small my soul :
Come, then at once, I'll pay the whole.

Ye Powers ! I'm rich, and will command
The host of slaves that round me stand ;
Come, Indian, quick disclose thy store,
And hither bring Peruvian ore ;
Let yonder negro pierce the main,
The choicest, largest pearl to gain :

Let all my slaves their arts combine
To make the blushing ruby mine,
From eastern thrones the diamonds bear
To sparkle at her breast and ear.
Swift, Scythian, point th' unerring dart,
That strikes the Ermine's little heart,
And search for choicest furs the globe
To make my MYRTILIS a robe.

Ah, no : Yon Indian will not go,
No Scythian deigns to bend his bow.
No sullen Negro shoots the flood.
How, slaves!—Or am I understood ?
All, all, my empty power disown,
I turn and find myself alone ;
'Tis Fancy's vain illusion all,
Nor Moor nor Scythian waits my call.
Can I command, can I consign ?
Alas, what earthly thing is mine ?

Come then, my Muse, companion dear
Of poverty, and soul sincere,
Come dictate to my grateful mind
A gift that may acceptance find ;
Come, gentle Muse, and with thee bear
An offering worthy thee and her ;
And though thy presents be but poor,
My MYRTILIS will ask no more.

An heart that scorns a shameful thing,
With love and verse, is all I bring,
Of love and verse the gift receive,
'Tis all thy servant has to give.

If all whate'er my verse has told,
Golconda's gems, and Afric's gold ;
If all were mine from pole to pole,
How large her share who shares my soul ?
But more than these may Heaven impart ;
Be thine the treasures of the heart ;
Be calm, and glad thy future days
With Virtue's peace, and Virtue's praise.
Let jealous pride, and sleepless Care,
And wasting Grief, and black Despair
And Langour chill, and Anguish fell,
For ever shun thy grove and cell ;
There only may the happy train
Of Love, and Joy, and Peace, remain :
May Plenty, with exhaustless store,
Employ thy hand to feed the poor,
And ever on thy honor'd head
The prayer of Gratitude be shed.

A happy mother may'st thou see
Thy smiling virtuous progeny,
Whose sportful tricks, and airy play,
Fraternal love, and prattle gay,

Or wonderous tale, or joyful song
May lure the lingering hours along,
Till Death arrive, unfelt, unseen,
With gentle pace, and placid mien,
And waft thee to that happy shore,
Where wishes can have place no more.

EPISTLE XV.

TO
A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER PLAYING UPON THE HARPSICHOORD,

In a Room hung with some Flower-Pieces of her own Painting.

By the Same.

WHEN STELLA strikes the tuneful string
In scenes of imitated Spring,
Where beauty lavishes her powers,
On beds of never-fading flowers,
And Pleasure propagates around
Each charm of modulated sound,
Ah! think not in the dangerous hour,
The Nymph fictitious as the flower;
But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the snares of wily love.

When charms thus press on every sense,
What thought of flight, or of defence?
Deceitful Hope, and vain Desire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting, as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye.

And forming, with unerring art,
New chains to hold the captive heart.
But on these regions of delight,
Might Truth intrude with daring flight,
Could STELLA, sprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral song,
Instruction with her flowers might spring,
And Wisdom warble from her string.

Mark, when from thousand mingled dyes,
Thou seest one pleasing form arise,
How active light, and thoughtful shade,
In greater scenes each other aid ;
Mark, when the different notes agree
In friendly contrariety,
How passion's well-accorded strife,
Gives all the harmony of life,
Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,
Consistent still, though not the same,
Thy music teach the nobler art
To tune the regulated heart.

EPISTLE XVI.

TO
MRS. CREWE.

BY THE RIGHT HON.
CHARLES JAMES FOX.

WHERE the loveliest expression to features is join'd,
By nature's most delicate pencil design'd ;
Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart ;
Where in manners, enchanting, no blemish we trace,
But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face ;
Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove,
Defences unequal to shield us from love :
Then tell me, mysterious enchanter, oh, tell !
By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,
My heart is so fenc'd, that for once I am wise,
And gaze without rapture on Amoret's eyes ;
That my wishes, which never were bounded before,
Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more,
I'st reason ? No ; that my whole life will belye,
For who so at variance, as reason and I ?
Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,
Nor allows any softer sensation a part ?

O, no! for in this all the world must agree,
One folly was never sufficient for me.
Is my mind on distress too intensely employ'd,
Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloy'd?
For alike in this only, enjoyment and pain,
Both slacken the springs of those nerves which they
strain.

That I've felt each reverse that from fortune can flow,
That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,
Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,
Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife.
But tho' vers'd in th' extremes both of pleasure and
pain,

I am still but too ready to feel them again :
If, then, for this once in my life, I am free,
And escape from a snare might catch wiser than me ;
'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,
For tho' brightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness that
warms :

As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
But feel not their warmth, tho' their splendor we
praise,

So beauty, our just admiration may claim,
But love, and love only, the heart can enflame.

EPISTLE XVII.

TO THE

RIGHT HON.

HENRY PELHAM.

BY

EDWARD MOORE.

*THE humble Petition of the worshipful Company of Poets
and News-writers,*

SHEWETH,

THAT your honor's petitioners (dealers in rhymes,
And writers of scandal, for mending the times),
By losses in bus'ness, and England's well-doing,
Are sunk in their credit, and verging on ruin.

That these their misfortunes, they humbly conceive,
Arise not from dullness, as some folks believe,
But from rubs in their way, that your honor has laid,
And want of materials to carry on trade.

That they always had form'd high conceits of their
use,
And meant their last breath should go out in abuse;
But now (and they speak it with sorrow and tears),
Since your honor has sate at the helm of affairs,
No party will join 'em, no faction invite
To heed what they say, or to read what they write;
Sedition, and Tumult, and Discord are fled,
And Slander scarce ventures to lift up her head—
In short, public bus'ness is so carry'd on,
That their country is sav'd, and the patriots undone.

To perplex him still more, and sure famine to
bring
(Now satire has lost both its truth and its sting),
If, in spite of their natures, they bungle at praise,
Your honor regards not, and nobody pays.

YOUR Petitioners therefore most humbly entreat
(As times will allow, and your honor thinks meet)
That measures be chang'd, and some cause of com-
plaint
Be immediately furnish'd, and end their restraint;
Their credit thereby, and their trade to retrieve,
That again they may rail, and the nation believe.

Or else (if your wisdom shall deem it all one),
Now the parliament's rising, and bus'ness is done,

That your honor would please, at this dangerous crisis,
To take to your bosom a few private vices;
By which your petitioners, haply, might thrive,
And keep both themselves, and contention alive.

In compassion, good Sir! give 'em something to
say,
And your honor's petitioners ever shall pray.

EPISTLE XVIII.

ON THE ROYAL NUPTIALS.

Addressed to
THE QUEEN.

BY JOSEPH SPENCE, M. A.

At length the gallant navy from afar
Rises in prospect, with expanded wings
Improving the kind gale, so long delay'd ;
And wins in pompous pride her easy way
To Albion's shore, charg'd with the precious freight
Of England's dearest hopes, and George's love.
Not so desir'd, nor with such treasure fraught,
Arrives the wealthy convoy, from the coast
Of Ceylon or Golconda ; laden deep
With spicy drugs, barbaric gems, and gold.
Nor he who circled in his daring course
The globe entire, old Ocean's utmost round,
Brought back so rich a prize, though with the spoils
Of proud Iberia loaded he return'd ;
Or captive in his halsers when he dragg'd
The vanquish'd Gallic fleets ; as now he brings,
More welcome, from Germania's friendly shore.

Hail kindred regions, dear parental soil,
Saxonian plains! where deep Visurgis flows,
Where Leina's doubly-honour'd waters glide,
Where mighty Albis draws his humid train!
England to you with grateful homage pays
Filial obeysance meet: to you she owes
Her name, her tribes, her generous race; to you
Her first, her latest blessings. Forth from you
Issued our sires, old Woden's high-born sons;
Great Woden deem'd a god, with uncouth rites
By his rude offspring worshipp'd: they their course
Adventurous steer'd to these alluring shores.
First Hengist, valiant chief; nor yet less wise
Than valiant: he the Cantian wold obtain'd,
His new domain; yielded by social league,
Or won by fair Rowena's conquering charms.
Next Ella, Cerdic, and th' intrepid race
Of Anglians from Eydora's northern stream,
Pour'd in their numerous hosts: nor British prowess,
Nor Merlin's spells, nor Arthur's puissant sword,
Hight Caliburn, fam'd in romantic tale,
Could long withstand th' impetuous onset bold
Of our great sires in battle. Soon they rais'd
On Britain's ruins seven imperial thrones;
Seven thrones conjoin'd at length in Cerdic's race:
From whose high source the stream of regal blood,
Thro' the long line of English monarchs, flows
Down to th' illustrious house of Lunenbourg,
From antient Brunswick nam'd, (Brunswick, the seat

Primeval of Saxonian chieftains old)
To George, great heir of Anglo-Saxon kings.

And Thou, Saxonia's brightest ornament
Erewhile, now England's boast, and highest pride,
Welcome to these congenial shores ; to this
Ambiguous land, another Saxony.
See thine own people, thy compatriot tribes,
With heart-felt joy, and zealous loud acclaim,
Thy blest arrival hail. Tho' sever'd long
From their original soil, on foreign stock
Tho' grafted, not degenerate : still within
Works the wild vigor of the parent root.
Rough, hardy, brave ; by force intractable,
Or lawless rule ; patient of equal sway ;
With civil freedom tempering regal power.
Be this thy better country ; nor regret
Thy natal plains, tho' dear : here thou shalt find
What largely shall o'erpay thy loss. Lo ! here
Thy Parent, Brother, Friend, all charities
Compris'd in one, thy consort, with fond wish,
Expects thee ; scepter'd George, with every grace
Adorn'd ; yet more renown'd for virtue's praise,
Faith, honor, in green years wisdom mature,
True majesty with awful goodness crown'd.
He shall assuage thy grief : his thoughtful breast,
Studious of England's glory and Europe's weal,
Thou in return shalt sooth with tender smiles,
Endearing blandishment, and equal love.

Nor shall, heaven's gift, fruit of the genial bed
Be wanting ; pledge of public happiness
Secure ; dear source of long domestic joys.
Here shalt thou reign, a second Caroline ;
Diffusing from the throne a milder ray,
Soft beauty's unexpressive influence sweet.
Prompt to relieve th' oppress'd ; to wipe away
The widow's tears ; to call forth modest worth ;
To cherish drooping virtue : patroness
Of science and of arts ; friend to the muse,
Of every grateful muse the favorite theme.

Hail, sovereign lady, dearest dread ! accept
Even now this homage of th' officious muse,
That on the verge extreme of Albion's cliff
With gratulation thy first steps prevents,
Tho' mean, yet ardent ; and salutes thine ear
With kindred accents in Teutonic lays.

EPISTLE XIX.

ON THE
DEATH OF
KING GEORGE THE SECOND,
AND ACCESSION OF
KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
WILLIAM PITT,
[Afterwards Earl of Chatham.]

BEING THE CONCLUDING COPY OF OXFORD VERSES.

BY THOMAS WARTON, B. D.

So stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that Science sheds on Glory's grave !
So pure the vows which classic duty pays
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays !—
O Pitt ! if chosen strains have power to steal
Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal ;
If votive verse, from sacred Isis sent,
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans which ancient Freedom drew,
Awhile with fond attention deign to view
This ample wreath, which all th' assembled Nine
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.

Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause !
Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
The duteous Muse, whose haste officious brings
Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings :
Thy tongue well tutor'd in historic lore,
Can speak her office and her use of yore :
For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
Her harp dispens'd in Graecia's golden days :
Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
She cull'd to deck the guiltless monarch's crown ;
When virtuous Pindar, told with Tuscan gore
How scepter'd Hiero stain'd Sicilia's shore,
Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd
Bright vales where spirits of the brave repos'd :
Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd she sate,
The decent hand-maid, not the slave of state :
Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
To blend the lustre of her country's fame :
For, taught like ours, she dar'd with prudent pride,
Obedience from dependance to divide :
Tho' princes claim'd her tributary lays,
With truth severe she temper'd partial praise ;
Conscious she kept her native dignity,
Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.

And sure if e'er the Muse indulg'd her strains,
With just regard, to grace heroic reigns,
Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
So dear to fame as George's trophied throne ?

At whose firm base, thy stedfast soul aspires
To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires :
Aspires to baffle faction's specious claim,
Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim :
Once more the main her conquering banners sweep,
Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
Thy fix'd resolve renews each fair decree,
That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
Its willing youth the rural empire arms :
Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
March the firm leaders of their faithful swains ;
As erst stout archers from the farm or fold,
Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.
Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
The war of words, the sophistries of state ;
Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine :
For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
To feel, to think, to speak for public good.
In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes ;
One common cause, one common end prescribes ;
Nor fear nor fraud, or spares or screens the foe,
But spirit prompts, and valor strikes the blow.
O Pitt, while honor points thy liberal plan,
And o'er the minister exalts the man,
Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,
Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay ;
For science still is justly fond to blend,
With thine, her practice, principles, and end.

'Tis not for her, by false connections drawn,
At splendid Slavery's sordid shrine to fawn ;
Each native effort of the feeling breast
To friends, to foes, in servile fear, suppress :
'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
The phantom favors of the cringing crew ;
More useful toils her studious hours engage,
And fairer lessons fill her spotless page :
Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
With nobler arts she forms the rising race :
With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
In elder times she woo'd Munificence
To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
And lift her temples nearer to the skies ;
Princes and prelates stretch'd the social band,
To form, diffuse, and fix her high command :
From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek the prize,
From kings, like George, benignant, just, and wise.

Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
This humble present of no partial Muse,
From that calm bower, which nurs'd thy thoughtful
youth

In the pure precepts of Athenian truth :
Where first the form of British Liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye :
That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw :
Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
Which every classic Grace had learn'd to rove)

Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington to feign
The blessings of her visionary reign ;
That reign, which now no more an empty theme,
Adorns philosophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
In full reality this favor'd isle.

EPISTLE XX.

ON THE
MARRIAGE OF
KING GEORGE THE THIRD,
AND
QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

TO THE QUEEN.

By the Same.

WHEN first the kingdom to thy virtues due
Rose from the billowy deep in distant view ;
When Albion's isles, old Ocean's peerless pride,
Tower'd in imperial state above the tide ;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign !

And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat,
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat :
Lo ! this the land where Freedom's sacred rage
Has glow'd untam'd, thro' many a martial age.
Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,
Rear'd on one base the king's, the people's good ;

Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low :
Here wak'd the flame that still superior braves
The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves :
Here chivalry, stern school of valor old,
Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd ;
Heroic champions heard the clarion's call,
And throng'd the board in Edward's banner'd hall ;
While chiefs, like George, approv'd in worth alone,
Unlock'd chaste beauty's adamant zone.
Lo! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
What fertile fields her temperate suns display ;
Where Property secures the conscious swain,
And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain :
Hence ripe with stores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound ;
Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
And future navies crown her darksome hills.
To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold the opulence of hoarded war !
See, from her ports a thousand banners stream,
On every coast her vengeful lightnings gleam !
Mean time, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majesty her cities stand ;
Whose splendid domes, and tradeful streets declare,
Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.

And O! blest queen, if e'er the magic powers
Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours ;

Here Poesy, from awful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
'Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In Druid-songs her solemn spirit breath'd :
While cunning bards, at ancient banquets, sung
Of Paynim foes defy'd, and trophies hung :
Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,
And dress'd in fairy robes a queen like thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with ev'ry living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakspeare drew :
But chief, the mournful group of human woes
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose ;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissu'd vest !
Lo ! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire
High soar'd to steal from heaven a seraph's lyre ;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.
Thine too, majestic bride ! the favor'd clime,
Where Science sits enshrined in roofs sublime——
O mark how green her wood of ancient bays
O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays !
Thither if haply some distinguish'd flower
Of these mix'd blooms, from that ambrosial bower,
Might catch thy glance, and, rich in Nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honor due ;
If seemly gifts the train of Phoebus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's festive day ;
Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain ;

Pleas'd in the Muse's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the scepter'd pall of state aside,
Nor from the shade shall George be long away,
Which claims Charlotta's love, and courts her stay.—

These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace
With rapt reflection Freedom's favorite race !
But tho' the generous isle, in arts and arms,
Thus stands supreme, in Nature's choicest charms ;
Tho' George and conquest guard her sea-girt throne,
One happier blessing still she calls her own ;
And, proud a fresh increase of fame to view,
Crowns all her glory by possessing you.

EPISTLE XXI.

TO

MR. WHITEHEAD,

ON HIS

BEING MADE POET-LAUREAT.

M D CCLVII.

BY RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

'Tis so—though we're surpris'd to hear it :
The laurel is bestow'd on merit.
How hush'd is every envious voice !
Confounded by so just a choice,
Though by prescriptive right prepar'd
To libel the selected bard.

But as you see the statesman's fate
In this our democratic state,
Whom virtue strives in vain to guard
From the rude pamphlet and the card ;
You'll find the demagogues of Pindus
In envy not a jot behind us :
For each Aonian politician
(Whose element is opposition),

Will shew how greatly they surpass us
In gall and wormwood at Parnassus.

Thus as the same detracting spirit
Attends on all distinguish'd merit,
When 'tis your turn, observe, the quarrel
Is not with you, but with the laurel.

Suppose that laurel on your brow,
For cypress chang'd, funereal bough !
See all things take a diff'rent turn !
The very critics sweetly mourn,
And leave their satire's pois'nous sting
In plaintive elegies to sing :
With solemn threnody and dirge
Conduct you to Elysium's verge.
At Westminster the surplic'd dean
'The sad but honorable scene
Prepares. The well-attended herse
Bears you amid the kings of verse.
Each rite observ'd, each duty paid,
Your fame on marble is display'd,
With symbols which your genius suit,
The mask, the buskin, and the flute ;
The laurel crown aloft is hung ;
And o'er the sculptur'd lyre unstrung
Sad allegoric figures leaning—
(How folks will gape to find their meaning !)
And a long epitaph is spread,
Which happy You will never read.

But hold—The change is so inviting
I own, I tremble while I'm writing.
Yet, WHITEHEAD, 'tis too soon to lose you :
Let critics flatter or abuse you,
O! teach us, ere you change the scene
To Stygian banks from Hippocrene,
How free-born bards should strike the strings,
And how a Briton write to kings.

EPISTLE XXII.

TO
MR. GARRICK,

By the Same.

ON old PARNASSUS, t'other day,
The Muses met to sing and play ;
Apart from all the rest were seen
The tragic, and the comic Queen,
Engag'd, perhaps, in deep debate,
On RICH's, or on FLEETWOOD's fate.
When on a sudden, news was brought
That GARRICK had the patent got,
And both their ladyships again
Might now return to Drury-lane.
They bow'd, they simper'd, and agreed
They wish'd the project might succeed.
'Twas very possible, the case
Was likely too and had a face——
A face! THALIA titt'ring cry'd,
And could her joy no longer hide ;
Why, sister, all the world must see
How much this makes for you and me :

No longer now shall we expose
Our unbought goods to empty rows,
Or meanly be oblig'd to court
From foreign aid a weak support ;
No more the poor polluted scene
Shall teem with births of Harlequin :
Or vindicated stage shall feel
The insults of the dancer's heel.
Such idle trash we'll kindly spare
To opera's now—they'll want them there ;
For Sadler's-Wells, they say, this year
Has quite undone their engineer.

Pugh, you're a wag, the buskin'd prude
Reply'd, and smil'd ; besides 'tis rude
To laugh at foreigners, you know,
And triumph o'er a vanquish'd foe :
For my part, I shall be content
If things succeed as they are meant ?
And should not be displeas'd to find
Some changes of the tragic kind.
And say, *THALIA*, mayn't we hope
The stage will take a larger scope ?
Shall he whose all-expressive powers
Can reach the heights that *SHAKSPEARE* soars,
Descend to touch an humbler key,
And tickle ears with poetry ;
Where every tear is taught to flow
Through many line's melodious woe,
And heart-felt pangs of deep distress

Are fritter'd into similes ?
—O thou, whom nature taught the art
To pierce, to cleave, to tear the heart,
Whatever name delight thine ear,
OTHELLO, RICHARD, HAMLET, LEAR,
O undertake my just defence,
And banish all but nature hence !
See, to thy aid with streaming eyes
The fair afflicted *CONSTANCE* flies ;
Now wild as winds in madness tears
Her heaving breasts and scatter'd hairs ;
Or low on earth disdain relief,
With all the conscious pride of grief.
My *PRITCHARD* too in *HAMLET*'s queen—
The goddess of the sportive vein
Here stop'd her short, and with a sneer,
My *PRITCHARD*, if you please, my dear !
Her tragic merit I confess,
But surely mine's her proper dress ;
Behold her there with native ease,
And native spirit, born to please ;
With all *MARIA*'s charms engage,
Or *MILWOOD*'s arts, or *TOUCHWOOD*'s rage,
Through every foible trace the fair,
Or leave the town, and toilet's care
To chaunt in forests unconfin'd,
The wilder notes of *ROSALIND*.

O thou, where'er thou fix thy praise,
BRUTE, DRUGGER, FRIBBLE, RANGER, BAYS!

O join with her in my behalf,
And teach an audience when to laugh:
So shall buffoonis with shame repair
To draw in fools at Smithfield fair,
And real humor charm the age,
Though FALSTAFF should forsake the stage.

She spoke. MELPOMENE reply'd,
And much was said on either side ;
And many a chief, and many a fair,
Were mention'd to their credit there.
But I'll not venture to display
What goddesses think fit to say.
However, GARRICK, this at least
Appears, by both a truth confess'd,
That their whole fate for many a year
But hangs on your paternal care.
A nation's taste depends on you ;
—Perhaps a nation's virtue too.
O think how glorious 'twere to raise
A theatre to virtue's praise ;
Where no indignant blush might rise,
Nor wit be taught to plead for vice :
But every young attentive ear
Imbibe the precepts, living there.
And every unexperienc'd breast
There feel its own rude hints express'd,
And, waken'd by the glowing scene,
Unfold the worth that lurks within.

If possible, be perfect quite ;
A few short rules will guide you right.
Consult your own good sense in all,
Be deaf to fashion's fickle call,
Nor e'er descend from reason's laws
To court what you command, applause.

EPISTLE XXIII.

NATURE

TO

DR. HOADLY,

ON HIS COMEDY OF THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

BY

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

SLY hypocrite ! was this your aim ?
To borrow Paeon's sacred name,
And lurk beneath his graver mien,
To trace the secrets of my reign ?
Did I for this applaud your zeal,
And point out each minuter wheel,
Which finely taught the next to roll,
And made my works one perfect whole ?
For who, but I, 'till you appear'd
To model the dramatic herd,
E'er bade to wond'ring ears and eyes,
Such pleasing intricacies rise ?
Where every part is nicely true,
Yet touches still some master clue ;

Each riddle opening by degrees,
'Till all unravels with such ease,
That only those who will be blind
Can feel one doubt perplex their mind.

Nor was't enough, you thought, to write,
But you must impiously unite
With GARRICK too, who long before
Had stole my whole expressive pow'r.
That changeful Proteus of the stage
Usurps my mirth, my grief, my rage ;
And as his diff'rent parts incline,
Gives joys or pains, sincere as mine.

Yet you shall find (howe'er elate
You triumph in your former cheat)
'Tis not so easy to escape
In Nature's as in Paeon's shape.
For every critic, great or small,
Hates every thing that's natural.
The beaux, and ladies too, can say,
What does he mean ? is this a play ?
We see such people every day.
Nay more, to chafe, and tease your spleen,
And teach you how to steal again,
My very fools shall prove you're bit,
And damn you for your want of wit.

EPISTLE XXIV.

TO
MR. GARRICK,

ON HIS
ERECTING A TEMPLE AND STATUE TO
SHAKSPERE.

BY RICHARD BERENGER, ESQ.

—Viridi in campo signum de marmore ponam
Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Thamæsis, et multa prætexit arundine ripas;
In medio mihi SHAKSPERE erit, templumque tenebit.

WHERE yonder trees rise high in cheerful air,
Where yonder banks eternal verdure wear,
And opening flow'rs diffusing sweets around
Paint with their vivid hues the happy ground;
While Thames majestic rolls the meads between,
And with his silver current crowns the scene:
There GARRICK, satiate of well-earn'd applause,
From crowds and shouting theatres withdraws;
There courts the Muse, turns o'er th' instructive page,
And meditates new triumphs for the stage.
Thine, SHAKSPERE, chief—for thou must ever shine
His pride, his boast, unequall'd and divine.
There too thy vot'ry, to thy merit just,
Hath rais'd the dome, and plac'd thy honor'd bust,

Bidding the pile to future times proclaim
His veneration for thy mighty name.
A place more fit his zeal could never find
Than this fair spot, an emblem of the mind—
As *hill* and *dale* there charm the wond'ring eye,
Such sweet variety thy *scenes* supply—
Like the tall trees sublime thy genius tow'rs,
Sprightly thy fancy, as the opening flow'rs ;
While, copious as the tide Thames pours along,
Flow the sweet numbers of thy heav'nly song,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong—
Look down, great shade, with pride this tribute see
The hand that pays it makes it worthy thee—
As fam'd Apelles was allow'd alone
To paint the form august of Philip's son,
None but a GARRICK can, O bard divine !
Lay a *fit* offering on thy hallow'd shrine. .
To speak thy worth is his peculiar boast,
He best can tell it, for he feels it most.
Blest bard ! thy fame through every age shall grov
Till *Nature* cease to charm, or Thames to flow.
Thou too, with him, whose fame thy talents raise,
Shalt share our wonder, and divide our praise ;
Blended with this thy merits rise to view,
And half thy SHAKSPERE's fame to thee is due :
Unless the actor with the bard conspire,
How impotent his strength, how faint his fire !
One boasts the *mine*, one brings the gold to *light*,
And the Muse triumphs in the Actor's *might* ;
Too weak to give her own conceptions birth,

Till all-expressive *Ælion* call them forth.
Thus the sweet pipe, mute in itself, no sound
Sends forth, nor breathes its pleasing notes around ;
But if some swain, with happy skill endu'd,
Inspire with animating breath the wood,
Wak'd into voice, it pours its tuneful strains,
The harmony divine enchants the plains.

Quod spiro, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.— HOR.

EPISTLE XXV.

TO

MR. GARRICK.

ON

RECEIVING HIS PORTRAIT, PAINTED BY
MR. DANCE.

GARRICK! whate'er resembles thee
Must ever claim regard from me ;
Well pleas'd I view thy counter part,
And highly praise the Painter's art.

Arduous the task is, great the merit,
To represent that fire and spirit,
Those piercing eyes, that speaking face,
That form, compos'd of ease and grace :——
All this I feel ;——could feelings do,
Then I should be a Painter too ;
I should draw GARRICK, and perchance
Produce a work, t' outrival DANCE.

But GARRICK, sure thou need'st not send
A gift of this sort to thy friend,

As if that friend requir'd to see
Something to make him think of thee.

Whoe'er has seen thy wond'rous pow'rs,
Whoe'er has shar'd thy social hours,
Can he, can such a one forget
Thy native humor, sterling wit ?
No, GARRICK—he must surely find,
Deeply imprinted on his mind,
In such warm tints thy form and face,
No time or distance can efface.

EPISTLE XXVI.

TO
DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

AT
MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

BY THE LATE
EARL OF CHATHAM.

LEAVE, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay,
Docks, forts, and navies, brightening all the bay :
To my plain roof repair, primaeval seat !
Yet there no wonders your quick eye can meet,
Save, should you deem it wonderful to find
Ambition cur'd, and an unpassion'd mind ;
A statesman without power, and without gall,
Hating no courtiers, happier than them all ;
Bow'd to no yoke, nor crouching for applause ;
Votary alone to freedom and the laws.
Herds, flocks, and smiling Ceres deck our plain,
And, interspers'd, an heart-enlivening train
Of sportive children frolic o'er the green ;
Meantime pure Love looks on, and consecrates the
scene.

Come, then, immortal Spirit of the stage,
Great Nature's proxy, glass of every age !
Come, taste the simple life of Patriarchs old,
Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp or
gold.

EPISTLE XXVII.

MR. GARRICK',

ANSWER.

WHEN Peleus' son, untaught to yield,
Wrathful forsook the hostile field,
His breast still warm with heavenly fire,
He tun'd the lay, and swept the lyre.

So Chatham, whose exalted soul
Pervaded and inspir'd the whole,
Where far, by martial glory led,
Britain her sails and banners spread,
Retires (though Wisdom's God dissuades)
And seeks repose in rural shades :
Yet thither comes the God confess'd ;
Celestial form ! a well-known guest.

Nor slow he moves with solemn air,
Not on his brow hangs pensive care ;
Nor in his hand th' historic page
Gives lessons to experienc'd age,
As when in vengeful ire he rose,
And plann'd the fate of Britain's foes,

While the wing'd Hours obedient stand,
And instant speed the dread command.

Chearful he came, all blythe and gay,
Fair blooming like the son of May ;
Adown his radiant shoulder hung
A harp, by all the Muses strung :
Smiling he to his friend resign'd
This soother of the human mind.

EPISTLE XXVIII.

UPON

MR. MASON's

TAKING ORDERS.

BY MR. GARRICK.

To Holderness, the Muses three,
Of Painting, Music, Poetry,
To him, their long-lov'd patron, friend,
In grievous pet this letter send——

Give ear, my Lord, while we complain,
Our sex to you ne'er sigh'd in vain.
'Tis said—A youth by you befriended,
Whom to your smiles we recommended ;
Seduc'd by you, abjures our charms,
And flies for ever from our arms !
Could D'Arcy, whom we lov'd, caress'd,
In whose protection we were bless'd,
Could he, to whom our Sire imparts
That secret rare to taste our arts,
Could he, ungrateful, and unkind !
From us estrange our Mason's mind ?

Could he, who serves and loves the nation,
So little weigh its reputation,
As in this scarcity of merit,
To damp with grace poetic spirit :
But be assur'd your scheme is vain—
He must, he shall be ours again :
Nor crape nor lawn shall quench his fires,
We'll fill his breast with new desires ;
In vain you plead his ordination,
His cassock, gown, and grave vocation,
Whate'er he now has sworn, he swore,
With stronger zeal to us before :
He pass'd our forms of consecration,
His lips receiv'd our inspiration ;
To him were all our rites reveal'd,
From him no myst'ry was conceal'd—
Each kindred pow'r obey'd our call,
And grac'd the solemn festival !
The Loves forsook their Cyprian bow'rs,
And round his temples wreath'd their flow'rs ;
The Graces danc'd their mystic maze,
Our Father struck him with his rays ;
And all our Sisters one by one,
Gave him full draughts of Helicon !
Thus bound our servant at the shrine,
Ordain'd he was, and made divine.

EPISTLE XXIX.

TO

MR. GARRICK,

ON MEETING HIM AT MR. RIGBY'S.

BY

CHRISTOPHER ANSTET, ESQ.

THROUGH ev'ry part, of grief or mirth,
To which the mimic stage gives birth,
I ne'er as yet, with truth could tell,
Where most your various pow'rs excel.
Sometimes amidst the laughing scene,
Blithe Comedy, with jocund mien,
By you in livelier colors drest,
With transport clasp'd you to her breast :
As oft the buskin'd Muse appear'd,
With awful brow her sceptre rear'd ;
Recounted all your laurels won,
And claim'd you for her darling son.
Thus each contending goddess strove,
And each the fairest garland wove.

But which fair Nymph could justly boast
Her beauties had engag'd you most,
I doubted much ; 'till, t'other day,
Kind Fortune threw me in your way ;
Where, 'midst the friendly joys that wait
Philander's hospitable gate,
Freedom and genuine mirth I found,
Sporting the jovial board around.
'Twas there with keen, tho' polish'd, jest,
You sat, a pleas'd and pleasing guest ;
With social ease a part sustain'd,
More humorous far than e'er you feign'd.
" Take him, I cry'd, bright comic Maid,
In all your native charms array'd ;
No longer shall my doubts appear :"
When Clio whisper'd in my ear,
" Go, bid it be no more disputed,
For what his talents best are suited ;
In mimic characters alone
Let others shine—but Garrick in his own."

EPISTLE XXX.

MR. GARRICK'S,

ANSWER.

As late at Comus' court I sat,
(Observe me well, I mean not that
Where ribaldry in triumph sits,
Delighting lords, and 'squires, and cits ;
But there, where mirth and taste combine,
And Rigby gives more wit than wine)
Suspended for a while the joke,
With rapture of your muse we spoke ;
But all blam'd me, cry'd out, oh! fye !
What ! send to verse a prose reply ?
My friend, the Colonel, made the attack,
And wicked Calvert clapp'd his back.
Nay, Pottinger, tho' low in feather,
And somewhat ruffled by the weather,
Would peck and crow ; and Madam Hale
Flew at my manners tooth and nail.
What ! send to Anstey such dull stuff ?
'Twas modesty, dear Hale ; don't huff.
Cou'd I but rhyme as much as you,
And think that much as charming too,

I'd write, and write again ; I care not ;
But, as I feel, indeed I dare not.
Then Cox let loose his silver tongue ;
O d—n it, David, you are wrong.
While independent Plummer cry'd,
He'd not vote plump on either side.
E'en Boon, who ne'er inclines to satire,
With modest sense and much good nature,
Cou'd not but say there was some blame,
And sweet Eliza blush'd the same.
My wife look'd grave, but made it known
The right to vex me was her own.
Our landlord shook his sides and shoulders,
Both at the scolded and the scolders :
For that to him is always best,
Which raises and supports the jest.
No baited bear was e'er so worry'd ;
I took my hat, and home I hurry'd,
Resolv'd, as well as I was able,
To ask your pardon in a Fable ;
The best excuse my prudence knows,
For answ'ring your choice verse in prose.

A monkey of the sprightly kind
Could mock and mimic half mankind :
Cou'd twist him to a thousand shapes ;
In short, a perfect jackanapes.
As once our mimic Pug display'd
His talents in the summer shade,

By chance a nightingale was there,
Well pleas'd the farce to see and hear.
His joy began his notes to raise;
He warbled forth the monkey's praise.
Pug, too much flatter'd, thought it wrong,
Not to return his thanks in song;
And such a fit of squalling took him,
Beasts, birds, and nightingale forsook him.
An owl, who in a hole was dreaming,
Was rais'd at once with all this screaming;
Who-o-hoo! hoo! neighbour, curse your clatter!
Zounds! are you murder'd? what's the matter?
The monkey to his senses brought,
And must'ring what he had of thought,
Told to the owl his silly tale,
How he had scar'd the nightingale.
Grave Madge began to roll her eyes,
And being what she seem'd, most wise,
Thus spoke—Thou empty-headed thing,
Skip, grin, and chatter—never sing,
Wou'd you, without a voice, or ear,
Tune up, when Philomel is near?
Nature her pleasure has made known,
That nightingales shou'd sing alone.

EPISTLE XXXI.

TO

COLONEL CLIVE,

[Afterwards Lord]

ON HIS ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.

GREAT, as from Porus' conquest, Philip's son,
Glorious as Cortez from new Indies won,
'Midst trumpets loud acclaim, and cannons roar,
Welcome, illustrious Clive, to Britain's shore.
From eastern dawning, swift as Phoebus' rays,
We now behold thy full meridian blaze.
Proud of that chief, at whose impetuous course
Old Ganges trembled to his distant source ;
Who, like fam'd Warwick, master of the crown,
On loftiest Nabobs look'd superior down,
And made the fierce Mogul, with conscious fear,
Startle, and deem a second Nadir near.
To thee her safety twice Bengalia owes,
Alike from Indian, and Batavian foes ;
Hence in no dungeon now her sons remain,
Nor of a new Amboyna's fate complain !

And see ! with wreaths by glorious toils acquir'd,
Kind heaven rewards the genius it inspir'd ;
Bestows thee all thy fondest wish could claim,
Unenvied fortune, and unspotted fame ;
Thy aged sire's embrace, thy sovereign's praise,
And from a stranger-muse unpurchas'd lays.

EPISTLE XXXII.

DENNIS

TO

MR. THOMSON,

Who had procured him a Benefit-Night.

REFLECTING on thy worth, methinks I find
Thy varied Seasons in their author's mind.
Spring opes her blossoms, various as thy Muse,
And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.
Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
Winter—but that no semblance takes from thee;
That hoary season yields a type of me.
Shatter'd by time's bleak storms I withering lay,
Leafless, and whitening in a cold decay!
Yet shall my propless ivy, pale and bent,
Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

EPISTLE XXXIII.

TO
SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON
SEEING HIS PICTURE OF
MR. DRYDEN,
Drawn with the Rays in his Hand.

BY
BAINBRIGG BUCKEREDGE, ESQ.

NAY, sure 'tis he! the living colors move,
And strike our souls with wonder and with love!
Has his soft lyre dissolv'd Death's fatal chain,
And given our Orpheus to the world again?
Such is thy art, great Kneller, as relieves
His mourning friends, and into joy deceives.
They who beneath the heaviest sorrow bend,
Who grieve not for the Poet, but the Friend.
When they behold this piece, their tears restrain,
And doubt a while if they lament in vain.
So those whom Fate destroys, thy hand can save,
And lengthen out a life beyond the grave.

Oh! do thou place on Dryden's learned brow
The sacred bays ; for none dare envy now.
Thus He to future ages shall be shown,
Immortal in Thy Works, as in His Own.

EPISTLE XXXIV.

TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

PARDON, great Duke, if Britain's style delights;
Or, if the Imperial title more invites,
Pardon, great Prince! the failings of a Muse,
That dares not hope for more than your excuse,
Forc'd at a distance to attempt your praise,
And sing your victories in mournful lays,
To cast in shadows, and allay the light
That wounds with nearer rays the dazzled sight,
Nor durst in a direct and open strain
Such acts with her unhallow'd notes prophane :
In towering verse let meaner heroes grow,
And to elaborate lines their greatness owe ;
Your actions, own'd by every nation, want
Praises no greater than a foe may grant.

Oh! when shall Europe, by her Marlborough's
sword,
To lasting peace and liberty restor'd,
Allow her weary Champion a retreat,
To his lov'd country and his rising seat ?

Where your soft partner, far from martial noise,
Your cares shall sweeten with domestic joys :
Your conquests she with doubtful pleasure hears,
And in the midst of every triumph fears ;
Betwixt her Queen and You divides her life,
A Friend obsequious, and a faithful Wife.

Hail, Woodstock ! hail, ye celebrated glades !
Grow fast, ye woods ! and flourish thick, ye shades !
Ye rising towers, for your new Lord prepare,
Like your old Henry, come from Gallia's war.
The General's arms as far the King's o'erpower,
As this new structure does surpass the bower.

The pleasing prospects and romantic scite,
The spacious compass, and the stately height,
The painted gardens, in their flowery prime,
Demand whole volumes of immortal rhyme ;
And, if the Muse would second the design,
Mean as they are, should in my numbers shine ;
There live the joy and wonder of our isles,
Happy in Albion's love and Anna's smiles.

While, from the Godlike race of Churchill born,
Four beauteous Rosamonds this bower adorn,
Who with the ancient Syren of the place
In charms might vie and every blooming grace ;
But, bless'd with equal virtues had she been,
Like them she had been favour'd by the Queen,

Whom your high merit, and their own, prefers
To all the worthiest beds of England's Peers.

Thus the great Eagle, when Heaven's wars are
o'er,
And the loud thunder has forgot to roar,
Jove's fires laid by, with those of Venus burns,
To his forsaken mate and shades returns ;
On some proud tree more sacred than the rest,
With curious art he builds his spacious nest ;
In the warm sun lies basking all the day,
While round their Sire the generous Eaglets play ;
Their Sire, well pleas'd to see the noble brood
Fill all the loftiest cedars of the wood.

EPISTLE XXXV.

TO

LORD CARTERET,

[Afterwards Earl Granville.]

PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

BY GEO. SEWELL, M. D.

“-----Animæ, quales non candidiores

“Terra tulit-----”

Hor.

SURE there's a fate in excellence, too strong
To struggle with the mortal fabric long;
Whether the weaken'd springs of life decay,
As active thoughts their energy display;
Or the Soul, scornful of her seat, aspires
And, like a guest unsatisfy'd, retires.
Or is Earth robb'd by a resuming Sky,
Only to show it can as fast supply?
Here scythe-arm'd Death the full-grown Virtues
 mows,
There the restoring hand of Plenty sows:
Thus patriots die, and patriots mount the sphere,
As some stars set, that others may appear.

Give me profuse of tears o'er Craggs to mourn,
And, grateful, consecrate the much-lov'd urn.
Severe Disease! what power shall mock thy speed,
Elusive of the skilful hand of Mead ?
Yet was his course complete, though finish'd soon ;
His sun was strong, though darken'd in its noon.
O may no tongue profane thy tomb invade,
Nor envy posthumous pursue thy shade !
Fair shine thy fame, and be thy praises just,
And mix with Addison's thy social dust !
The sweet-tongu'd Addison, whose happy vein
First rival'd, Plato, thy immortal strain ;
Though Tully with a strong resemblance vy'd,
And Lewis crowded Academies try'd.
Illustrious friends ! (if this poor verse can give
Life to your names) your friendly names shall live,
Long as the structure that your urns contains,
Or liberty with George's line remains.

Who thinks of liberty, but Stanhope's name
Beats in his breast, and sets his soul on flame ?
O much-lamented Ghost ! thy virtues show
Like stars which through yon azure convex glow ;
A beauteous train, that speak the power divine,
And strong in brightness, as in number shine.
Grant Heaven some influence from his ashes dart,
To warm and actuate each British heart !
Divide his gifts ! This be the Warrior's heir,
Here let the Statesman, there the Scholar share :

In him were all these various prospects crost,
And future Marlboroughs and Godolphins lost.

Nor thou, O Carteret, with a frown disdain
The Muse that tunes this melancholy strain ;
For who the virtuous grave with incense strows,
The fairest mark to living merit shows.
To count our loss, is only to foresee
What the demanding age expects from thee.
Then let it give its proudest wishes scope,
Thy deeds shall justify its boldest hope.

What is the dark-drawn scene of life supine ?
A dream of entity without design,
A useless space 'twixt Nature's rise and fall,
Forgetting all things, and forgot of all ?
What is the land of sciences when past ?
A wild of thistles, or a barren waste ;
Or vainly wordy, fruitful of dispute ;
Or deep-reserv'd, unprofitably mute.
Few, very few, have on this dross refin'd,
To polish nations, and improve mankind.
These too at mighty distances are seen,
And many a lazy age must pass between.
Fate various eras mix'd, and doubtful draws
Between a Solon's and a Parker's laws.
From our first William's trace to George's days,
Few Walsinghams, and fewer Carterets blaze.

Thee, early ripe, with every grace endued,
The Muses with an eye of blessing view'd :
They form'd thy manners ductile to the lyre,
And bade thee to the noblest seats aspire :
Hence wit and elegance of spirit flow'd,
And the sweet habitude of doing good.
As in the seed to curious eyes appear
The gay unfolded beauties of the year,
The future grove looks green in lesser lines,
And the next harvest in its nonage shines :
The statesman thus was figur'd in thy prime,
And waited but the ripening hour of Time ;
Nor waited long ; thy Genius took a flight,
Out-wing'd thy years, and hasten'd to its height.
As the sun's rays the wakening plants prepare,
As the wing'd whirlwind moves the passive air,
Such is the Genius to the human frame,
An active, vital, and dilating flame,
That mounts beyond the view of vulgar reach,
And puts the principles of life on stretch.

Such, Carteret, in thy breast thy Monarch saw,
And sent thee forth to give rough nations law ;
Long-harrass'd Sweden with new life to chear,
And bid War rest upon his iron spear.
Mad waste of rage ! how wide thy vengeance flew,
Nor breathing respite of the seasons knew ;
The Summer meadow, and the Winter flood,
Only distinguish'd by degrees of blood.

The plunderer's hand consuming unrestrain'd,
As jealous of her store, ev'n Nature drain'd ;
Her surface wasted, deeper still engag'd,
And in the centre of her treasure rag'd.
Then timely, Carteret, rose thy peaceful star,
To calm the Dane, and check the fiercer Czar :
What hand soe'er shall fix the great design,
The first plantation of that Olive's thine.

Now in thy councils let thy country share ;
She best deserves, and most will bless thy care :
An age in faction and corruption lost,
And only haunted by dead Virtue's ghost,
Asks a Lycurgus to correct the times,
And Draco's sentences for unmatch'd crimes.
The shatter'd state, though fearful of her doom,
Sees a new light break chearful through the gloom ;
And still secure the public vessel rides,
While Carteret ministers, and George presides.

EPISTLE XXXVI.

ON

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,

BIRTH-DAY,

Aug. the 26th.

BY

The Honorable

GEORGE DODDINGTON,

[Afterwards Lord Melcombe.]

ALL hail, auspicious day, whose wish'd return
Bids every breast with grateful ardor burn ;
While pleas'd Britannia that great man surveys
The Prince may trust, and yet the People praise :
One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease,
One born to serve us, and yet born to please ;
His soul capacious, yet his judgment clear,
His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere :
His counsels guide, his temper cheers our isle,
And smiling gives three kingdoms cause to smile.
August, how bright thy golden scenes appear,
Thou fairest daughter of the various year !
On thee the sun with all his ardor glows,
On thee in dowry all its fruits bestows ;

The greatest Prince, the foremost son of fame,
To thee bequeath'd the glories of his name ;
Nature and Fortune thee their darling chose,
Nor could they grace thee more, 'till Walpole rose.
By steps to mighty things Fate makes her way,
The Sun and Caesar but prepar'd this day.

EPISTLE XXXVII.

TO
HIS GRACE THE
DUKE OF ARGYLL,

UPON READING THE PREAMBLE TO THE PATENT,
Creating him
DUKE OF GREENWICH.

BY
MR. POPE.

MINDLESS of fate, in these low vile abodes,
Tyrants have oft usurp'd the style of gods;
But that the mortal may be thought divine,
The herald straight new modell'd all his line;
And venal priest, with well-dissembled lie,
Preambled to the crowd the mimic Deity.
Not so great Saturn's son, imperial Jove,
He reigns unquestion'd in his realms above;
No title from descent he need infer,
His red right arm proclaims the thunderer.
This, Campbell, be thy pride, illustrious peer,
Alike to shine distinguish'd in thy sphere.
All merit but thine own thou may'st disdain,
And kings have been thine ancestors in vain.

EPISTLE XXXVIII.

TO THE AUTHOR

OF A
PANEGYRIC

ON
MRS. GRACE BUTLER,

WHO DIED AGED LXXXVI.

SUPPOSED FROM HER SPIRIT.

By the Same.

STRIPT to the naked soul, escap'd from clay,
From doubts unfetter'd, and dissolv'd in day;
Unwarm'd by vanity; unreach'd by strife;
And all my hopes and fears thrown off with life,
Why am I charm'd by friendship's fond essays,
And, tho' unbodied, conscious of thy praise?
Has pride a portion in the parted soul?
Does passion still the formless mind control?
Can gratitude out-pant the silent breath?
Or a friend's sorrow pierce the glooms of death?

No,—'tis a spirit's nobler taste of bliss !
That feels the worth it left, in proofs like this ;
That not its own applause, but thine, approves ;
Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves !
Who liv'st, to crown departed friends with fame !
Then, dying late, shalt all thou gav'st reclaim.

EPISTLE XXXIX.

BY THE
RIGHT HONORABLE THE
EARL OF CARLISLE,

ON HIS
SCHOOLFELLOWS WHILE AT ETON.

IN youth, 'tis said, you easily may scan,
Strong stamp'd, the outlines of the future man ;
This maxim true, how bright will St. John shine,
Form'd by the hand of all the tuneful Nine !
If not to careless indolence a prey,
How will whole nations listen to his lay !

Say, will Fitzwilliam ever want a heart
Cheerful, his ready blessings to impart ?
Will not another's woe his bosom share,
The widow's sorrow, and the orphan's prayer ?
Who aids the old, who soothes the mother's cry,
Who wipes the tear from off the virgin's eye ?
Who feeds the hungry ? who assists the lame ?
All, all re-echo with Fitzwilliam's name.
Thou know'st I hate to flatter, yet in thee
No fault, my friend, no single speck I see.

Nor, if alike my former maxims true,
Shall e'er ill-nature tinge thy heart, Buccleugh;
Shall deep remorse thy honest bosom tear,
Disdainful anger, or corroding care;
Shall e'er ambition dissipate that smile,
Disturb that heart, so free from every guile:
Sooner to Bute shall Temple bend his knee,
And * or * * pious Christians be.

How will my Fox, alone, thy strength of parts,
Shake the loud senate, animate the hearts
Of fearful statesmen? while around you stand
Both peers and commons listening your command;
While Tully's sense its weight to you affords,
His nervous sweetness shall adorn your words:
What praise to Pitt, to Townshend e'er was due,
In future times, my Fox, shall wait on you.

Mild as the dew that whitens yonder plain,
Legge shines serenest 'midst your youthful train;
He whom the search of Fame with rapture moves,
Disdains the pedant, tho' the muse he loves;
By nature form'd with modesty to please,
And join'd with wisdom unaffected ease.

Will e'er Ophaly, consciously unjust,
Revoke his promise, or betray his trust?
What, tho' perhaps with warmer zeal he'd hear
The echoing horn, the sportsman's hearty cheer,

Than god-like Homer's elevated song ;
Loud as the torrent, as the billows strong ;
Cast o'er this fault a friendly veil, you'll find
A friendly, social, and ingenuous mind.

Witness, ye Naiads, and ye guardian powers,
Who sit sublime on Henry's lofty towers ;
Witness if e'er I saw thy open brow,
Sunk in despair, or sadden'd into woe,
Well-natur'd Stavordale—the task is thine
Foremost in pleasure's festive band to shine :
Say, wilt thou pass alone the midnight hour,
Studious the depths of Plato to explore ?
To lighter subjects shall thy soul give way,
Nor heed what grave philosophers shall say ?
The god of mirth shall list thee in his train,
A cheerful vot'ry, and the foe of pain.

Whether I Storer sing in hours of joy,
When every look bespeaks the inward boy ;
Or when no more mirth wantons in his breast,
And all the man appears in him confest ;
In mirth, in sadness, sing him how I will,
Sense and good-nature must attend him still.

EPISTLE XL.

TO THE
EARL OF CARLISLE,

OCCASIONED BY THE PRECEDING.

MY Lord, your verses, penn'd with so much ease,
The fair, the young, and ev'n the critics please ;
Such solid sense, and grace, and judgment meet,
We add the epithet of Strong to Sweet.
That some are peers by stars and strings we find ;
You, by intrinsic nobleness of mind ;
Fair Fancy's manly strokes your lines adorn ;
We truly may pronounce you, poet born :
And if in youth your genius we may scan,
How will it glow, and brighten in the man !
True sings the bard, that one well-natur'd deed,
Does all desert in sciences exceed :
And if, my Lord, from what you write, we guess,
Yourself those virtues, which you paint, possess :

The sense of St. John, Fox, and Legge's your
due,

The sweetness of unblameable Buccleugh;
Ophaly's honor, Stavordale's desert,
Storer's good-nature, and Fitzwilliam's heart.

EPISTLE XLI.

TO
MR. CONGREVE,

OCCASIONED BY HIS
"WAY OF THE WORLD."

BY MR. STEELE.

[Afterwards Sir Richard.]

WHEN Pleasure's falling to the low delight,
In the vain joys of the uncertain sight ;
No sense of Wit when rude spectators know,
But in distorted gesture, farce and show ;
How could, great Author, your aspiring mind,
Dare to write only to the few refin'd !
Yet, though that nice ambition you pursue,
'Tis not in Congreve's power to please but few.
Implicitly devoted to his fame,
Well-dress'd Barbarians know his awful name ;
Though senseless they're of mirth, but when they
 laugh,
As they feel wine, but when, till drunk, they quaff.

On you, from Fate, a lavish portion fell,
In every way of writing to excell.

Your Muse applause to Arabella brings,
In notes as sweet as Arabella sings.
Whene'er you draw an undissembled woe,
With sweet distress your rural numbers flow ;
Pastora's the complaint of every swain,
Pastora still the echo of the plain !
Or, if your Muse describe, with warming force,
The wounded Frenchman falling from his horse ;
And her own William, glorious in the strife,
Bestowing on the prostrate foe his life :
You the great act as generously rehearse,
And all the English fury's in your verse.

By your selected scenes and handsome choice,
Ennobled Comedy exalts her voice ;
You check unjust esteem and fond desire,
And teach to scorn what else we should admire ;
The just impression taught by you we bear,
The player acts the world, the world the player,
Whom still that world unjustly disesteems,
Though he alone professes what he seems.

But, when your Muse assumes her tragic part,
She conquers and she reigns in every heart ;
To mourn with her, men cheat their private woe,
And generous pity's all the grief they know ;
The widow, who, impatient of delay,
From the town joys must mask it to the play,
Joins with your Mourning-Bride's resistless moan,
And weeps a loss she slighted when her own.

You give us torment, and you give us ease,
And vary our affections as you please ;
Is not a heart so kind as yours in pain,
To load your friends with cares you only feign ;
Your friends in grief, compos'd yourself, to leave ?
But 'tis the only way you 'll e'er deceive.
Then still, great Sir, your moving power employ,
To lull our sorrow, and correct our joy.

EPISTLE XLII.

TO THE
AUTHOR OF CLARISSA.

BY
JOHN DUNCOMBE, A. M.

IF, 'mid their round of pleasure, to convey
An useful lesson to the young and gay ;
To swell their eyes with pearly drops, and share,
With cards and dress, the converse of the fair :
If, with the boasted bards of classic age,
Th' attention of the learned to engage,
And in the bosom of the rake to raise
A tender, social feeling—merit praise ;
The gay, the fair, the learn'd, even rakes, agree
To give that praise to nature, truth, and thee.

Transported now to Harlowe-Place, we view
Thy matchless maid her godlike tasks pursue ;
Visit the sick or needy, and bestow
Drugs to relieve, or words to soften woe ;
Or, with the pious Lewen, hear her soar

Hinges unarm'd by female minds before.
 When the wretched she pleas'd retires,
 And with light touch the trembling keys inspires:
 With waken'd Philomel no more complains,
 But Antiope listens to her sweeter strains.

Now a total contrast in each gloomy shade
 Remains the wailing swain, or weeping maid;
 And thus, as the tolling bell
 Proclaims the funeral, the page fails to tell.
 The dirge appears,
 And renews their tears:
 The verdant meads,
 Where the funeral pomp proceeds:
 The hearth's encumber'd ground,
 With a rumbling sound:
 The fearful eyes declare
 The horse, the horse, is here!

Now the anxious heart,
 The soul's sad part,
 With breathless haste,
 And tender embrace'd;
 The broken strains,
 The friend's re-
 verse, despair,
 The friend's re-
 verse, despair,
 The friend's re-

By shame and sorrow equally oppress,
The sister wrings her hands, and beats her breast.
With streaming eyes, too late, the mother blames
Her tame submission to the tyrant James :
Even he, the gloomy father, o'er the herse
Laments his rashness, and recalls his curse.
And thus each parent, who, with haughty sway,
Expects his child to tremble and obey ;
Who hopes his power by rigor to maintain,
And meanly worships at the shrine of gain ;
Shall mourn his error, and, repenting, own,
That bliss can ne'er depend on wealth alone.
Riches may charm, and pageantry invite :
But what are these, unless the minds unite ?
Drive then insatiate avarice from your breast,
Nor think a Solmes can make Clarissa blest.

And you, ye fair, the wish of every heart,
Tho' grac'd by nature, and adorn'd by art,
Tho' sprightly youth its vernal bloom bestow,
And on your cheeks the blush of beauty glow,
Here see how soon those roses of a day,
Nipt by a frost, fade, wither, and decay !
Nor youth nor beauty could Clarissa save,
Snatch'd to an early, not untimely grave.
But still her own unshaken innocence,
Spotless and pure, unconscious of offence,
In the dread hour of death her bosom warm'd
With more than manly courage, and disarm'd

The griesly king : in vain the tyrant tried
His awful terrors—for she smil'd, and died.

You too, ye libertines, who idly jest
With virtue wrong'd, and innocence distress ;
Who vainly boast of what should be your shame,
And triumph in the wreck of female fame ;
Be warn'd, like Belford, and behold, with dread,
The hand of vengeance hovering o'er your head !
If not, in Belton's agonies you view
What dying horrors are reserv'd for you.

In vain even Lovelace, healthy, young, and gay,
By nature form'd to please, and to betray,
Tried from himself, by change of place, to run ;
For that intruder, Thought, he could not shun.
Tasteless were all the pleasures that he view'd
In foreign courts ; for conscience still pursu'd :
The lost Clarissa each succeeding night,
In starry garment, swims before his sight ;
Nor ease by day her shrill complaints afford,
But far more deeply wound than Morden's sword.

O ! if a sage had thus on Attic plains
Improv'd at once and charm'd the listening swains ;
Had he, with matchless energy of thought,
Great truths like these in antient Athens taught :
On fam'd Ilyssus' banks in Parian stone
His breathing bust conspicuous would have shone ;

Even Plato, in Lyceum's awful shade,
Th' instructive page with transport had survey'd ;
And own'd its author to have well supplied
The place his laws to Homer's self denied.

EPISTLE XLIII.

TO

MRS. BINDON,

At Bath.

BY THE HONORABLE

SIR CHA. HANBURY WILLIAMS, BART.

APOLLO of old on Britannia *did* smile,
And Delphi forsook for the sake of this isle.
Around him he lavishly scatter'd his lays,
And in every wilderness planted his bays ;
Then Chaucer and Spenser harmonious were heard,
Then Shakspeare, and Milton, and Waller appear'd,
And Dryden, whose brows by Apollo were crown'd,
As he sung in such strains as the God might have
own'd :

But now, since the laurel is given of late
To Cibber, to Eusden, to Shadwell and Tate,
Apollo has quitted the isle he once lov'd,
And his harp and his bays to Hibernia remov'd ;
He vows and he swears he'll inspire us no more,
And has put out Pope's fires which he kindled be-
fore ;

And further he says, *men* no longer shall boast
A science their slight and ill treatment hath lost ;
But that *women* alone for the future shall write ;
And who can resist, when they doubly delight ?
And, lest we should doubt what he said to be true,
Has begun by inspiring Sapphira and You.

EPISTLE XLIV.

MRS. BINDON's

ANSWER.

home I return'd from the dancing last night,
ate by your praises attempted to write,
I familiarly call'd on Apollo for aid,
And told him how many fine things you had said.

He smil'd at my folly, and gave me to know,
Your wit, and not mine, by your writings you shew :
And then, says the God, still to make you more vain,
He hath promis'd that I shall enlighten your brain ;
When he knows in his heart, if he speak but his mind,
That no woman alive can now boast I am kind :
For since Daphne to shun me grew into a laurel,
With the sex I have sworn still to keep up the quarrel.
I thought it all joke, till by writing to you,
I have prov'd his resentment, alas ! but too true.

EPISTLE XLV.

SIR CHARLES's

REPLY.

I'LL not believe that Phoebus did not smile,
Unhappily for you I know his style ;
To strains like yours of old his harp he strung,
And while he dictated Orinda sung.
Did beauteous Daphné's scorn of proffer'd love
Against the sex his indignation move ?
It rather made you his peculiar care,
Convinc'd from thence, ye were as good as fair.
As mortals, who from dust receiv'd their birth,
Must when they die return to native earth ;
So too the laurel, that your brow adorns,
Sprang from the fair, and to the fair returns.

EPISTLE XLVI.

TO

A LADY,

Who sent Compliments to a

CLERGYMAN

UPON THE TEN OF HEARTS.

Your compliments, dear Lady, pray forbear,
Old English services are more sincere ;
You send Ten Hearts, the tithe is only mine,
Give me but One, and burn the other Nine.

EPISTLE XLVII.

TO
LADY MARY CHAMBERS.

ON HER
INTENDED VOYAGE INTO TURKEY.

BY
BAINBRIGG BUCKEREDGE, ESQ.

WHY should the charming Galatea shun
The bleeding conquests that her eyes have won ?
Oh ! stay, and give us yet a gentler fate ;
For absence is more cruel than your hate.
Love in those eyes so absolutely reigns,
We're slaves by choice, nor wish to quit our chains ;
Vain of our wounds, and proud to be undone,
We would not from the glorious ruin run.
Her charms the limit of an isle disdain,
And spread a powerful empire o'er the main.
Shall she to barbarous coasts from hence remove,
And melt their tyrant hearts with flames of love ?
To punish haughty slaves, that proudly dare,
Triumph o'er beauty and insult the fair ?

Ev'n he, whose nod a thousand beauties wait,
And, wishing, silently expect their fate ;
Aw'd by her charms, shall a just vengeance meet,
And lie a slave despairing at her feet.

But O! bright Nymph, let not a long return
 Cease wretched we your tedious absence mourn:
 Then the barb as soon restore
 Galatea to British shore:
 If war should cease,
 Signs in vain the peace.

EPISTLE XLVIII.

TO THE
LADY MARCHIONESS GREY.

BY THE HONORABLE
MISS MARGARET YORKE.

THY shades, Vacuna, and thy verdant meads,
The seat of Heroes fam'd for valiant deeds,
Demand the song. O gentle Graia! hear;
To a young Bard a few short moments spare:
Be thou my Muse, and with one gracious smile
Reward and animate the tuneful toil.
And O! inspire my verse, while it recites
Vacuna's much-lov'd elegant delights:
Whether embower'd in shady groves we walk,
Or in the Temple of chaste Dian talk;
Or if with laughter clear the dome resounds,
When Wray the ear with uncouth phrases wounds:
If now the sprightly Bam our wit employs,
Now graver studies give more solid joys:
If lightly on the green we jocund dance,
Or round the spacious garden choose to prance;
Whether the setting-sun-beam's golden fire,
Or Cynthia's paler beauties we admire;

Still Innocence and Virtue lead the round,
With Mirth and Pleasure all our days are crown'd.
And O! if Heaven will hear my ardent prayer,
And grant a wish, which from my bosom ne'er
Shall be remov'd—long may these shades obey
The mild commands of her, whose name adorns this
lay!

EPISTLE XLIX.

TO A
LADY,

WITH A
PRESENT OF POPE'S WORKS.

BY THE
HON. CHARLES TORKE.

THE lover oft, to please some faithless dame,
With vulgar presents feeds the dying flame,
Then adds a verse, of slighted vows complains,
While she the giver and the gift disdains,
These strains no idle suit to thee commend,
On whom gay Loves with chaste Desires attend ;
Nor fancied excellence, nor amorous care,
Prompts to rash praise, or fills with fond despair ;
Enough, if the fair volume find access ;
Thee the great poet's lay shall best express ;
Thy beauteous image there thou may'st regard,
Which strikes with modest awe the meaner bard.
Sure, had he living view'd thy tender youth,
The blush of honor, and the grace of truth,

Ne'er with Belinda's charms his song had glow'd,
But from thy form the lov'd idea flow'd ;
His wanton satire ne'er the sex had scorn'd,
Ere thee, by Virtue and the Muse adorn'd.

EPISTLE L.

TO

A LADY,

SENT HER WITH

LORD LANSDOWNE'S HEROIC LOVE.

THE noble Granville here has nicely shown
Heroic Love, a copy of his own ;
No flight of fancy, but his heart indites
These moving scenes ; and what he feels, he writes.
With love like his, though in unequal lays,
Too charming Maid, I offer at thy praise.
Look on Chryseis ; she each feature drew
In nature's pride, and sure she sate for you.
Observe her sad farewell, she best can give
The dire account, what 'tis to part—and live !
You 've all her charms, her beauty, and her youth ;
But want, I fear, her kindness, and her truth.

Well had it been for Priam and his race,
Had Fate set me in Agamemnon's place,
And you Chryseis : glory should have strove
But faintly then against the force of Love.

1

Deaf to renown, and scorning to be great,
I'd left the camp for some obscure retreat.
There, gazing on those lovely eyes, prefer
One smile of yours to all the pomp of war ;
And, every mark of royalty laid down,
Had languish'd at your feet, and sav'd the town.

EPISTLE LI.

TO

A LADY,

WITH A BOOK OF MORALITY,

Entitled

VISIONS.

“ So strong the passions of the human mind,
To truth reluctant, and to reason blind ;
These rules, compar'd with real life, must seem
All airy visions, and an empty dream :
For when a plan of conduct we would draw,
That dares the critic's eye to show a flaw,
Fancy may wish its antitype to see,
And feast upon its charms in theory ;
Yet still in practice all our hopes are vain,
To realize this image of the brain.”
Thus, foe to nature, spoke the gloomy sage ;
But let his labor'd lines inform the page ;
Let him exhaust his genius to display,
Truth's pleasant path, and virtue's peaceful way :

Each moral rule with energy dispense,
That forms the conduct, or improves the sense :
Still must philosophy renounce the prize,
Still nature must to art superior rise ;
For nature now triumphantly can shew
A living instance of those rules in You.

EPISTLE LII.

TO
THREE AMIABLE SISTERS,

WITH
HAMMOND'S LOVE ELEGIES.

BY
THE REV. — KYNASTON, M. A.
Late Fellow of Brazen-Nose, Oxford.

READ here the pangs of unsuccessful Love ;
And oh ! let pity your soft bosoms move.
Whilst Hammond, hapless youth ! for Delia burns,
The plaintive Muse in sweetest accents mourns :
What Belle so savage, but their force must own ?
What heart that melts not, but an heart of stone ?

Read then, and listen to the Muse's voice :
Let this example sanctify your choice.
When the fond youth his passion strives to prove,
By Hammond's symptoms try the force of love :
Mark well the speaking eye, th' impassion'd tear,
The pulse quick-throbbing, and the sigh sincere.
Then, then be banish'd every meaner guest,
Nor avarice, nor ambition, fire your breast.

Ye fairer Delias ! choose the better part,
Nor slight the youth who gives you all his heart ;
But crown with mutual love the generous flame,
And happier Hammonds shall record your name.

EPISTLE LIII.

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER

PRESENTING THE AUTHOR

WITH A LOCK OF HER HAIR.

By the Same.

THE Poets (fabling tribe!) aver,
That once the ruthless God of War,
(Who, bred amid the din of arms,
Defy'd the power of Beauty's charms,
And long had, proudly, scorn'd to wear
The pleasing fetters of the Fair)
Struck with the graceful air and mien,
And roseate bloom of Cyprus' Queen ;
His savage fierceness all forbore,
Subdued by Venus' magic lore ;
And soon became, her power to prove,
A convert to the force of Love.

The wily Goddess then, 'tis said,
All with an heavenly-temper'd braid

Of net-work, circled him around,
And to her snowy bosom bound ;
Secur'd the conquest of her eyes,
And, by the rulers of the skies,
From the fierce God of War so tam'd,
Thenceforth was BEAUTY'S GODDESS nam'd.

Thus say the Poets—who in fiction,
In figure, and in contradiction
To all the laws of modest Nature,
Trick out a strange romantic creature,
Which after all they quaintly feign,
No where exists, but in the brain.

Might I the genuine truth reveal,
And would you listen to the tale ;
Would you, indulgently, supply
Whate'er I pass in silence by—
Whose was the dull, insensate breast,
Which Beauty's power, at length confess'd—
Who soon became, that power to prove,
A convert to the force of love :
Would you conceive who 'tis I mean—
The rest 'twere easy to explain :

“ The heavenly net-work, Venus' snare,
Was this—A RINGLET OF HER HAIR :
And She, to give her ALL her due,
Some faint resemblance was of—YOU.”

EPISTLE LIV.

TO A

LADY

MAKING A PIN-BASKET.

BY

SIR JAMES MARRIOT.

WHILE objects of a parent's care
With joy your fond attention share,
Madam, accept th' auspicious strain;
Nor rise your beauteous work in vain:
Oft be your second race survey'd,
And oft a new pin-basket made.

When marriage was in all its glory
(So poets, madam, tell the story,)
Ere Plutus damp'd love's purer flame,
Or Smithfield bargains had a name,
In heav'n a blooming youth and bride
At Hymen's altars were ally'd;
When Cupid had his Psyche won,
And, all her destin'd labors done,
The cruel Fates their rage relented,
And mamma Venus had consented.

At Jove's command, and Hermes' call,
The train appear'd to fill the hall,
And gods and goddesses were drest,
To do them honor in their best.
The little rogues now pass'd the row,
And look'd and mov'd I don't know how,
And, ambling hand in hand, appear
Before the mighty Thunderer.
Low at his throne they bent the knee :
He smil'd the blushing pair to see,
Lay'd his tremendous bolt aside,
And strok'd their cheeks, and kiss'd the bride.

Says Juno, since our Jove's so kind,
My dear, some present I must find.
In greatest pleasures, greatest dangers,
We and the sex were never strangers ;
With bounteous hand my gifts I spread,
Presiding o'er the marriage-bed.
Soon, for the months are on the wing,
To you a daughter fair I bring,
And know, from this your nuptial morn
Shall Pleasure, smiling babe, be born.
But for the babe we must prepare ;
That too shall be your Juno's care.
Apollo from his golden lyre
Shall first assist us with the wire ;
Vulcan shall make the silver pin ;
The basket thus we shall begin,

Where we may put the child's array,
And get it ready by the day.
The nymphs themselves with flowers shall dress
it,
Pallas shall weave, and I will bless it.

EPISTLE LV.

TO
A LADY,
WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES

ON
VALENTINE'S DAY.

FROM
VILLIERS,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

BRIMFUL of anger, not of love,
The champion sends his foe one glove ;
But I, who have a double share
Of softer passion, send a pair.
Nor think it, dearest Celia, cruel,
That I invite you to a duel :
Ready to meet you face to face,
At any time, in any place :
Nor will I leave you in the lurch,
Tho' You should dare to name the church ;
There come equipp'd with all your charms,
The ring and licence are my arms ;
With these I mean your power to try,
And meet my charmer, though I die.

EPISTLE LVI.

TO
A LADY,

WITH A
BOUGH OF AN ORANGE TREE.

BY
WILLIAM HARRISON, ESQ.

FROM a warm clime and generous soil
This plant remov'd deludes our toil,
Disdains what baffled art has done,
And drooping mourns the distant sun.
Yet, Mira, near thy bosom plac'd,
It shall new life, new pleasure taste ;
Sweets, more than nature gave, dispense,
Nor lend thee charms, but borrow thence.

See the young fruit thy power confess,
And love their own Bermudas less ;
Though all that we think bright and fair,
Though Paradise itself be there.

Ripen'd by thy auspicious eyes,
And eager to bestow the prize,
For which thy matchless beauties call,
Each kindles to a golden ball ;
Love's smiling Queen, whose tender aid
Protects the Myrtle's fragrant shade,
Fore-knowing what thy charms would be,
Left to thy choice this fairer tree.

EPISTLE LVII.

WRITTEN AT THE
REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN

To whom
A LADY HAD GIVEN A SPRIG OF MYRTLE.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.

WHAT hopes, what terrors does thy gift create,
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate !
The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand)
Not less capricious than a reigning Fair,
Oft favors, oft rejects a lover's pray'r :
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain ;
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
Th' unhappy lovers graves the myrtle spreads ;
Oh ! then the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart ;
Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

EPISTLE LVIII.

TO

A LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

A KNIFE, dear Girl, cuts love they say—
Mere modish love, perhaps it may ;
For any tool of any kind,
Can sep'rate what was never join'd.
The Knife that cuts *our* love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do :
Must cut your softness, worth and spirit
Down to the vulgar size of merit ;
To level your's with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste ;
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip what would dizen out a score.
The self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight, for ever ;
All mem'ry of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last,
All that makes fourteen years with you,
A Summer ;—and a short one too :

All that affection feels, and fears,
When hours, without you, seem like years.—
Till that be done (and I'd as soon
Believe this Knife will chip the moon)
Accept my present undeterr'd,
And leave their Proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiss—delicious treat !—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt ;
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—' cut and come again.'

EPISTLE LIX.

FROM
A GENTLEMAN,
ON THE LATE
ANNIVERSARY OF HIS WEDDING-DAY,

TO HIS WIFE
WITH A RING, AND THE FOLLOWING LINES.
By the Same.

“THEE, MARY, with this ring I wed,”
So sixteen years ago I said—
Behold another ring !—“ For what ?”
“ To wed thee o’er again,—why not ?”—

With the FIRST ring I married Youth,
Grace, Beauty, Innocence, and Truth ;
Taste long admir’d, Sense long rever’d :
And all my MOLLY THEN appear’d.

If she, by merit since disclos’d,
Prove twice the woman I suppos’d,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.

Here then, to-day, (with faith as sure,
With ardor as intense and pure,
As when amidst the rites divine
I took thy troth, and plighted mine)
To thee, sweet girl, my SECOND ring,
A token and a pledge I bring ;
With this I wed, till Death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart ;
These virtues, which, before untry'd,
The wife has added to the bride ;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing Wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For Conscience sake, as well as Love's.

For why ?—They shew me hour by hour
Honor's high thought, Affection's pow'r,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence :
And teach me all things—but Repentance !

EPISTLE LX.

TO
A YOUNG LADY,

OR
SEEING HER DANCE.

BY PETER PINNELL, M. A.

O! may you walk, as years advance,
Smooth and erect, as now you dance ;
May you on each important stage,
From bloom of youth to wither'd age,
Assert your claim to merit's prize,
And, as at present, charm our eyes ;
Observant of decorum's laws,
And moving with the same applause,
May you, thro' life's perplexing maze,
Direct your steps with equal praise ;
Its intricate meanders trace
With regularity and grace ;
From the true figure never swerve,
And time in every step observe ;
Give ear to harmony and reason,
Nor make one motion out of season !

Thus will life's current gently flow,
And pour forth every bliss below ;
Till nature failing, ebb shall bring
Death with his dart—but not his sting!

EPISTLE LXI.

TO
A LADY,
ON
ASKING MY OPINION OF FRIENDSHIP.

By the Same.

WOULD Chloe know the highest bliss,
That friendship boasts—it must be this ;—
When Hymen crowns what Love begun,
And two fond hearts unite in one ;
When each, as to delight or pain,
Is bound in sympathetic chain,
And both reciprocally borrow,
To heighten joy, or sweeten sorrow.
This is the highest bliss below,
This friendship only can bestow ;
And may propitious heaven design,
That such a friendship shall be mine,
And since this wish relates to two,
O ! may that friendship be with You !

EPISTLE LXII.

TO
A LADY.

BY
THE REV. S. HENLEY.

By the side of a stream that strays thro' the grove,
I met in a ramble, the blithe God of Love ;
His bow o'er his shoulder was carelessly ty'd,
His quiver in negligence clanck'd at his side ;
A handful of arrows he held to my view,
Each wing'd with a feather that differ'd in hue.
" This fledg'd from the eagle, he smiling begun,
I aim at the heart that no dangers will shun ;
And this from the peacock, all gaudy array'd,
The breast of Sir Fopling is sure to invade.
When I point at the Witling proud of his wit,
My shaft in the plume of a parrot will hit ;
And when I've a mind that the Jealous should
smart,
I pierce with an owl-feather'd arrow his heart.

For the Youth, in whom truth and fondness reside,
From the breast of a dove my dart is supply'd:
This I value the most :—and this 'twas I found
From You, O my Delia, that gave me the wound.

EPISTLE LXIII.

TO

LADY HERVEY.

BY

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

HERVEY, would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast ?
Trifling is the inclination,
That by words can be express'd.

In my silence see the lover,
True love is by silence known ;
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the power of your own.

EPISTLE LXIV.

A

BIRTH-DAY OFFERING

TO A

YOUNG LADY.

FROM HER LOVER.

BY GEORGE CANNING, ESQ.

ERAS this short winter's day be gone,
MY MARY-ANNE is twenty-one.
Of days still shorter just a Lent,
Patch'd up from different years is spent,
Since her Devoted fairly reckon'd
The close of year the thirty-second.
Sinking beneath the weight of years,
Full as infirm as he appears,
What can a worn-out lover do,
With twenty-one at thirty-two?
For such a phrenzy no defence is—
The girl has clearly lost her senses.

Perhaps deceiv'd by some fond notion,
Embrac'd in rapture of devotion,

(I quote such fancies to expose 'em)
She dreams of bliss in Abraham's bosom;
And chuses an Antique the rather,
With better grace to call him father.

Perhaps—but fiction be suppress'd,
While real joy expands my breast—
My faithful flame her heart approves,
And O! transporting thought! she loves.

When Souls, by impulse sympathetic,
By intuition most prophetic,
By feelings, which they cannot smother,
Leap at first glance to meet each other,
When each itself in t' other traces,
What matter for their different cases?
Of kin, perhaps, in pre-existence,
Without dull Reason's slow assistance,
They recollect the happy union,
And long to recommence communion.
I must confess that such attraction,
For ease, convenience, satisfaction,
Were best if, on deliberation,
It met with Reason's approbation:
Not as of absolute dominion,
To rule by dint of dark opinion;
Not as a Lord of sovereign sway,
Whom love must worship and obey;
But merely as the herd inferior
May judge the acts of Powers superior;

As my poor intellect, or thine,
May scan authority divine—
In short, I'd have our simple love,
Not *against* reason, but *above*.

Two birds, suppose, of various feather,
Hung in one room by chance together.
To airs melodious tune their voices,
While each the other's ear rejoices :
If, without half a note erroneous,
The song be perfectly harmonious,
What matter for the forms or ages,
Of bills, of feathers, and of cages ?

DEAN SWIFT, whose talent lives no more
His Stella sung at forty-four ;
And breath'd an idle wish to split
In twain her beauty, years, and wit—
Of half her charms he made a proffer
For youth ; but Time disdain'd his offer.
Far happier I, who well could spare,
Of each accomplishment a share,
Yet leave an ample store of charms,
To bring Elysium to my arms,
Am not reduc'd those charms to barter,
And cry to heedless Time for quarter—
Fly, Sluggard, on thy swiftest wing,
My charmer yields not All till Spring !

Then, firm in Constancy's reliance,
I bid thy cruel scythe defiance ;
Deal when thou wilt the deadly blow,
Thou canst but separate below,
Thy first can but for moments sever,
Thy second re-unites for ever.

Perhaps, suspending mortal rage,
By silent sap, and creeping age,
By subtle, secret slow approaches,
As mildew on the blade incroaches,
Thou hop'st, malignant fiend ! to tame
The ardor of love's fiercest flame—
Vain shalt thou find thy keenest blast,
Bliss once possess'd, thy power is past.
Can years, while sense remains, destroy
The memory of transcendent joy ?
Can years bright innocence impair ?
Can years make Virtue look less fair ?

But Beauty, by thy influence curst,
May sicken—Tyrant, do thy worst !
I know thy power, and am prepar'd
To meet thy sharpest darts unscar'd.
Though Body, Mind, thou canst control,
Own thy survivor in the Soul ;
Whose perfect bliss is not enjoy'd,
Till thou art utterly destroy'd.

Ev'n here, as health and beauty fail,
While Elics o'er the rest prevail,
Long ere thy mortal'd ills can harm,
Though every hour should steal a charm—
Long ere, by twenty stars a day,
The spangled Heavens would wear away.

Unconscious of the gradual wane,
As years their Empire slowly gain,
While my Ideals, in the race,
Observe a due-portioned pace,
And Limbs grow cold, and senses faultier,
I shan't perceive her Person alter.
When Age her dimpled cheek beguiles,
And wrinkles plants, instead of smiles,
Though every Cupid he should smother,
I'll think her handsome as their mother.
When, steady to his barbarous plan,
To spoil my lovely MARY-ANNE,
The savage unrelenting creature
Has robb'd her face of every feature,
And, to conceptions merely common,
My charmer seems a plain old woman,
Still in my heart she'll hold her throne,
Still in my eyes be twenty-one.

EPISTLE LXV.

TO
CORINNA,

BY
EARL NUGENT.

WHILE I those hard commands obey,
Which tear me from thee far away ;
Never did yet love-tortur'd youth,
So dearly prove his doubted truth ;
For never woman charm'd like thee,
And never man yet lov'd like me.

All creatures whom fond flames inspire,
Pursue the object they desire ;
But I, prepost'rous doom ! must prove
By distant flight the strongest love ;
And ev'ry way distress'd by fate,
Must lose thy sight, or meet thy hate.

EPISTLE LXVI.

TO
CAMILLA,

By the Same.

WEARY'D with indolent repose,
A life unmix'd with joys or woes;
Where all the lazy moments crept,
And every passion sluggish slept;
I wish'd for love's inspiring pains,
To rouse the loiterer in my veins.
Th' officious power my call attends,
He who uncall'd his succour lends;
And with a smile of wanton spite,
He gave Camilla to my sight.
Her eyes their willing captive seize,
Her look, her air, her manner please;
New beauties please, unseen before,
Or seen, in her they please me more;
And soon, too soon, alas! I find
The virtues of a nobler kind.

Now cheerful springs the morning ray,
Now cheerful sinks the closing day;

For every morn with her I walk'd,
And every eve with her I talk'd ;
With her I lik'd the vernal bloom,
With her I lik'd the crowded room ;
From her at night I went with pain,
And long'd for morn to meet again.

How quick the smiling moments pass,
Through varying fancy's mimic glass !
While the gay scene is painted o'er,
Where all was one wide blank before ;
And sweetly sooth'd th' enchanting dream,
'Till love inspir'd a bolder scheme.

Camilla, stung with grief and shame ;
Now marks, and shuns the guilty flame ;
Fierce anger lighten'd in her face,
Then cold reserve assum'd its place :
And soon, the wretch's hardest fate,
Contempt succeeds declining hate.
No more my presence now she flies,
She sees me with unheeding eyes ;
Sees me with various passions burn,
Enrag'd depart, submiss return ;
Return with flattering hopes to find
Soft pity move her gentle mind.
But ah ! her looks were still the same,
Unmark'd I went, unmark'd I came ;
Unmark'd were all my hopes and fears,
While Strephon whispers in her ears.

O Jealousy ! distracting guest !
Fly to some happy lover's breast ;
Fidly with joy thou minglest care,
But why inhabit with despair ?

EPISTLE LXVII.

TO

CLARISSA.

By the Same.

'Twas when the friendly shade of night
Suspends the busy cares of light,
And on the various world bestows
Or sprightly joy, or calm repose.
With gen'rous wine the glass was crown'd,
And mirth, and talk, and toasts went round.

Clarissa came to bless the feast,
Clarissa, dearly welcome guest.
Not such she look'd as when by day
She blazes in the diamond's ray ;
And adding to each gem a grace,
Gives India's wealth the second place.
But soft reclin'd in careless ease,
More pleasing, less intent to please.
Loose flow'd her hair in wanton pride,
Her robe unbound, her zone unty'd ;
Half bare to view her milk-white breast,
A slender veil scarce shades the rest :

Her eye with sparkling lustre glows,
And wit in sweetest accent flows.

Now sooth'd the angel's voice I hear,
And drink in love at either ear ;
Now stung with wilder rapture gaze,
While our eyes meet with blended rays ;
And kindling in th' infectious flame,
I feel what words want pow'r to name.

Awaking from the silent trance,
Cautious I steal a broken glance ;
In clam'rous mirth each pang disguise,
And laughter swell with bursting sighs ;
For Envy, pallid fiend, was there,
And Jealousy with watchful care.

Now ends the feast, each guest retires,
And with them all my soul desires,
Clarissa goes.—Ah ! cruel fate !
She goes with her ill-sorted mate :
Sullen and slow he moves along,
And heavy hums a drowsy song.
O ! drowsy may the monster lye,
And instant slumbers seal his eye !
So shalt thou, best beloved, escape
The horrors of a legal rape.

Or, should the brutish instinct goad,
And thou must bear th' unwelcome load ;

If struggle, pray'r, pretence be vain,
To shun what tyrant-laws ordain ;
Ah! sparing deal our scanty dues,
And keep whate'er thou canst refuse !
Ah! give no bounding pulse to beat,
No cheek to glow with genial heat !
No breast to heave in am'rous play,
No limbs to twine, no hands to stray ;
But sluggish press the joyless bed,
And lie in cold indiff'rence dead :
Nor let the blasting spoiler sip
The fragrance of thy balmy lip !
To share with him the lover's part,
Were rank adultery of the heart.

But if, in chaster love's despite,
Warm nature catch the known delight ;
While fierce desires tumultuous rise,
And rapture melts thy closing eyes ;
Ah ! be those joys for me design'd,
And let me rush upon thy mind !
To me the burning kiss impart,
On me impress the humid dart,
For me unlock the nectar'd store,
Then sigh, and dream the transport o'er !

Thus with her lov'd idea fraught,
Delusive fancy charms my thought ;
And joining in the flatt'ring cheat,
Willing I hug the dear deceit ;

From ~~fiction~~ real bliss receive,
And all I fondly wish believe;
Nor envy to a husband's arms,
The dull fruition of her charms.

But when, regardless of my truth,
She smiles on some more favor'd youth;
And while he whispers in her ears,
With more than wonted pleasure hears;
My jealous thought his voice supplies,
And reads perdition in her eyes.
Then torn with envy, love, and hate,
I wish her with her wedded mate.

END OF EPISTLES
PANEGYRICAL AND GALLANT.

NOTES

ON
EPISTLES
PANEGYRICAL AND GALLANT.

EPISTLE I.

Page 5. *THE chaste Orinda rose ; with purer light,
Like modest Cynthia, beaming thro' the night :]*

Mrs. Catherine Philips : she was distinguished by most of the wits of king Charles's reign, and died young. Her pieces on friendship are particularly admired. See Epistle xiii. in this volume.

6. *Who can unmov'd hear Winchelsea reveal*

*Thy horrors, spleen! which all, who paint, must
feel ?]* Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, a lady of great wit and genius, wrote (among others) a poem, much admired, on the Spleen, and is praised by Mr. Pope, &c. under the poetical name of Ardelia.

*ibid. Hail, Cockburne, hail! even now from Reason's
bowers*

*Thy Locke delighted culls the choicest flowers
To deck his great, successful champion's head,
And Clarke expects thee in the laurel shade.]*

Mrs. Catherine Cockburne was the wife of a clergyman, lived obscurely, and died a few years ago, in an

advanced age in Northumberland; her works on dramatic, philosophical, and sacred subjects, have been lately collected by the learned Dr. Birch, and are generally admired.

6. ———— Manley, Centlivre, and Behn;]

The first of these wrote the scandalous memoirs called *Atalantis*, and the other two are notorious for the indecency of their plays.

7. ———— Philips, Pilkington, and Vane,]

These three ladies have endeavoured to immortalize their shame by writing their own memoirs.

ibid. But hark! what Nymph, in Frome's embroider'd
vile,

With strains seraphic swells the vernal gale?

The character of Mrs. Rowe and her writings is too well known to be dwelt on here. It may be sufficient to say, that without any previous illness she met at last with that sudden death for which she had always wished.

ibid. Nor can her noble Friend escape unseen,

Or from the Muse her modest virtues screen;]

Frances, Countess of Hertford, and afterwards Dutchess Dowager of Somerset, Mrs. Rowe's illustrious friend, lamented her death in some verses prefixed to her poems, and was author of the letters in her collection signed *Cleora*.

8. *By generous views one Peeress more demands*

A grateful tribute from all female hands;] Anne,

Viscountess Irwin, and aunt to the present Earl of Carlisle: this lady, in a poetical epistle to Mr. Pope,

has rescued her sex's cause from the aspersions cast on them by that satyrist in his essay on the characters of women.

8. *Their own dark forms deceit and envy wear,
By Irwin touch'd with truth's celestial spear.]*

See Milton, book iv. ver. 811.

ibid. *What breast from sighs, what eye from tears re-
frains,*

*When, sweetly-mournful, hapless Wright com-
plains ?]* Mrs. Wright, sister to the famous Wesleys, has published some pieces, which, tho' of a melancholy cast, are written in the genuine spirit of poetry.

9. *In nervous strains, lo! Madan's polish'd taste
Has poetry's successive progress trac'd,]* Mrs.

Madan is author of a poem called the Progress of Poetry : wherein the characters of the best Grecian, Roman and English poets are justly and elegantly drawn.

ibid. *Young Leapor's form flies shadowy o'er the
green.]* Mrs. Leapor, daughter to a Northamptonshire gardener, has lately convinced the world of the force of unassisted nature, by imitating and equalling some of our most approved poets, by the strength of her parts, and the vivacity of her genius.

10. *Now bear me, Clio, to that Kentish strand,
Whose rude o'erhanging cliffs and barren sand
May challenge all the myrtle-blooming bowers*

Of fam'd Italia, when, at evening hours,

Thy own Eliza muses on the shore,] Mrs. Eliza Carter, of Deal, well known to the learned world for her late translation of Epictetus, has translated, from the Italian, Algarotti's dialogues on light and colours; and lately published a small collection of elegant poems.

11. "*What magic powers in Celia's numbers dwell,*
We could not here, with justice, with-hold our tribute of praise from Mrs. Brooke, author of the tragedy of Virginia.

12. *Clio herself, or Ferrar tunes a lay,*

Sweet as the darkling Philomel of May.

Haste, haste, ye Nine, and hear a sister sing

The charms of Cynthia, and the joys of spring :]

This lady (now the wife of Dr. Peekard, the respectable master of Magdalen College, Cambridge) has written two beautiful odes to Cynthia and the Spring.

13. *Nor shall thy much-lov'd Pennington remain*

Unsung, unhonor'd in my votive strain.] Mrs.

Pennington has happily imitated Mr. Philips's Splendid Shilling, in a burlesque poem called the Copper Farthing.

ibid. And, hark! what songstress shakes her warbling throat?

Is it the nightingale, or Delia's note?] This lady has written odes to Peace, Health, and the Robin Red-breast, which are here alluded to; and she has been celebrated in a sonnet by Mr. Edwards, author of the Canons of Criticism.

14. *With lovely mien Eugenia now appears,
The muse's pupil from her tenderest years;*] This lady has successfully applied herself to the sister arts of drawing and poetry, and has written an ingenious allegory, wherein two pilgrims, Fidelio and Honoria, after a fruitless search for the palace of Happiness, are at last conducted to the house of Content.

EPISTLE II.

Page 17. We presume this Epistle to have been addressed by the Author to his Daughter; but if not, MISS SEWARD's claim to the right it asserts will never admit of a doubt.

EPISTLE IV.

Page 27. *To joys that Mordaunt,———*] Earl of Peterborough, conquerer of Valencia. D.

EPISTLE V.

Page 29. The ingenious writer of this Epistle was shot by a ruffian near Naples, about the month of June, 1753, whilst travelling in his post-chaise.

EPISTLE XI.

Page 45. *Or rising from her borrow'd guise,
She struck th' astonish'd Grecian's eyes.*] When Minerva had conducted Telamachus to Ithaca, under the appearance of Old Mentor, she resumed her form and left him.

EPISTLE XIII.

Page 51. Urania's birth in glittering fiction sung;]
 There were two Venuses among the ancients; one called Pandemus, to whom they attributed the love of wild disorderly pleasures; the other named Urania, the patroness and inspirer of Friendship, Knowledge, and Virtue.

52. *What shining visions rose on Plato's thought!*
While by the Muses gently winding flood,] Ilyssus, a river near Athens, dedicated to the Muses. On the banks of this river, under a plantane, Plato lays the scene of some of his dialogues on love and beauty.

EPISTLE XXII.

Page 82. ————— CONSTANCE flies;] Mrs. Cibber.

83. *Though Falstaff should forsake the stage.]* Mr. Quin, inimitable in that character, who was then quitting it.

EPISTLE XXIV.

Page 87. This temple was erected by Garrick in his garden, on the bank of the Thames, at Hampton.

EPISTLE XXV.

Page 90. Upon the back of this picture, which was sent to a gentleman of the university of Oxford, Mr. Garrick inscribed the following lines:

The mimic form on t'other side,
That you accepted is my pride ;
Resembles one so prompt to change,
Through ev'ry mortal whim to range,
You'd swear the lute so like the case,
The mind as various as the face.
Yet to his friends be this his fame,
His heart's eternally the same.

EPISTLE XXXII.

Page 105. John Dennis the celebrated critic, at the age of almost 77, became blind and overwhelmed with debts. His deplorable situation exciting the compassion of Mr. Thomson, that gentleman procured for him a benefit at the theatre in the Hay-market. The play was the Provoked Husband : and Mr. Pope wrote a Prologue, which was spoken by Theophilus Cibber. The exhibition, however, which produced near 100*l.* was of but little service, as the unfortunate old man survived but a very short time. A writer of Dennis's Life, asserts these verses to have been the production of Savage.

EPISTLE XXXV.

Page 111. The Author of this Epistle was born at Windsor, (where his father was treasurer and chapter clerk of the college) received his education at Eton and Cambridge, and after studying under Boerhaave, practised physic in London. Towards the close of life he retired to Hampstead, where he died, and was meanly buried. The amiableness of

his temper was a pass-port to the best company, and procured him very general esteem. He was the author of various pieces both of poetry and prose, and was principally concerned in the ninth volume of the *Spectator*.

EPISTLE XLIII.

Page 134. ————— *Sapphira* —————] The name by which Mrs. Barber was known by her friends.

EPISTLE XLV.

Page 137. ————— *Orinda sung.*] The name given to Mrs. Catherine Philips.

EPISTLE XLVII.

Page 139. It appears from this Epistle, that Lady Craven is not the first of her family who has voyaged to Turkey. The fair Traveller to whom this epistle was addressed, was eldest daughter to the Earl of Berkley, and sister to Lady Elizabeth Germaine. She married Sir Thomas Chambers of Hanwell.

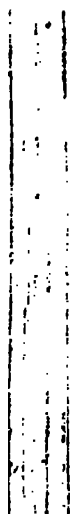
EPISTLE XLVIII.

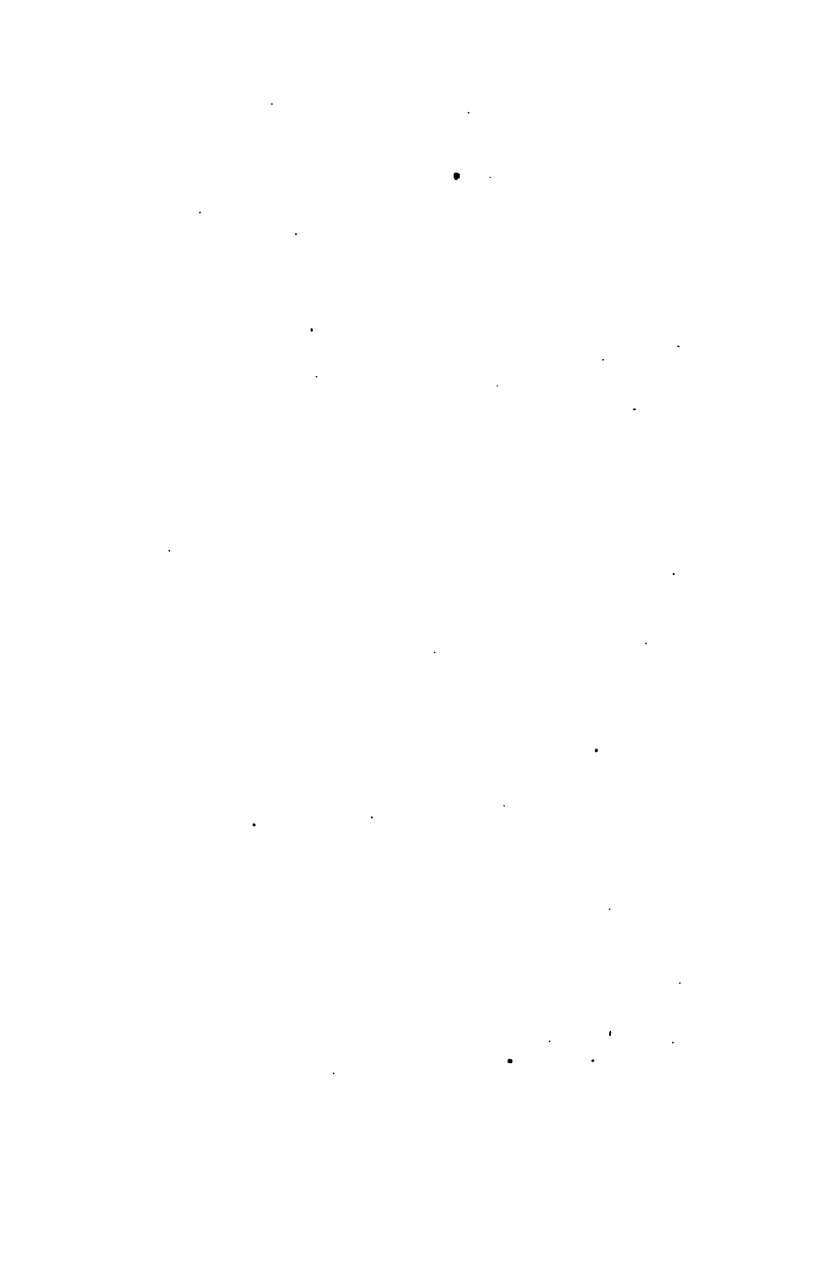
Page 141. The fair Authoress was second daughter of the late Earl of Hardwicke, and afterwards wife of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart. she died in child-bed, 1769. These lines were written by her at the age of fourteen and a half.

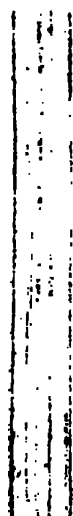
EPISTLE LXIII.

Page 169. Mary, daughter of General Lepel, and widow of John Lord Hervey. Of this Lady, it was observed by the Earl of Chesterfield to his son, that “ She has been all her life at courts ; of which she has acquired all the easy good breeding and politeness, without the frivolousness. She has all the reading that a woman should have; and more than any woman need have; for she understands Latin perfectly well, though she wisely conceals it. No woman ever had more than she has, *le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie, les manieres engageantes et le je ne sais quoi qui plait.*”

THE END.







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